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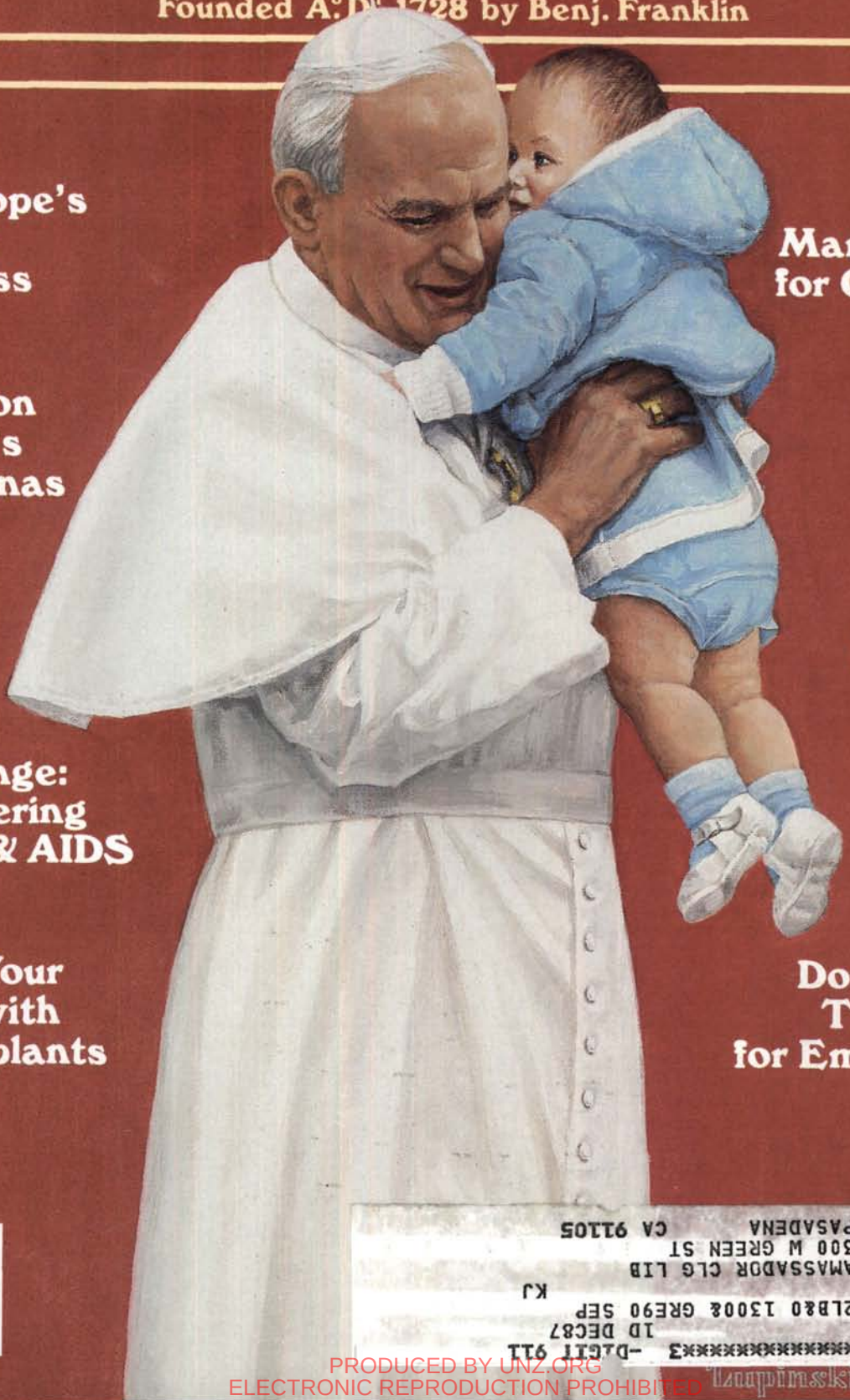

The Pope's Call to Holiness

Garrison Keillor's Christmas Tales

Teen Challenge: Conquering Drugs & AIDS

Deck Your Halls with Houseplants

Give a Mammogram for Christmas

Winter Olympics

Maynard Good Stoddard

W.C. Fields

Double-Lung Transplant for Emphysema

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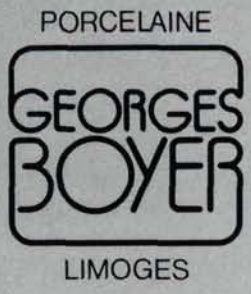
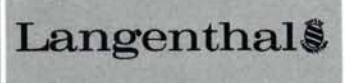


COLLECTOR PLATES FROM THE WORLD'S GREAT PORCELAIN HOUSES

Each a superb work of art. Each reflecting the unique design traditions of its maker. Each a remarkable value.

Edition limit: 24,500 worldwide.



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Now, for the very first time, you can acquire a limited edition set of 18 collector plates created by the great porcelain houses of the world — a collection impossible to assemble in any other way.

NOW, for the very first time in collecting history, you have the opportunity to acquire a complete limited edition set of collector plates from the foremost porcelain houses of the world.

This unique collection will include collector plates by *Wedgwood* of England. *Bing & Grondahl* of Denmark. *Ginori* of Italy. *Georges Boyer* of Limoges, France. *Pickard* of the United States. And others equally famous. The most prestigious names in fine porcelain, honored and admired and collected throughout the world. The maker's famed name and emblem will appear on the base of each plate.

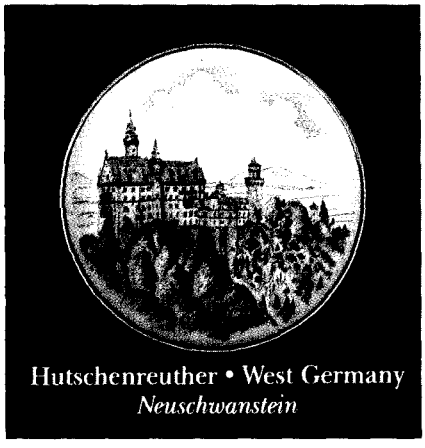
Each of these magnificent collector plates portrays a national landmark in the country of its origin. England's Houses of Parliament. The Parthenon. Japan's sacred Mount Fujiyama. Hamlet's Castle at Elsinore, Denmark. The Castel Sant'Angelo in Rome. The Great Wall of China. The Matterhorn.

The plates differ in size and style, in type of porcelain and glaze, for each represents the unique design tradition of the great porcelain house that created it. Some of the plates have sculptured, pierced, etched or intricately decorated borders. Many are embellished by hand with 24-karat gold.

Together, the plates form a gracious and harmonious collection, of the sort that might be acquired through the years by a world traveler of the finest taste and discrimination.

Strictly limited edition

Unlike collector plates which are limited only by long periods of time or by "firing days," *Collector Plates from the World's Great Porcelain Houses* is being issued in a numerically limited edition of just 24,500 sets, worldwide. When that limit has been reached, the edition will be closed forever.



Hutschenreuther • West Germany
Neuschwanstein

The collection is available by subscription only. The plates will not be sold separately, and will not be made available through even the finest stores.

Convenient acquisition plan

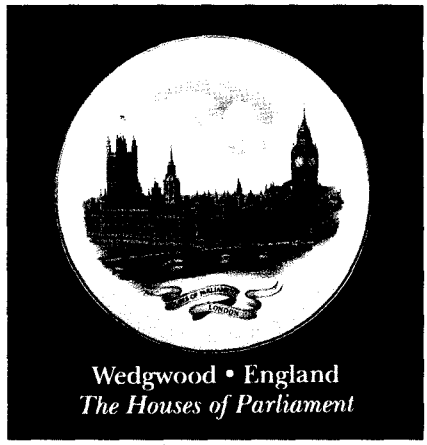
As a subscriber, you will receive your collection *as the plates are created*, at the rate of one plate each month. The price is $27.50 per plate — a very advantageous price for limited edition collector plates of this quality and beauty. Each plate will be accompanied by a fascinating, informative commentary. And an official Certificate of Authenticity will be issued with each limited edition collection.

Langenthal • Switzerland
The Matterhorn

Although each plate in the collection is being created in a different country, the price of each plate is *guaranteed* to remain the same, regardless of future currency fluctuations.

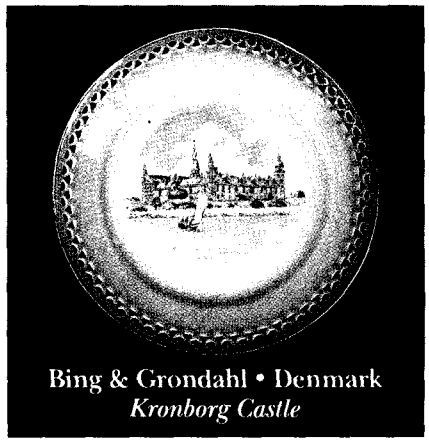
Your *satisfaction* is also fully guaranteed. You may return any plate within 14 days of receipt for a full refund. And you may cancel your subscription at any time, simply by notifying us on the slip that accompanies your shipment.

There is no need to send any money now. But your subscription should be mailed promptly, and no later than September 30, 1987.



Wedgwood • England
The Houses of Parliament

Plates shown smaller than actual sizes of 5¼" to 7¼" in diameter.



Bing & Grondahl • Denmark
Kronborg Castle

SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

Collector Plates from the World's Great Porcelain Houses

Grolier Collectibles Ltd., P.O. Box 1797
Sherman Turnpike, Danbury, CT 06816

Upon acceptance of this request, enter my subscription to *Collector Plates from the World's Great Porcelain Houses*, consisting of 18 plates in fine porcelain, each from a different country of the world.

I need send no money now. I will receive my collection at the rate of one plate per month, at $27.50* plus $1.95 shipping and handling per plate (total, $29.45*) billed in advance of shipment, or charged to my credit card as indicated below. If I am not completely satisfied, I may return any plate within 14 days, at your expense, for replacement or refund. 504252

*Sales tax is extra in NY and CT. Please allow 8 to 12 weeks for shipment of your first collector plate.

Name _____
Please print clearly. (Applications subject to acceptance.)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Please bill me.

☐ Please charge each plate, upon shipment, to my credit card:

☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Diner's Club

Acct. # _____ Exp. Date ___/___
mo. yr.

Signature _____

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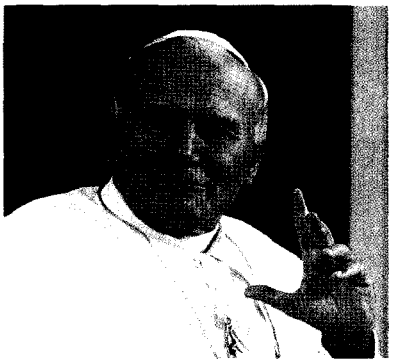
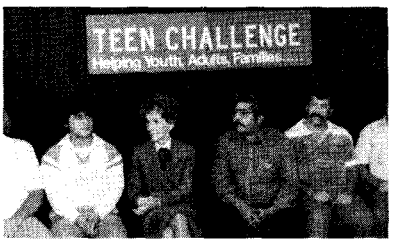


The Pope's Message to America—reminds us that honoring the basic virtues should be the stuff of our daily lives. **56**

Christmas Comes to Lake Wobegon—the mythical hometown that Garrison Keillor brought to life on "A Prairie Home Companion." **60**



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728

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(Cover painting by Lucian Lupinski)

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"My daughter noticed first —before, I just accepted being uncomfortable all the time as the price of getting older. After, well it's like a whole new me has been released. And that's a great feeling."

Overcoming irregularity makes the difference.

Frequent irregularity is often caused by a lack of fiber in your diet. Too little and it's difficult to stay regular.

That's why you need Metamucil — natural therapeutic fiber doctors recommend by name.

Stay regular for the rest of your life.

Metamucil offers the long-term solution to irregularity. Because it's made of safe, natural fiber.

And Metamucil is so effective — used daily it not only restores regularity, it can help keep you regular for the rest of your life. That alone is pretty remarkable. But Metamucil doesn't stop there.

It also frees you from relying on harsh, chemical laxatives. Since they're not fiber, they only offer a temporary solution.

No wonder so many people prefer life after Metamucil.

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And you could be regular for the rest of your life.

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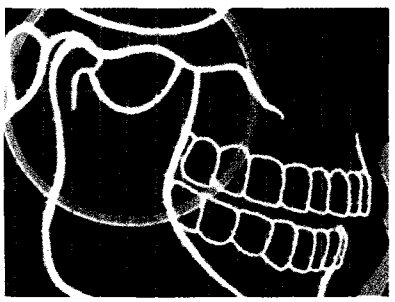
Hot Drinks for the Holidays—come from the microwave to add zest to any festive occasion. **76**

Spruce Up Christmas Decorations—by integrating everyday houseplants into the season's décor. **84**



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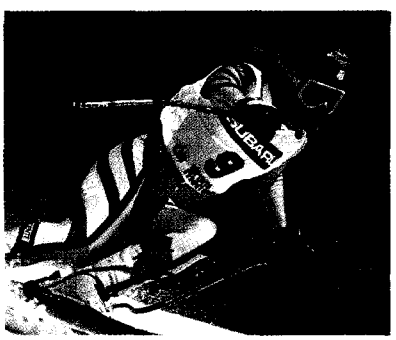

Our Olympic Hopes on the Slopes—depend upon four top talents on the women's ski team. **64**

The *Post* Picks Christmas Gifts—made to order for the picky gift recipient. **48**

Letters

Hazel Rerun?

I miss Hazel.

Can we have an article on her and her cartoonist?

Is there a way she could return? Reruns would be fine.

I am interested to know if her cartoons date her or if they are still funny now.

Your magazine is very informative. I consider some of your articles falling under the category of a public service.

Best wishes to you and your staff.

Tessie Kennedy
Ben Lomond, California

Sick of AIDS

I am fed up with AIDS. If people don't know about it, they have to be deaf, dumb, and blind. Granted, some get it from blood transfusions, but most get it from their filthy habits.

I do not pay money for a magazine to have it devote so much space to this subject. If this is going to be a repeated subject, please return my money and stop my subscription.

Nancy J. Brissey
Auburn, Washington

He Knows the Score

Many years ago (probably in the late '40s or '50s) an article was printed in the *Post* regarding the trials and tribulations of a church choir director. (It may have been titled "Squatters Rights"—or something in that vein.)

It told of ladies who had been sitting in a certain chair in the choir for years and were not about to move. It told of ladies who had sung certain "solos every year and were not going to let anyone else sing them." It was a very clever article.

Having been a choir director for some 30 years, I would like to obtain a copy of this article. I will be glad to reimburse the *Post* for the time and effort expended to find the article.

Leonard A. Smith
Scottsdale, Arizona

Editor's note: A copy of "Confessions of a Choir Director," from the Jan. 12, 1957, Post, *is on its way. What a memory you have!—except for the title, which you missed by a mile.*

The author, Maurice Thompson, complains of his job being a holy trial

continued on following page

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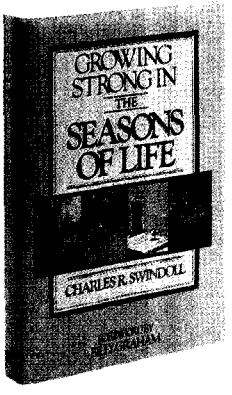
"DO YOU HAVE A LIFELONG DREAM?"

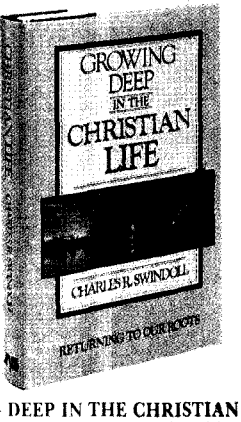
"Can your dream become a *quest?* Without a quest, life is quickly reduced to wimpy black and white, a diet too bland to get anybody out of bed in the morning. A quest ignites your life. It refuses to let you drift downstream, gathering debris."

THE QUEST FOR CHARACTER launches you on a lifelong journey . . . a relentless pursuit of integrity and inner strength. Heart-hitting devotional readings and color photos call you back to life's core issues: honesty, purity, courage, conviction, sincerity, determined love, and "deep water" faith.



GROWING STRONG IN THE SEASONS OF LIFE
Life-changing devotionals Billy Graham has called "The best of Charles Swindoll." Over a million copies in print!

COME BEFORE WINTER . . . AND SHARE MY HOPE
Face up to all the storms of life with this bestselling collection of devotional readings. An ECPA Gold Medallion winner.



GROWING DEEP IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE
The Bible's most important—and exciting—truths, warmed by Swindoll's wit, color, and clarity.

MULTNOMAH · PRESS

at your local Christian Bookstore

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because of tone-deaf preachers and prima donnas who warble off key. Some of his choir members, he wrote, "aren't blessed with an abundance of talent, and a few have absolutely no talent except for being faithful—and, for some inexplicable reason, the more unmusical members of the volunteer choir are often the most faithful."

We trust that reviewing the article will make your own trials a little easier—unless, where your career is concerned, the fat lady has already sung.

"Bust Bus" on a Roll

You sent your "bust bus" to the Indianapolis Water Company. I would like to thank you for doing something tangible for the women of America. There are so many that say let the government do it!! You are making a definite difference. Thanks a lot. Keep up the good work.

Mrs. Richard Dreier
Indianapolis, Indiana

Glowing Portrait of Lucian

A new subscriber to your very fine magazine (three issues ago), I enjoy it just like I did years ago, before I was a senior citizen. It still has the interesting stories and events. "Post Scripts" is still as amusing as of yore.

The cover of the September issue has me spellbound. It's so lifelike as though it was photographed; Lucian Lupinski is a genius. I like to draw and would give anything to have his talent.

Keep up the good work with your wonderful magazine, as you now have a lifetime subscriber.

Jack Holman
Sacramento, California

Help a Neighbor

We have a little two-year-old neighbor boy who has no resistance to anything. He's been checked and checked by three doctors. My doctor book says the "thymus gland" on children to age five is much larger than an adult's. His mother smoked all the time she carried him. If the gland is too small it doesn't build resistance. He almost always runs a slight temperature, and there's always something infected in his body.

Please tell me what you think. The parents are getting desperate.

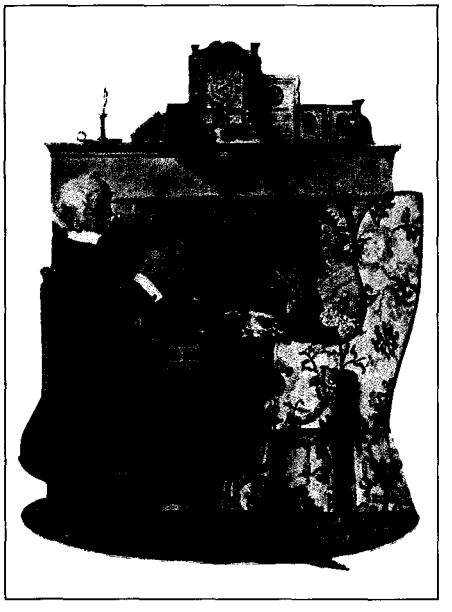
Edna Finley
Roseau, Minnesota

Ode on a Rockwell Cover

I'm so excited as today I received three *SatEvePost* covers from you by Norman Rockwell!!

I don't know why you sent them, unless it's because I sent you a poem "Please Open Your Mom's Medicine, Darling" by Lorna Tallent Kidwell (my writing name). (I'm so nervous now I can hardly write so please excuse me.) I sent this poem hoping you'd use it in "Post Scripts" or somewhere in your magazine.

In the 1920s, I wrote a poem called "Late Love," which was inspired by a *SatEvePost* Norman Rockwell cover. I sold the poem to Miss Bacon, editor of *Love Story* magazine, a Street and Smith publication in New York. The poem has been in many anthologies, read over NBC radio by Ted Malone and other radio stations; it reads as follows:



Late Love,
by Lorna Tallent Kidwell
Inspired by a Norman Rockwell
***Saturday Evening Post* cover**

Serene and calm they were
As only the old can be
The little old man in his visiting clothes
And the little old lady at tea.

A romance here, a love affair,
That was plain to see,
The look he gave his hostess
As she handed him his tea.

"Does love come so late—thus—in the fall?"
Yet void her voice of doubt, of fear.
He answered, his head bent close.
"Of course. What better time, my dear?"

I did have the *SatEvePost* cover that inspired this poem, but it has disappeared. I wish I had one of the little old lady and man having tea.

Excuse my taking up so much of your time. But I am so grateful to you for sending me the three *SatEvePost* covers.

Thanks again.

Lorna Kidwell
Rancho Mirage, California

Scrambled Humor

I was so delighted to read the letter regarding Spoonerisms!! How I did love them and have used them many times for parties. I will be glad to add "The Shog and His Dadow" to my collection. Among the ones I have are "Back and the Jeanstalk" and the following, which is my favorite.

The Loose That
Gaid the Olden Geggs

Back in the not too pastant dist, a carried mupple were nortunate efuf to possoose a Gess which laid an olden gegg every dingle way of th seek. This they considered a grea loke of struck, but like some othe neeple we poe, they thought the weren't getting fitch rast enough. So ginking the Thoose must be made o golten mold in-out as well as side they knocked the Loose for a goo with a whasty nack on the nop of hi toggin.

Goor little Poose! Anyway they ex pected to set at the goarse of all thi meshuss prettle. But as huck woul lavitt, the ingides of the Soose wer just like the ingides of any othe Soose. And besides, they no longe endayed the joyly egg which the genc ly Froose had never lailed to fay.

And the Storal to this Mory i Remember what Shakesed Speared i the Verchant of Menace: "All tha Golders is Not Glist."

Shirley L. Tambur
Barnegat, New Jers

I too miss the Spoonerisms. friend intertransposes two words come up with "Into each rain a litt life must fall," or "Birds of a floc feather together." Right now I'

continued on following pa

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Walt Disney's *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* Golden Anniversary Commemorative Plate

Actual size: 7½" in diameter.

A half-century ago, in 1937, Walt Disney's *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* made its exciting debut. Disney's first full-length animated film has continued to thrill audiences for 50 years!

Now, to commemorate the Golden Anniversary of this film classic, The Walt Disney Company has commissioned a special Golden Anniversary Plate — a work of art available exclusively from The Disney Collection.

This unique collector's plate has been crafted in fine, imported porcelain by an unusual process that combines the depth and dimension of sculpture with the brilliant colors of traditional, glazed porcelain plates. The relief design has been meticulously hand-sculpted on a master mold, and original Disney artwork is hand-applied and fired onto each plate. Then, a brilliant glaze is fired onto the plate surface, and a thin line of gleaming 24-karat gold applied to the rim.

This Golden Anniversary issue is strictly limited. Only 9500 collectors will ever be able to own this numbered plate. Orders will be accepted on a strict first-come, first-served basis, so order yours promptly to avoid disappointment!

Limited edition of 9500 worldwide.

- **Individually hand-numbered.**
- **Exclusive — available only from The Disney Collection.**
- **Vibrant artwork, hand-applied and fired onto relief porcelain.**
- **Designed and authorized by The Walt Disney Company.**
- **Fully authenticated, with The Disney Collection hallmark.**

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A SERVICE OF GROLIER ENTERPRISES INC.
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Clip here and send, with payment.

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATIVE PLATE

Please send my hand-numbered, limited edition 50th Anniversary Snow White Commemorative Plate, in relief porcelain. Enclosed is my check or money order for the initial payment of $22.50, and I will be billed for the balance upon shipment. Total price is $42.50* plus $2.50 shipping and handling (total, $45.00*). Or, I may choose to charge my credit card, and be billed upon shipment. If I am not completely satisfied, I may return the plate within 30 days, at your expense, for replacement or refund. 50707

*Sales tax is extra in NY and CT. © 1987 The Walt Disney Company

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sorta hung up on making malaprops. Example:

Innuendo: Where you get the penicillin in shot.

Wickiup: Chinese reveille.

Commentator: A low pedigreed spud.

Quince: Papa Dionne sired them, all girls, Canada, 1935.

Skeptic: A tank needed to complement rural bathrooms.

Asphyxiator: Medic who specializes in hemorrhoids.

Gail D. Salley
Arvada, Colorado

Disinformation Abounds

Here are copies of recent letters I've sent to the the *Washington Post*, the *New York Times,* and the American Civil Liberties Union.

I've been "following you around" in the news, and I hope you don't mind that I'm sending these. If people had some way of knowing you, they'd realize you want to help.

Thanks for helping me.

"Sherry Thompson"
Indianapolis, Indiana

Editor
Washington Post
1150 15th St. NW
Washington, DC 20071

Dear Editor:

Enclosed is a letter I wrote and sent to the *New York Times* the day I met Dr. Cory SerVaas. That day there were AIDS activists picketing the New York office of the *SatEvePost*. She was obviously very busy and concerned about the criticism, but she halted her life to focus on *me*, a voice on the phone.

If the issue being raised in the press is counseling—she made it clear that a positive AIDS test result would be given in person, and *with* counseling.

If the issue is anonymity—well, *I'm* still anonymous, so there goes that one.

Please print this and my letter. Thank you.

"Sherry Thompson"
Indianapolis, Indiana

Editor
New York Times
229 W. 43rd St.
New York, NY 10036

Dear Sir:

Re: the people who picket

I have a story to tell that I hope will be heard above the din of controversy and picketing. It's a story of human caring that certainly raises its main character above reproach in my eyes.

Two years ago I had a brief relationship with a man who moved to another city shortly after it began. We had "non-safe" intercourse twice during that time. Two days ago a dear friend called me to tell me that thi man had just died of AIDS. Anyon who has been in a similar situation, o can even imagine such devastatin news, can understand the wave o fear that washes over and blocks a hearing, thinking, and feeling.

I'd read enough to know I was a of a sudden in the at-risk category. also knew that imagining the scena ios facing me was far worse tha knowing the truth. I started with m HMO—the person who answered th phone wasn't sure if they did AID testing—could she have my name an number and call me back? N THANKS.

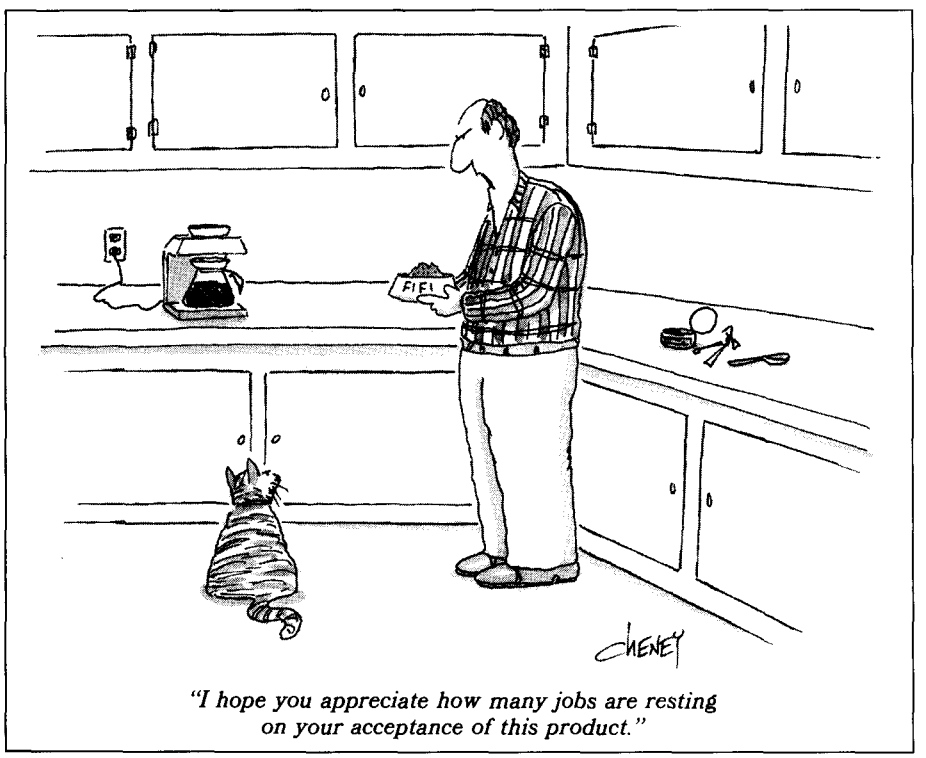
Misinformed AIDS picketers—victims disinformation—surround *The Saturd Evening Post*'s New York office.

The next call was to the bloc bank—she hastily gave me the nur ber of the free AIDS testing clini GREAT! "We can see you in fo weeks and it takes two more weeks get results." OH MY GOD . . . NEED TO KNOW . . . a priva physician . . . O.K. . . . "We can s you next week." AH! Can you gi me some information for when I a dress this with my now long-tir boyfriend this weekend? "Not un you come in . . . USE A CO DOM."

I'm desperate. I'll check t paper—maybe there's a hot-li number. I walk into the drugsto and there is the controversial *Sat day Evening Post* I'd heard about i newscast. WAIT! Their office is my city—I'll call!! The second voic heard after explaining my dilem was full of compassion and N NONSENSE. "You must be full anxiety. Come and see me rig now." OH GOD! YOU'RE WO DERFUL—I'll be right there.

I was ushered into the we appointed, neat-as-a-pin office of I Cory SerVaas. I hadn't even gott

continued on following p



"I hope you appreciate how many jobs are resting on your acceptance of this product."

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her name over the phone, and she didn't care if I was a skid-row hooker or the daughter of the mayor. She wrote me a prescription for the blood test, gave me the address of the lab, called a friend there, and said if I hurried I could have the results today. She then gave me her private office number and her HOME phone number for me to call her for the results. There was no charge.

They're negative, THANK GOD, but I've never had such a life-changing experience, nor have I ever met anyone who came closer to matching the term "angel of mercy" as does Cory SerVaas.

Folks, I don't know what you think of her motives, but believe me, I've never felt such genuine compassion from a total stranger—and a busy and important one at that. She believes, and I do too, that simple and anonymous and FAST testing will do much to ease the abject fear that accompanies the very word AIDS. And do much to ensure the safety of the nation's blood supply as well. So if you think that Cory SerVaas means you harm, please contact me in care of the magazine. I think she'll remember me by the name I used for my blood test.

"Sherry Thompson"
Indianapolis, Indiana

A Nurse with Ideas

Thank you for the excellent report on the AIDS MOBILE and the screening for AIDS among patients with neurological disorders.

Perhaps we should point out that the ELISA is used in screening for other autoimmune diseases that are noninfectious and treatable. For example, the ELISA is valuable in detecting the antigliadin antibodies in those individuals who are sensitive to the gliadin in wheat, rye, oats, and barley. This hereditary condition, celiac sprue, has long been difficult to diagnose but easy to treat, by removing the offending grains from the diet. Although the malabsorption resulting from gliadin sensitivity commonly causes diarrhea or constipation, weight loss, gas, bloating, weakness, anemia, easy bruising, night blindness, bone pain, muscle cramps, depression, and mental confusion, it can also cause severe neurological and emotional symptoms similar to multiple sclerosis and mental illness.

Helen Hauschild, R.N.
Health Education Chairman
Celiac Sprue Association
Des Moines, Iowa

"There are no batteries . . . you swing it yourself!"

Milk Indigestion

In the article in your September issue by Carmen Brining, a product named Vitamite is listed as a substitute for milk.

I have been unable to find this product in New Orleans and would appreciate your advising me who the manufacturer is and the address.

I appreciate all the help you have given to sufferers of lactose intolerance. You have helped me to a very great extent.

Helen M. Dummet
Arabi, Louisiana

Editor's note: The manufacturer is Dairy Specialists, Inc., 10800 Ambassador, St. Louis, Missouri 63132. If you have difficulty finding the milk substitute Vitamite, you may want to try using Lactaid. When added to milk or taken orally, the Lactaid will digest the lactose so you won't have to. The liquid may be added to the milk, or tablets may be taken so that you can enjoy other dairy products.

Soup's On

I received my bag of beans yesterday and went to work to make the soup. My husband and I want you to know it's delicious, even without the red pepper and chili powder, which I didn't have.

We look forward to *The Saturday Evening Post*. Keep up the good work!

Pat Genseme
Houston, Texas

You've Convinced Us

Keep up the good work. Your magazine is the best one on the news stands. So informative, educational and entertaining all rolled into one.

Just great.

Gloria A. Hayne
Marietta, Georgi

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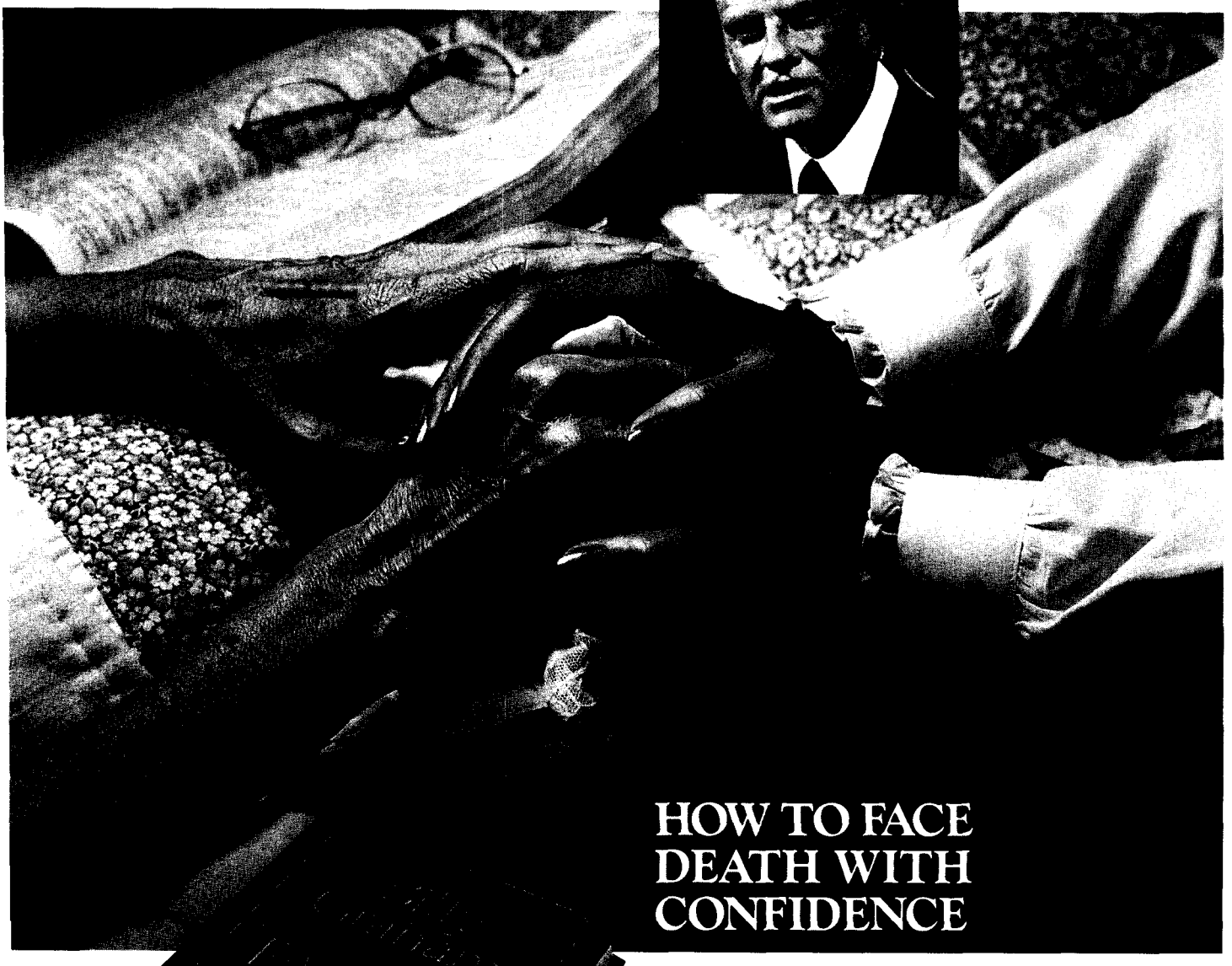
"There is a fine line between hope and compassionate honesty. Only the wisdom of God can guide us in moments like these. The truth is that all of us have our time to die. Death is total in every generation."

Billy Graham



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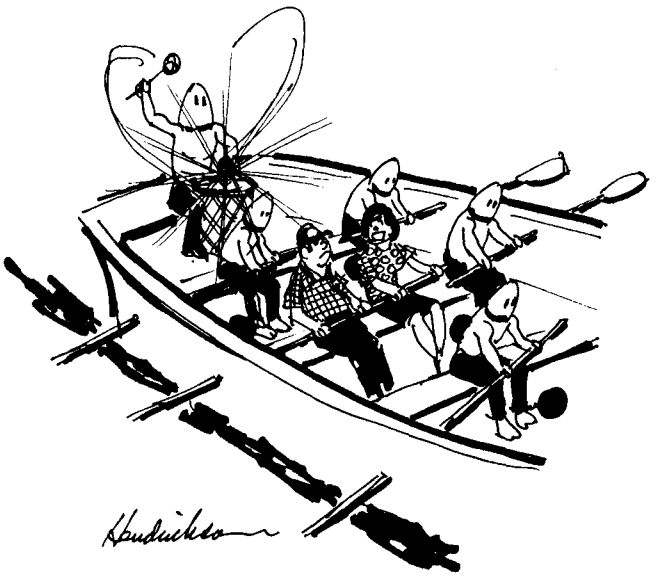
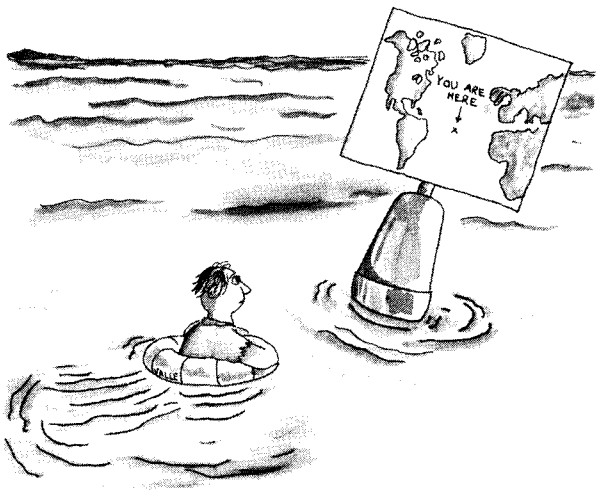
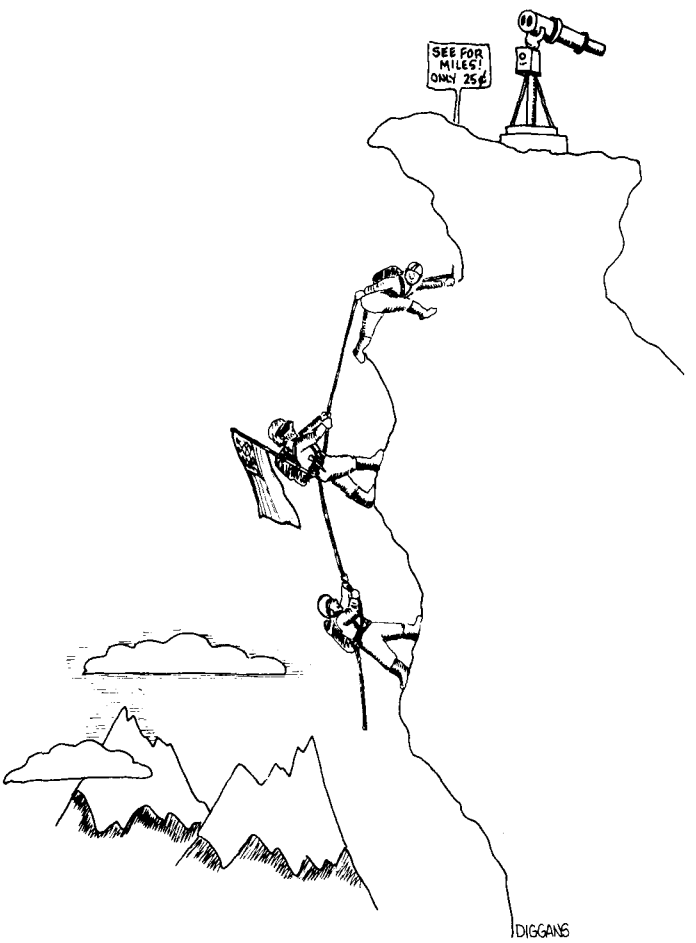
MODERN-DAY MARCO POLOS



"You had to insist on the 'no-frills' cruise!"



"Of course, if we don't hit the lottery we'll have to cancel."



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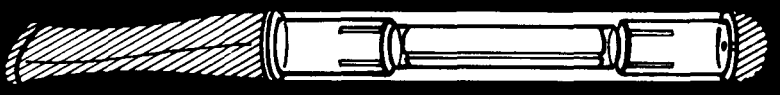
Bill Haber, Inventor

"My amazing invention E-Z Quit™ must help you cut down, even quit smoking. . .or money back!"

Bill Haber



Cut-away

U.S. Pat. No. 4,429,703
United Kingdom Pat. No. 2115676
Canadian Pat. No. 1192807
Australian and other foreign patents pending

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Tested in U.S. four years— thousands helped.

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Freda O. Van Nuy *412 B. Riverside Ave. Roseville, CA 95678*

"We think it is a marvelous idea and quite helpful towards kicking the habit. . . I would like to order (4) more E-Z Quits for friends. . ."

Maureen Sanders *116-K Middle Rd. Santa Barbara, CA 93108*

"I read about your cigarette and to tell the truth I didn't believe it. I tried and it works!. . . got it on the 22nd of June and I quit that same afternoon at 3:30 p.m. . . . I got proof that I quit. It wasn't easy, but I did and you can use this letter for a testimonial to help others quit. It will be the best $12.00 they ever spent."

Maria Miller *24470 Big Pine Rd. Bloomingville, OH 43152*

"Please send me another E-Z Quit cigarette. They are terrific!"

Mrs. Albert E. Draus *10740 S. Fairfield Chicago, IL 60655*

"I am indeed happy with my E-Z Quit cigarette. In just two days I was down from 3 to 4 packs a day to a half pack . . . my food tastes better though my appetite hasn't increased, and I am much less tense. That's what really counts as I've already had a light stroke. . . my sinuses and lungs have improved very much. I've stopped coughing. . . my husband tried my E-Z Quit and found it very effective. Thank you so much. I feel as if I have a new lease on life."

Margaret W. Page *28 McCluskey Ave. Massena, N.Y. 13662*

"I love your new cigarette because it works. Please send me two more so I can help others quit. Thanks, I quit after six years of the habit."

Richard W. Parker *1212 Colorado St. Rowins, WY 82301*

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As heard on National Radio

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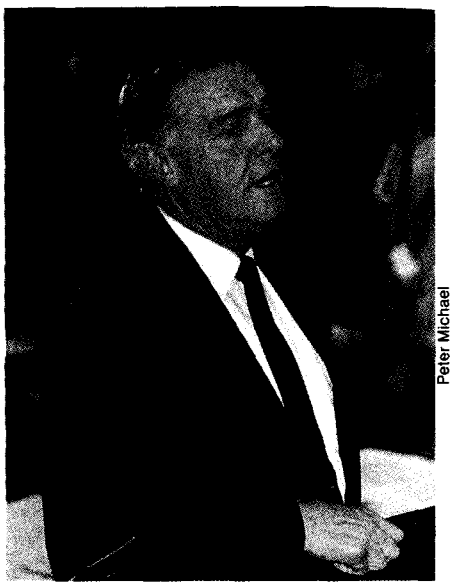
Post People


Peter Michael

James D. Watkins, a much-decorated admiral of the U.S. Navy, sailed into the chairmanship of the Presidential AIDS Commission on a wave of unanimous praise from fellow commissioners. As former Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Watkins knows how to get action.

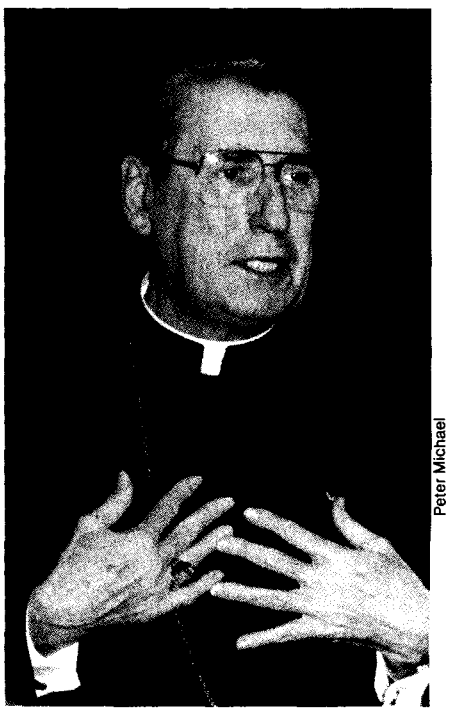
"We need to change the laws or do whatever is necessary," he said upon chairing his first meeting, "to focus upon this particular infectious disease, because it is deadly."

Peter Michael

The highly articulate sexologist ***Dr. Theresa L. Crenshaw***, a Stanford University graduate with an M.D. from the University of California, was appointed to the commission because of her strong professional interest in sex education.

Of this insidious killer called AIDS, she says: "Not only is there a compelling urgency to take care of the sick and suffering people, but we must also be sure we don't create even more sick and suffering people to deal with—emotionally, medically, and financially."

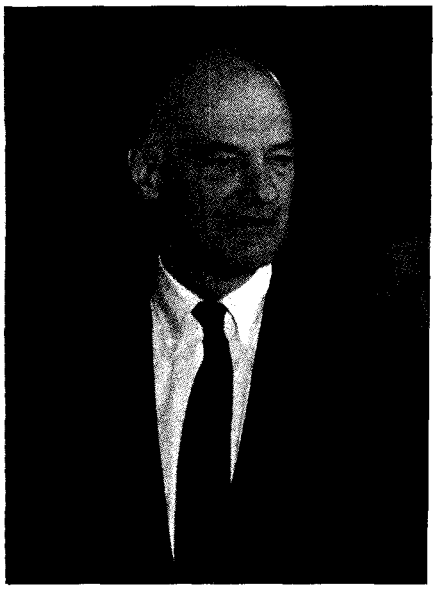
Sincere approval of Admiral Watkins' appointment as chairman of the Presidential AIDS Commission came


Peter Michael

from ***Cardinal John J. O'Connor.*** "If you had asked me, I would have told you not to take the job," the cardinal told Watkins. "But now that you have, I am with you."

Cardinal O'Connor's appointment to the commission came by no means from sticking a pin into *Who's Who in America*, for he has put his archdiocese in the forefront of caring for and housing AIDS patients in New York City.

Dr. Burton James Lee III, an eminent oncologist at the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, brings to the AIDS commission hands-on experience in facing the ravages of Kaposi's sarcoma in AIDS patients, as well as the tragedy of leukemia victims who are AIDS positive after frequent blood transfusions.



"AIDS is spread by the most intimat of human contacts—through blood o sex," he says. "And therefore it shoul be easy *not* to catch this disease It's very simple: back to the family."

Civic-minded ***John J. Creedon,*** presi dent and CEO of the Metropolita Life Insurance Company, receive the plaudits of fellow AIDS-commis sion members for an appearance o his company's recent nationally tele vised AIDS survey.

"I think one of the most importa issues facing us," he told the commi sion, "is how to balance the righ of people who have the AIDS viru and those who don't have the AID virus. . . . Different people will ha different views, and we have to d what is right for society as a whole and this is a very sensitive, difficu problem."

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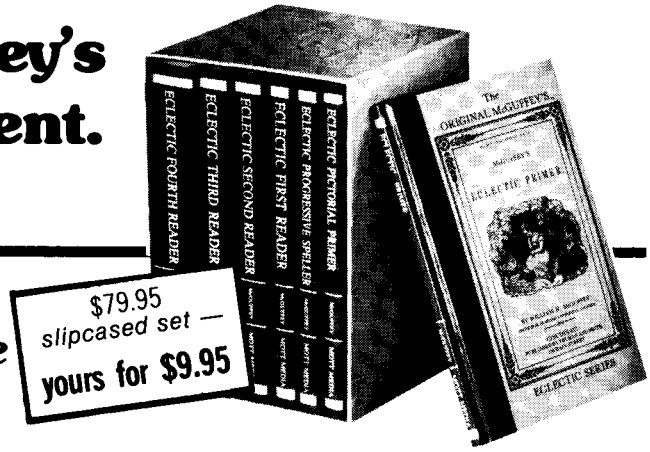
The original McGuffey's Readers were different. They were Christian



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MONEY TALK

ANSWERING YOUR FINANCIAL QUESTIONS

Advice about limited partnerships, Social Security taxes, and investing for income.

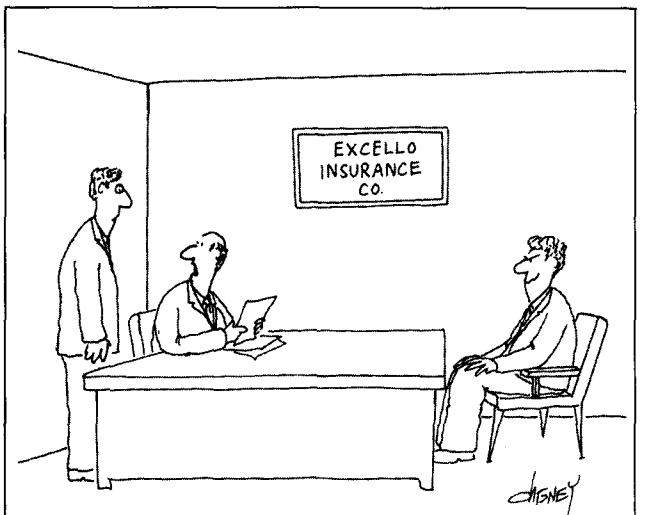
by Venita VanCaspel

Q. We are an elderly couple whose income was around $35,000 last year, which made us have to pay taxes on our Social Security. Should we reduce our income to avoid taxes? Should we start to give part of our capital to our grandchildren or invest in Series EE bonds or in tax-free municipals? When is it no longer profitable to increase income?

A. It's always profitable to increase income, especially because next year you will be in a 28 percent tax bracket. You do get to keep 72 percent of it. The IRS doesn't really take all of your income. It just seems as if it does.

The reason you had to pay taxes on half your Social Security is that if your adjusted gross income, plus one-half of your Social Security, plus your tax-exempt income from municipal bonds exceeds $32,000 on a joint return ($25,000 on a single return), you must pay a tax on (1) half the excess above $32,000 or (2) half your Social Security income, whichever is less.

If your income is only $35,000, you may not have sufficient capital to begin giving it to your grandchildren. You did not state your age, but the longevity of our population is increasing. Series EE bonds do defer taxes, but they do not produce income for current living expenses. Municipal bonds would not solve your problem, because the income from them is counted in your adjusted gross income for this calculation—which in reality makes them no longer tax free. One way to avoid this problem and still have spendable income is to invest in an all-cash registered limited partnership that pays cash flow each quarter. This cash flow is all or partly sheltered from taxes because the partnership is allowed to depreciate the property. This is a bookkeeping entry and no check is sent to anyone. As a matter of fact, the property may even be growing in value. This cash flow is not counted in your adjusted gross income for tax purposes, but it is money you can spend.



"I'm afraid we'll have to pay him—his house really was damaged by an earthquake during a solar eclipse in the middle of a blizzard in July."

Q. I've been reading about limited partnerships. What are they, and should I consider investing in them? If so, how do I choose one or more?

A. You didn't tell me your net worth, but let's say it is in excess of $75,000 or that it is at least $20,000, exclusive of home, auto, and furnishings, and that your earned income exceeds $20,000. You should meet the suitability standard set by most states to become an investor in a registered limited partnership. By registered, I mean it is registered with the Securities and Exchange Commission and also registered in the state where you reside. In a typical limited partnership, the unit size is $500; a minimum investment of ten units, or $5,000, may also be required. You pool your money with a large number of other investors with similar investment objectives, and then the general partner of the program invests the funds. There are many excellent limited partnerships to choose from. For example, let's say you've been reading about our population's growing older, and you decide there just might be a bit of gold in the gray. You could choose a partnership that invests in retirement homes or nursing homes or both. If your desire is for income now, you will want to choose a partnership that pays all cash for the properties. If growth is your financial objective, choose one that also uses borrowed funds. If for every $1 you invest the general partner borrows $3 more, you could have doubled the amount working for you. Leverage increases your potential for growth of capital, but it also reduces your cash flow (because part of the cash flow must be used to pay on the mortgage), and it can also increase your risk.

There are a number of excellent

continued on page 11

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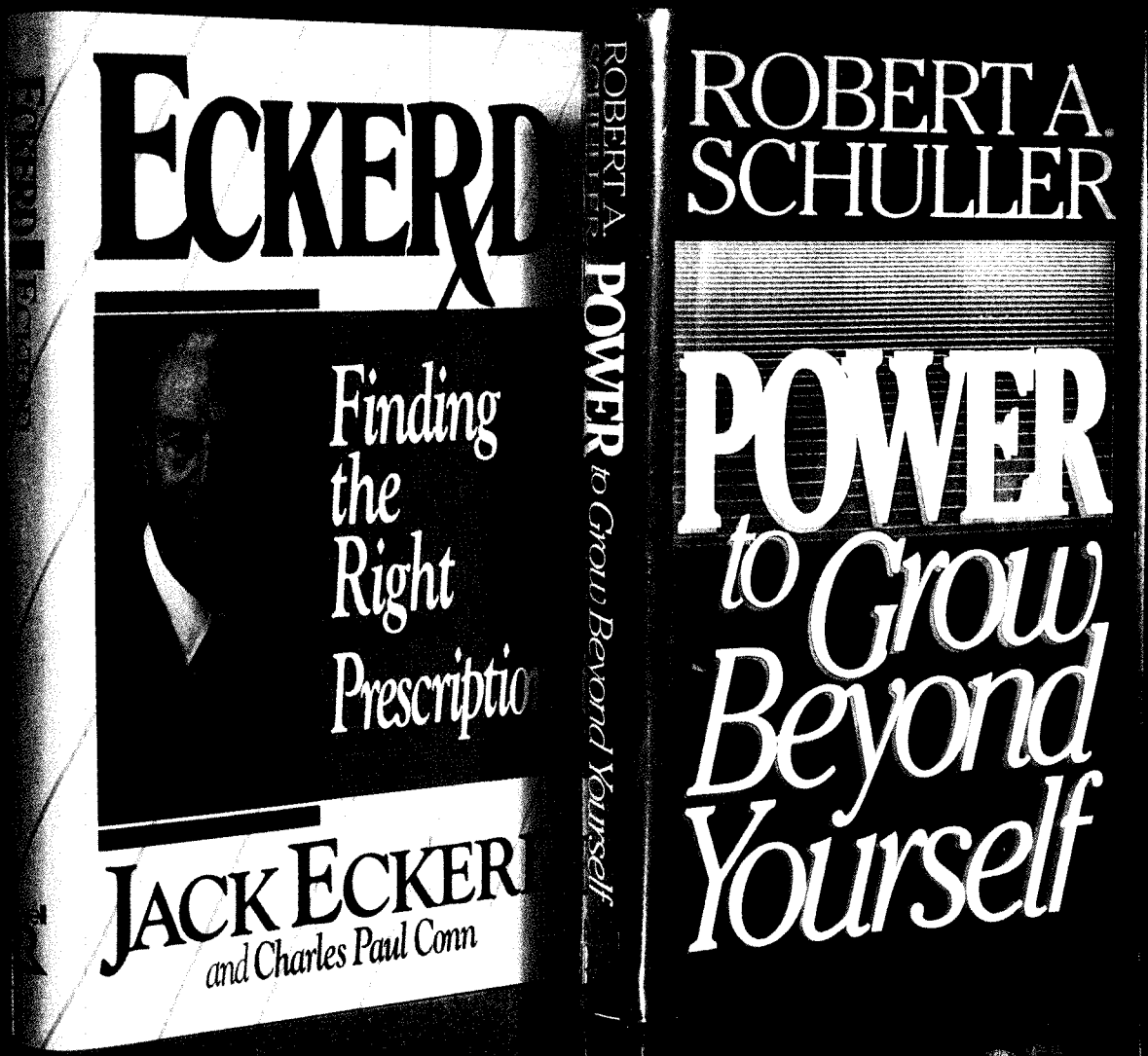

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FOOD

CHRISTMAS FEAST WITH AN ORIENTAL FLAVOR

Spicy Chinese duckling and Oriental rice make an "honorable" departure from the traditional holiday meal.

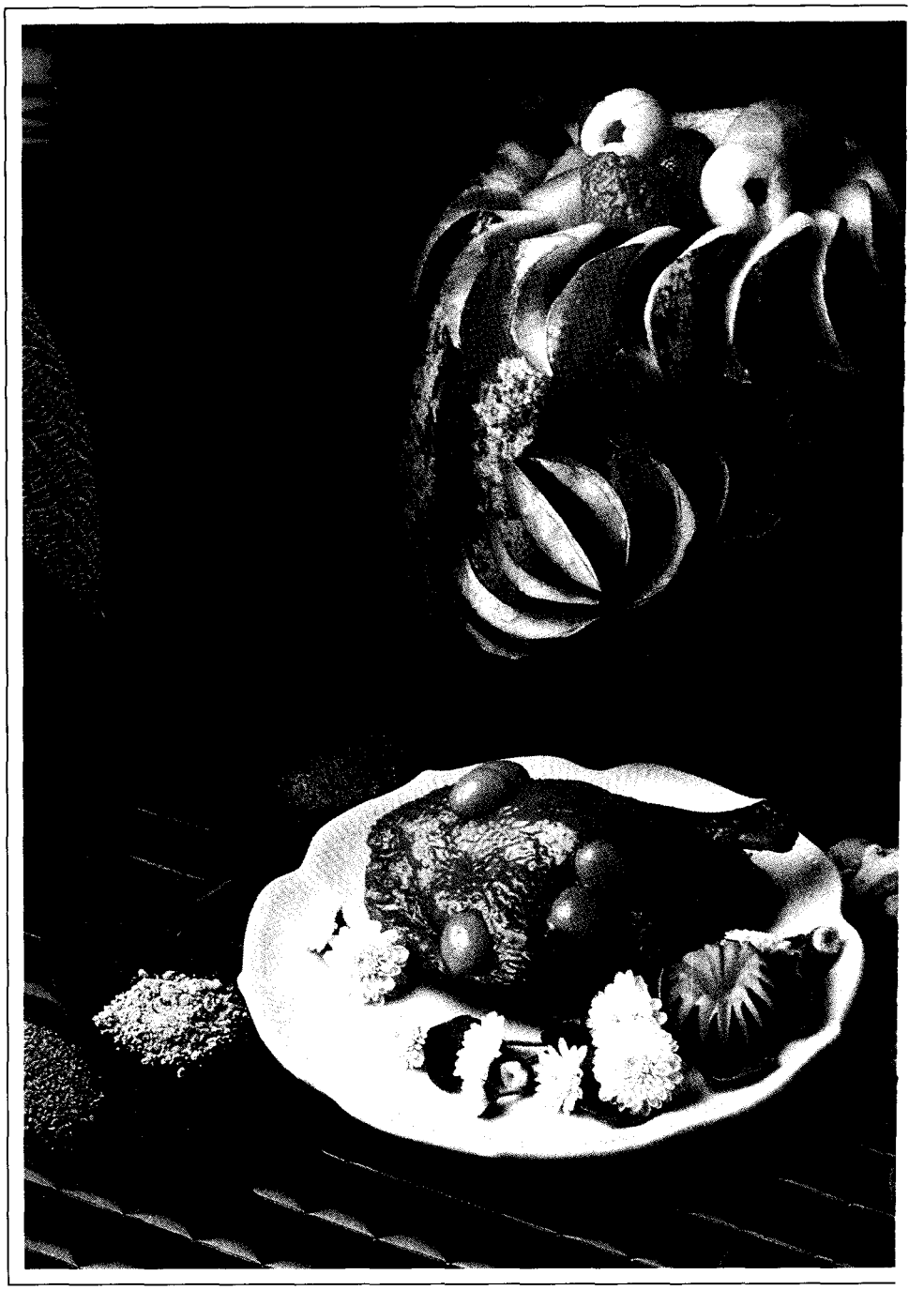
by Allen Simon

Can a masterpiece of Chinese cuisine be the centerpiece for a Christmas meal? It is for one family we know who have made classic Peking Duck a family yuletide tradition. Each year after putting up the holly and mistletoe, they head for the kitchen to hang up the Christmas duck. The duck is first scalded in boiling honey water for about two minutes and then dried with towels and hung in a cool, dry place for at least eight hours. Overnight will do.

The duck is cooked on a roasting rack for about one hour until golden brown. The final touch is a tasty glaze of sesame oil and oyster sauce brushed on just before serving.

Chinese Duckling with Apricot Sauce is another rich and delicious Oriental dish with holiday appeal. Two ducklings of 3½ to 4 pounds each are roasted and basted in a mixture of honey, brandy, and ginger and then served with a sweet, fruity sauce flavored with anise and ginger. Side dishes follow suit. There's a fruity apricot rice dressing with dried apricots, celery, and crunchy green sweet peppers, and a dramatically carved melon dessert filled with colorful morsels of honeydew, cantaloupe, kumquats, and lychee nuts.

Stir-Fried Green Beans and Fried Rice are also in ethnic keeping with this deliciously different Christmas feast.



A Word About Duck

Long Island ducks, the strain most often used in America, are said to have been imported ori-

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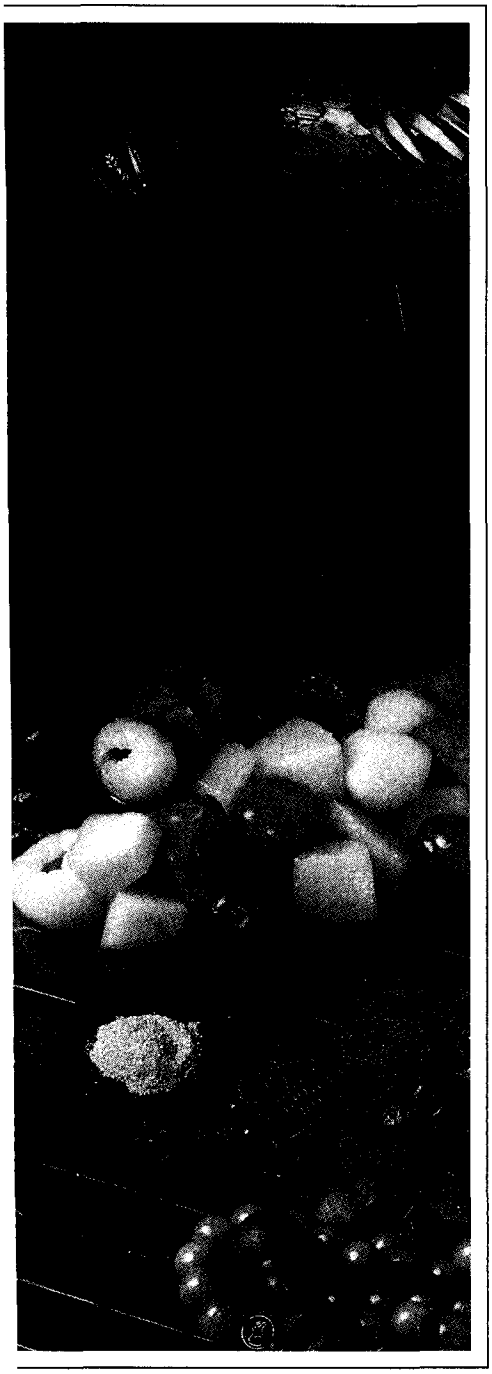
ginally from China in the 1870s. Because these ducks have a thick layer of fat between the skin and meat, they must be roasted slowly at moderate temperatures to allow the fat to draw off and keep the meat from overcooking. Fresh ducks may be available from Chinese markets in large cities. Frozen ducks will do as well; they should be thawed in the refrigerator for 1 to 1½ days or at room temperature and in cool water for 2 to 3 hours and then carefully wiped dry before preparing. To test a duck for doneness, pierce the joint between the thigh and body. If the juices are red, broil another minute or two. If the juice is faintly tinged, the duck is done.

The Sellingers' Peking Duck

14 cups water
4 tablespoons honey
4 1/16" slices fresh ginger root
½ cup white vinegar
½ cup Chinese Shaohing wine or pale dry sherry
1 duck

Sauce:
3 tablespoons oyster sauce
1 teaspoon sesame oil



Put water, honey, ginger root, vinegar, and wine in wok or large pot and bring to boil. Tie duck by neck or wings and dip in boiling honey water. Ladle water to scald duck on both sides for about 2 minutes. Drain and dry thoroughly with paper towels. Hang duck in cool and airy place to dry 8 hours or more.

Preheat oven to 400° F. Put duck breast-side up directly on oven rack. Put large roasting pan with about 1" cold water on bottom of gas oven. Roast duck 30 minutes on each side. Turn duck over again, breast-side up, and roast another 30 minutes.

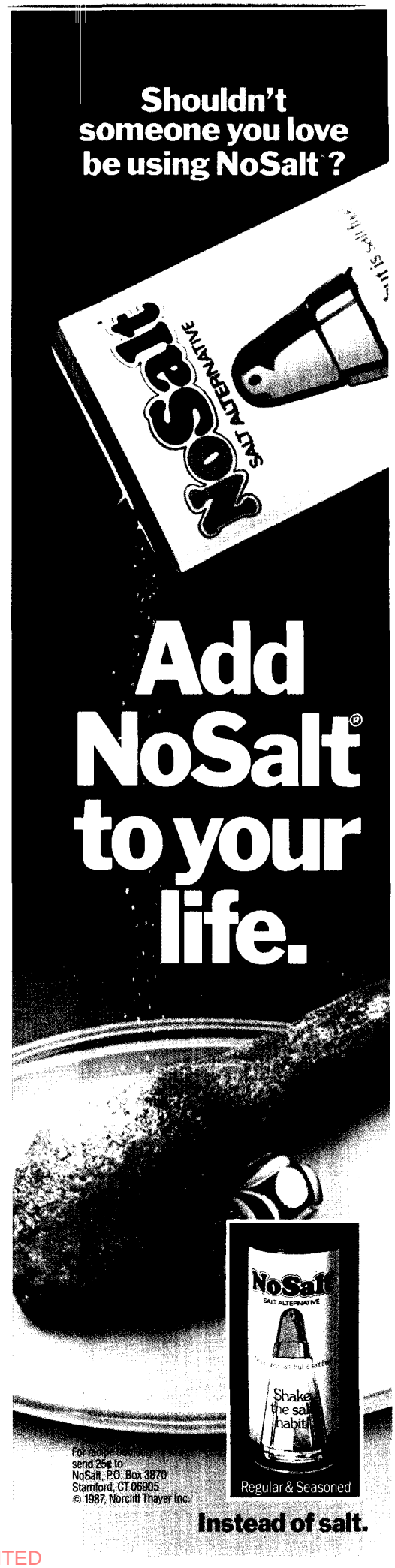
Mix sauce ingredients together. Brush sauce over entire duck before serving.

Chinese Duckling with Apricot Sauce
(Makes 8 servings)

2 3½- to 4-pound ducklings
½ cup honey
¼ cup brandy
¼ teaspoon ground ginger
1½ cups apricot nectar
1 cup orange juice
1 teaspoon chicken flavor base
½ teaspoon salt, if desired
¼ teaspoon white pepper
¼ teaspoon ground ginger
¼ teaspoon aniseed
1 tablespoon dry vermouth
1 tablespoon arrowroot
1 cup halved seedless grapes

Cut ducklings in quarters.

For a main course that's out of the mainstream, try Chinese Duckling with Apricot Sauce and a matching dessert of melon and Oriental fruits.



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Place on rack in roasting pan. Mix honey, brandy, and ginger. Roast ducklings in 325° F. oven 1½ hours; brush with honey mixture every 10 minutes.

Sauce:

Mix apricot nectar and orange juice with next 6 ingredients. Heat, stirring, until sauce boils. Mix arrowroot with equal amount of cold water. Stir into sauce. Cook, stirring constantly, one minute. Remove from heat and stir in grapes.

Golden Apricot Rice Dressing

(Makes 6 servings)

½ cup chopped onions
2 tablespoons margarine
1 cup uncooked rice
1 cup sliced celery
½ cup julienned green sweet pepper
2 cups chicken broth
⅛ teaspoon ground white pepper
¼ cup chopped dried apricots
2 tablespoons sugar

Cook onions in margarine in 2- to 3-quart saucepan until soft but not brown. Add next 5 ingredients. Bring to boil; stir. Reduce heat, cover, and simmer 15 minutes or until rice is tender and liquid is absorbed. Stir in apricots and sugar; replace cover and let stand 5-10 minutes. Toss lightly before serving.

Fried Rice

(Makes 6 servings)

¼ cup instant minced onion
¼ cup oil or butter
3 cups cold, cooked rice
2 eggs, lightly beaten
¼ teaspoon black pepper
2 teaspoons beef flavor base
2 tablespoons soy sauce
1 cup chopped, cooked meat (chicken, beef, shrimp, lobster, sausage, or bacon)

Sauté onion in hot oil until golden brown. Add rice; heat thoroughly, stirring often. Stir in beaten eggs, pepper, beef flavor base, and soy sauce. Sauté 3 minutes; continue to stir. Add meat and continue heating until mixture is steaming hot.

Stir-Fried Green Beans

(Makes 8 servings)

2 tablespoons salad oil
1 pound green beans, diagonally cut into 1" pieces
1 medium onion, sliced
½ cup diagonally sliced celery
1 cup bean sprouts
½ cup sliced water chestnuts
¼ cup pimento strips
¼ teaspoon salt, if desired
¼ teaspoon sugar
Soy sauce

In 10" skillet or wok over high heat, in hot oil, cook green beans, onion, and celery; stir quickly and frequently (stir-fry) 4-5 minutes until nearly tender-crisp.

Add bean sprouts, water chestnuts, pimento, salt, and sugar. Stir-fry until vegetables are tender-crisp. Serve with soy sauce.

Oriental Melon Dessert

(Makes about 9 cups)

1 dark green watermelon
1 cantaloupe
1 honeydew melon
1 can lychee nuts
1 jar kumquats
½ cup honey
1 cup orange juice
¼ teaspoon anise extract
¼ teaspoon almond extract

Slice small amount from blossom end of watermelon to make stable base. Stand melon on end. Scoop out inside and reserve. Carve top edge of melon with notches, straight or curved as shown. Use tip of bamboo skewer to draw lotus-flower shapes and fanciful leaves on sides of melon. Use small very sharp knife to carve away skin along lines of design. Cover with plastic wrap and chill overnight.

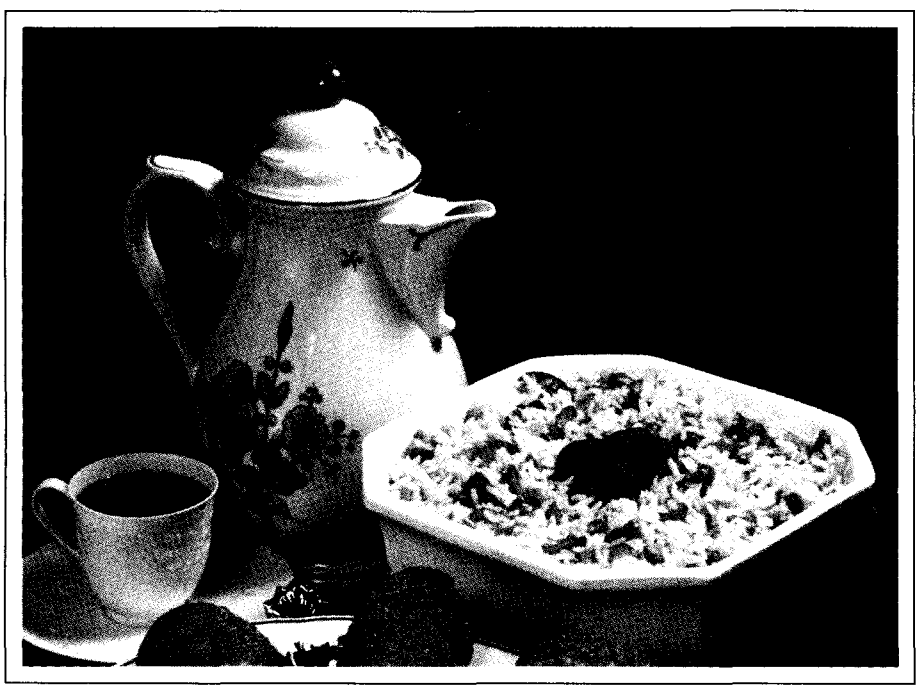
Remove seeds from watermelon pulp. Peel and seed cantaloupe and honeydew. Cut melon in bite-size pieces. Place in large bowl. Drain lychee nuts and kumquats. Toss with melon pieces. Combine remaining ingredients. Mix well. Pour over fruit in bowl. Cover and chill overnight, stirring two or three times. Fill melon with fruit for serving. Keep remaining fruit cold and refill watermelon as needed.

Egg Drop Soup

(Makes 6 servings)

1 egg
⅓ cup flour
1 tablespoon water
7 teaspoons chicken flavor base
6 cups boiling water

Beat egg with fork; add flour and tablespoon water and continue beating until smooth. Dissolve flavor base in boiling water. Drop egg-and-flour mixture, in thin stream, from spoon into boiling broth. Move spoon slowly back and forth for even distribution. Do not stir soup until egg is cooked. For a change of taste, use beef flavor base in place of chicken flavor base.



Dress up an Oriental dinner of chicken or duck with Golden Apricot Rice Dressing, a sweet mixture of rice, onions, celery, green sweet peppers, and dried apricots.

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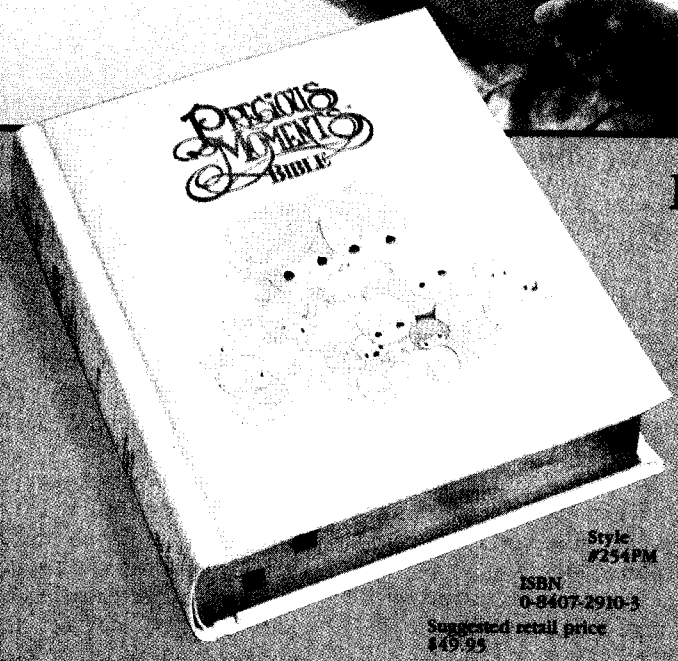

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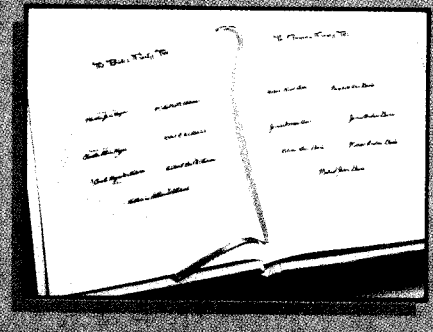

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VETS ON PETS

PLAYING SANTA TO YOUR PET

Gifts can run the gamut—from a solar-powered doghouse to a donation to your favorite animal cause.

by H. Ellen Whiteley, D.V.M.

Whether they've been naughty or nice, pets have a way of showing up on our Christmas shopping lists. But don't expect more affection just because you stuff an expensive gift into his, her, or its Christmas stocking this year. You may be barking up the wrong tree.

The best gifts are from the heart. A kind word, a gentle pat, and a few extra treats will satisfy the ordinary pooch or pussycat. On the other hand, some pet gifts reflect the fantasies of their owners: a $479.99 leather-trimmed ranch-mink coat with matching cap (sold recently to a lucky pooch here in Amarillo, Texas); "Zsa Zsa" collars embellished with rows of flashy rhinestones; and lacy, ribbon-bedecked gingham panties.

The best-dressed cat this Christmas might sport Pet Decker's jaunty little bow tie (they're back in style again). Don't forget the latest in pet perfumes—Kennel No. 5 and Four Paws Cologne.

Last Christmas, two Manxes in my neighborhood received a three-story kitty condo equipped with scratching post and sleeping and hiding perches. The condo, covered in blue carpet, was thoughtfully treated with catnip.

Dogs may find equal pleasure in a solar-powered doghouse made to order for energy-conscious pet owners. Dogs in high-class neighborhoods may prefer custom houses from Animal Manors of New York City. Stock plans include the French Chateau, the English Manor, and the Swiss Chalet.

When Fido sees the gifts tagged for him on Christmas morning, will he bark for joy or try to hide under the bed?

For pet owners who prefer more practical gifts, however, I recommend the following:

- Identification tags—engraved with the pet's name, address, and telephone number.
- A home dental kit—available from your veterinarian or pet store. The C.E.T. Kit from Veterinarian Prescriptions of Harbor City, California, contains enzymatic toothpaste (regular or malt flavored), a toothbrush, and the pamphlet *Pets Have Teeth Too* with instructions on cleaning methods.
- A pet pedicure kit—contains a file and nail clipper specially designed for dog and cat claws.
- A Pet Port—an inexpensive pet carrier, similar to cardboard carriers, but made from washable, sturdy corrugated polyethylene.
- Reflector leash and collar—advisable for dogs that like to walk in the evening or early morning.
- Punching ball filled with catnip—especially recommended for overpudgy cats; it will provide hours of much-needed exercise.
- Homemade treats—nothing says "loving" like doggie biscuits from your own oven:

½ package dry yeast
⅛ cup warm water
1 cup chicken stock
1¾ cups unbleached flour
½ cup wheat germ
¼ cup dry milk
1 large egg (room temp.)
1 egg, beaten
½ tablespoon milk

Dissolve yeast in water Pour mixture and chicken stock into dry ingredients Add egg. Mixture should be the consistency of stiff dough. Roll dough out to 1/4" thickness. Cut out in shape of bone for fox terriers, sheep for collies, and ducks for Labrador retrievers. Brush with egg and milk; place on greased cookie sheet and bake in 300° F. oven 45 minutes Turn off oven and leave cookies in oven overnight Store in tightly closed container in refrigerator Recipe may be doubled.

* * *

For pet owners who like to buy for the future, I recommend gift certificate for an obedience class or a health-insurance policy.

If your pet already has everything dog or cat could want, try donating money or a piece of equipment in your pet's name to your local human shelter or such organizations as:

- Dogs for the Deaf, which rescues abandoned dogs from shelters and trains them to respond to needs of hearing-impaired individuals. Write to Dogs for the Deaf, 13260 Highway 238, Jacksonville, OR 97530.
- Alternatives to Animals Research Fund (AARF) at the School of Veterinary Medicine, University of California at Davis.

You may even want to start a pe

continued on page 7

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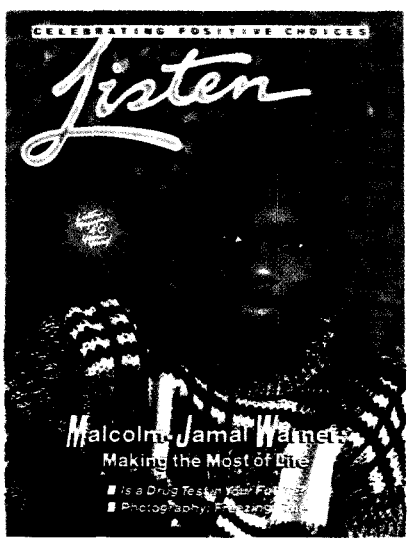
Chris A great mas gift

HELP YOUR KIDS SAY NO!

Your kids have tough questions about drugs and alcohol. LISTEN magazine has the facts. LISTEN targets teenagers with a fast-paced style. LISTEN monthly pages burst with color and coverage of celebrities from the world of sports and entertainment. The message is loud and clear: Drugs and alcohol do not contribute to these young stars' success!



Instead of scare tactics, LISTEN offers positive alternatives. Sports, hobbies, and music give an excitement that can't be matched by drugs and alcohol. Stimulating stories deliver powerful information. Self-help articles fortify teenagers' self-esteem.

So, before you're faced with teenage drug-and-alcohol use, give your kids the facts. Help them say No. Give them LISTEN.

VISA, MasterCard, and American Express holders subscribe toll free. 1-800-323-3000 (in Alaska and Hawaii 1-800-323-3002).

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You won't be the only one who will be glad that you gave the *Post*.

SANTA CLAUS NORTH POLE

Dear Post reader,

Although I realize that tradition has it that I get the letters this time of year, this year's situation calls for this letter to you.

The good news is that all the people of the World have been better than ever so this will be a bountiful Christmas. Also, the delivery team has signed on for another year, as always.

The bad news is that with deliveries being larger, and the price of hay going up, well you can see what we are up against. My dear Mrs. Claus, bless her heart, even offered to go out on deliveries too but then we remembered the last time we were both out and the elves had to make their own breakfast. What a mess!

So make it easy on yourself, Rudolph, and yours truly by giving a gift subscription to The Saturday Evening Post. When your friend thanks you for the gift, give them a wink and your best Ho-Ho-Ho and think of me flying through the starry night just a little bit lighter.

Merry Christmas!
Santa Claus

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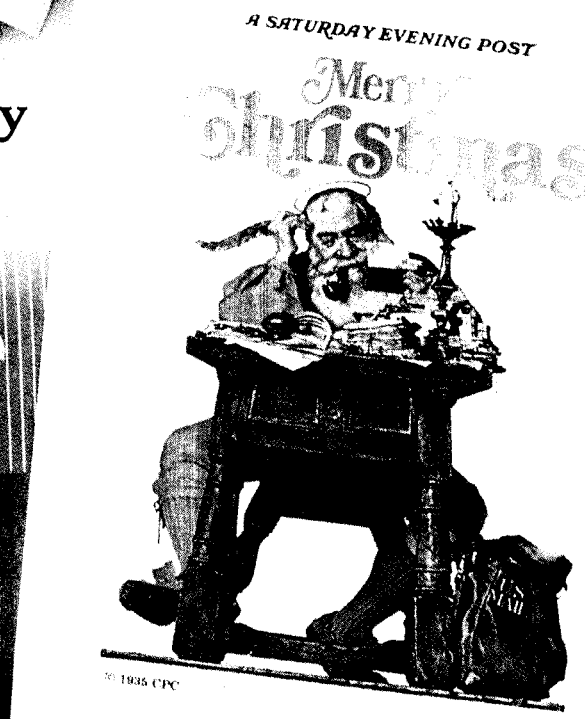

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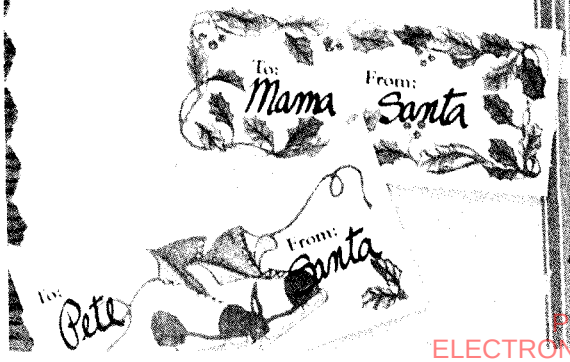

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TMJ—JAWBONE PAIN THAT'S ALL TOO COMMON

Temporomandibular joints can be a real pain—as millions of Americans are finding out.

by David O. Born, Ph. D.

If you suffer frequent headaches or recurring facial pain, don't just grin and bear it. Tell your dentist; relief may be nearer than you think.

Such pains are sometimes related to one of Americans' most frequently overlooked and misdiagnosed medical problems—temporomandibular joint disorder.

The temporomandibular joints (TMJs) are situated on both sides of the face just in front of the ears, where the knuckle-like ends of the lower jawbone fit into the bones of the skull. There, muscles, facial bones, and nerves converge to perform the complex vertical, horizontal, and diagonal movements of speech and chewing.

The temporomandibular joints (TMJ), situated on both sides of the face just in front of the ears, connect the lower jaw to the skull and move the jaws during chewing, speaking, and swallowing. When they go awry, which they can easily do, victims who suffer in silence may unwittingly be inviting serious consequences.

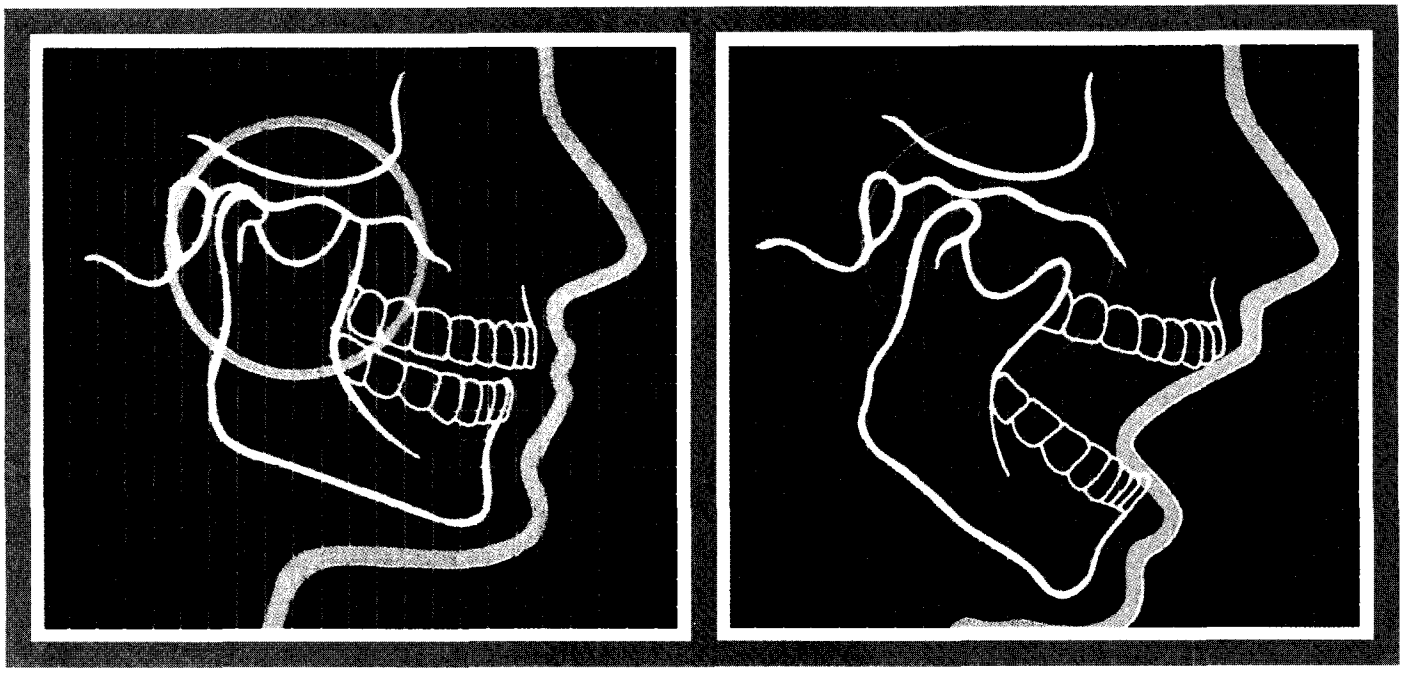
Unfortunately, this complicated mechanism can easily go awry: an estimated 20 to 30 million Americans suffer from TMJ disorders. Their symptoms range from tender facial muscles to agonizing pain and headaches.

• • •

Many TMJ victims suffer in silence and unwittingly invite serious complications. For example, a teacher in his mid-50s, recently referred to a major dental school for treatment, recalled first having felt pain several years before. Thinking that the pain would go away, he did not seek treatment. He continued to ignore the pain as it grew worse until, finally, pain, stiffness, and limited jaw function prompted him to see his doctor. Now the man must undergo reconstructive surgery. Had he sought help sooner, physical therapy and medication might have brought relief.

TMJ problems are not always clear-cut. Symptoms that mimic such other conditions as abscessed teeth, sinusitis, and tumors can complicate diagnosis. TMJ problems may also aggravate other unrelated disorders, such as migraine headache or the rare and painful condition known as tic douloureux.

Accidents that dislocate or damage one of the joints are a frequent cause of TMJ disorders, but even these may be difficult to trace, because the full effects may not be felt until years after the incident. In one case, a girl hit in the head by a swing at age two showed no TMJ symptoms until her wisdom teeth were removed at age 23. Then, stress on the joint caused by her altered occlusion (bite) led to muscle spasms and severe headaches. Not all TMJ disorders occur so dramatically: simply yawning frequently with the mouth opened too wide can cause a TMJ flare-up.



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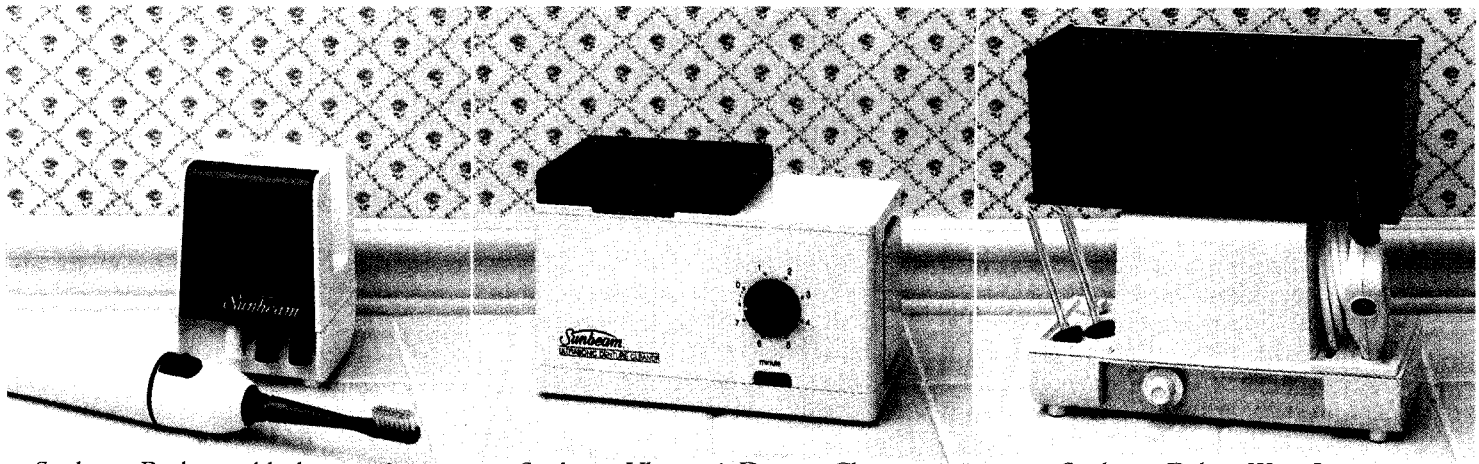
Fitness Equipment.



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The most common TMJ disorder stems from myofascial pain dysfunction syndrome (MPDS), a jaw-muscle condition caused by clenching and grinding the teeth in response to stress and tension. MPDS strikes three times as many women as men.

• • •

Dentists can often resolve MPDS and other TMJ disorders by making small alterations in the size and shape of certain teeth to adjust the patient's bite. Sometimes an acrylic "night guard" or "resting appliance" is designed to fit over the upper or lower teeth to help reposition the jaw and relieve the stress on facial muscles. In extreme cases, orthodontic braces may be necessary. Surgery is a last resort.

Dr. Joseph Gibilisco, a specialist in head and facial pain at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, welcomes increased public awareness of TMJ problems, but he is concerned that TMJ may be becoming the "fad health problem of the decade." He warns that some practitioners are 'overzealous" about the benefits of treatment. Some have extolled TMJ treatments for increasing runners' endurance, football players' strength, and basketball players' jumping abilities. Although treatments may improve an athlete's concentration by alleviating pain, there is no evidence to support any of the other claims. Nor are TMJ treatments, as sometimes touted, a corrective for headaches, although they may cure some types.

Typical Symptoms of TMJ Disorders

- A dull, aching pain around the ear, often radiating into the face and sometimes into the neck, back of the head, and shoulders
- Tenderness of jaw muscles
- Clicking or popping noises when opening the mouth
- Difficulty with opening the mouth or chewing
- Certain types of headaches, sometimes of migraine proportions
- Ringing in the ears
- Hearing loss or "plugged" ears
- Sinus pain or dizziness

Although these symptoms may be present in the absence of TMJ problems, persons with such complaints are advised to seek the advice of a dentist or a physician.

Overtreatment of TMJ may have tragic consequences, as in the case of a woman referred recently to the Mayo Clinic. She had undergone four operations to repair what originally had been a minor TMJ problem stemming from an automobile accident. A fifth operation will now be necessary, Dr. Gibilisco says, but the doctor and his staff can do little but reestablish function lost in the previous surgeries. Nothing can be done to restore the woman's original state of health.

• • •

Dr. Gibilisco recommends your family dentist for an initial diagnosis. He may wish to call in specialists, but you will still be working with someone you know. If and when surgery is recommended, Dr. Gibilisco advises seeking a second opinion at a dental school, a large medical center, or a major clinic. As in any malady, proper diagnosis and treatment are your best defenses against the twin evils of neglect and overattention.

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HOME IMPROVEMENTS

FURNACES GO UNDERGROUND

As the price of geothermal heat pumps falls, Americans are warming up to this highly efficient form of home heating.

by Jack Hayes

The British physicist Lord Kelvin wrote about them in the 1850s. Alabama Power experimented with them in the 1940s. But it took the energy crunch of the 1970s and its impact on heating-fuel prices to inspire the practical use of electric heat pumps. Since then, heat pumps have grown popular in places where electricity is cheaper than natural gas, bottled gas, and heating oil.

No one disputes the efficiency of heat pumps. Well-designed systems can deliver three units of heat for each unit of electricity they consume—impressive when compared to open-hearth fireplaces, which send 95 percent of their heat up the chimney. Even the most efficient gas furnaces lose a fifth of the energy they create from combustion.

Yet heat pumps have their limitations, the biggest of which is doing their job when outside temperatures fall below freezing. A typical *air-source* system that works like a charm at 45 degrees will be faltering at 25 and barely delivering at 15. The problem, of course, is that there is simply less available heat in the colder air. Thus, north of the Sunbelt, you can't heat your home solely with an air-source heat pump.

Ground-source heat pumps, however, draw latent heat from soil or ground water instead, which are always warmer than the winter air. Thus, ground-source heat pumps are not the "fair-weather friends" air-source systems are.

James Bose, the director of engineering technology at Oklahoma State University, and his peers are so enthusiastic about the future of geothermal heat pumps they've formed an organization, the International Ground Source Heat Pump Association, to promote the technology. And home heating is one of the major applications for this technology.

A ground-source system connects to a long loop of plastic pipe buried horizontally or vertically in the soil. The loop, filled with a cold antifreeze solution, works like the condensing coil in an air conditioner. As the frigid solution flows through the plastic pipe, it picks up heat from the warmer soil and carries it inside.

Early efforts with ground-source systems were foiled by problems with the plastic pipe. Rigid polyvinyl chloride (PVC) pipe is now usually avoided in favor of flexible polyethylene pipe, which doesn't crack or disjoint with expansion and contraction. Some of the new pipes come with 40-year warranties.

Heat pumps are actually cooling and heating systems rolled into one: in the summer, as air conditioners, they carry heat outside or deposit it into the ground; in the winter, they work in reverse—moving heat *into* the house. Studies in New York and South Dakota show ground-source heat pumps use 40 percent less energy in winter than do conventional air-source systems with supplemental heat; studies in Mississippi found that ground-source systems also use less energy than air-source systems during the summer months.

Before you run to buy a ground source system, give consideration to several things. First, consider the relative costs of energy sources in your part of the country. If you live in an area of cheap natural gas, wood, or heating oil, you can probably heat your home less expensively with a conventional furnace or wood stove.

Next, consider the age and efficiency of your present heating system: if it's a 20-year-old energy gobbler, re

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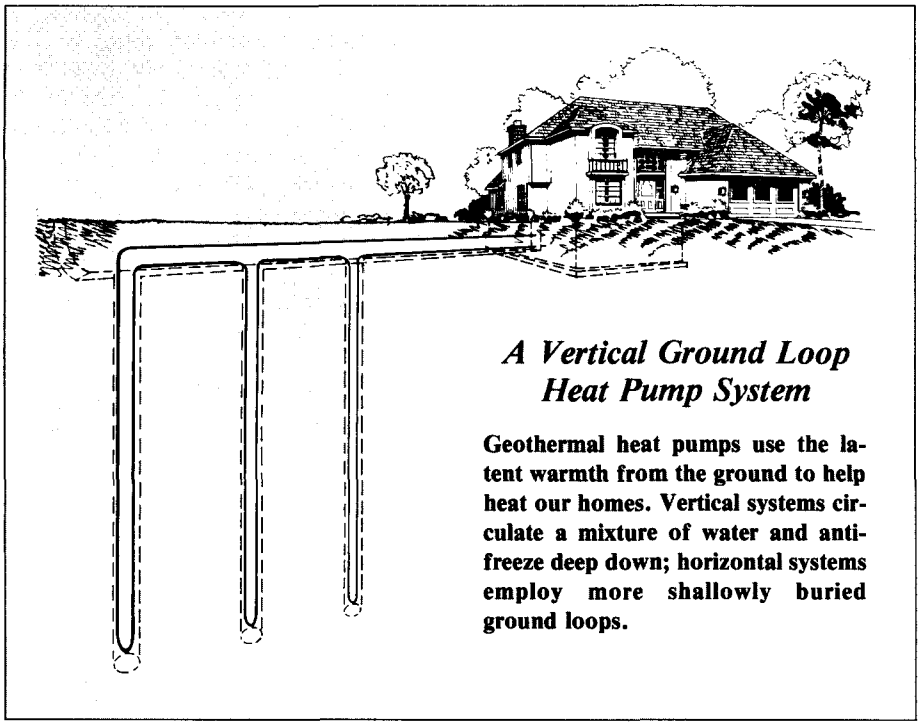

A Vertical Ground Loop Heat Pump System

Geothermal heat pumps use the latent warmth from the ground to help heat our homes. Vertical systems circulate a mixture of water and antifreeze deep down; horizontal systems employ more shallowly buried ground loops.

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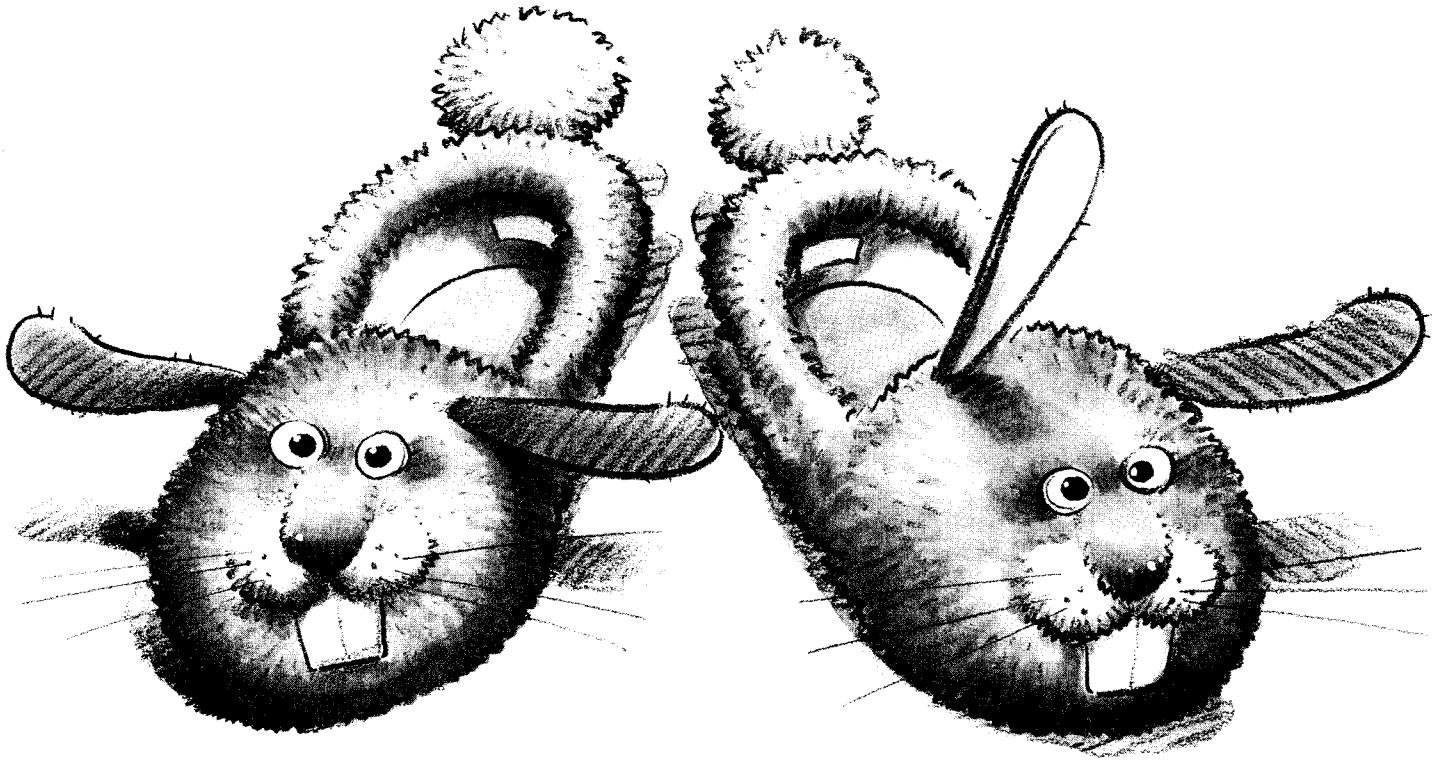

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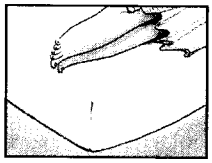

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THE VIOLINIST FROM LEFT FIELD

"I want a life no one has ever led before," says this foot-stomping baseball fan and musician, described by the TV commentator Morley Safer as "Pete Rose with a fiddle."

by John McCollister

It was 8:00 p.m. at Peabody Auditorium in Daytona Beach, Florida. The packed house buzzed with anticipation. Onstage, the internationally famous London Symphony Orchestra had gathered for the first of a week-long series of performances. Each musician looked stunning, dressed in formal attire.

Slowly, the house lights dimmed. Warm applause greeted the guest conductor, Yuri Ahronovitch. He bowed. The audience grew quiet. Then gasped. The guest soloist had just entered from stage right, carrying her violin and wearing. . .a. . .purple jump suit?

But the stunned audience forgot the stark contrast when Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg played the first note of the Bruch violin concerto in G minor.

The Daytona Beach audience was far from the first to be rocked back in their seats by the energetic artist's unusual approach to music. Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg is not afraid to break the rules. She has sacrificed plenty of sacred cows during her decade as a professional musician. Those who know her best testify that she's an individualist first, a violinist second—the approach to her art that transforms a concert into an "experience."

That's exactly what happened at the gala opening of the $72 million Gus S. Wortham Theater Center in Houston in May 1987, when patrons paid $200 to $500 to see a two-hour dedication show staged by the Emmy-winning producer George Stevens, Jr. The master of ceremonies, Tony Randall, introduced an ensemble of world-acclaimed celebrities, including Art Buchwald, Diahann Carroll, and the Broadway sensation Tommy Tune.

According to one critic, Robert Reinhold, however, it was Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg who stole the show. But that was one of the few predictable dimensions of the 26-year-old, hailed by music critics as "the hottest musician today." Recently, as an example of her popularity, long ticket lines formed around the block in Seattle within hours after Nadja agreed to play with the city's symphony orchestra.

Playing the violin was her mother's idea: it's not the instrument Nadja would have picked, but by the time she began thinking about a career, she was already too good to quit.

The *New York Times* described the violinist as "a tomboy with a fiddle instead of a baseball bat," although many times she willingly trades the rosin and bow for a bat and glove. She's living testimony that the term "fan" is short for "fanatic." Second to her love of music is her rabid devotion to the New York Yankees—especially their left-fielder, Dave Winfield. Inside her violin case is her most treasured possession—not the Stradivarius, but an autographed photo of Winfield.

She's not content to cheer from the stands—she's been an active participant in the sport. Much to the dismay of fellow musicians who feared she would harm her artistic fingers, she used to play ball with friends on Sunday afternoons in Central Park. "I'm a good outfielder," she admits. "I'm not as good as Dave Winfield, but I'm good."

In the language of the musician, her entire life is *allegro con moto*; her enthusiasm for whatever she does crescendos to *fortissimo* when she perfects a new dimension in life. Her most notable area of perfection, of course, is her mastery of the violin.

"Violin was an instrument chosen for me when I was five years old," she says. "My mother went out and bought a violin, a case, a bow, and some rosin—the whole kit—for about $40. The violin was put under my chin, and that was that. If I had a choice, I wouldn't have picked the violin. But by the time I began to think about what I wanted to do with my life, I was already too good to quit. I don't care. As long as I make music, I don't really care what the tool is."

Nadja's hyphenated name comes from her mother and her stepfather

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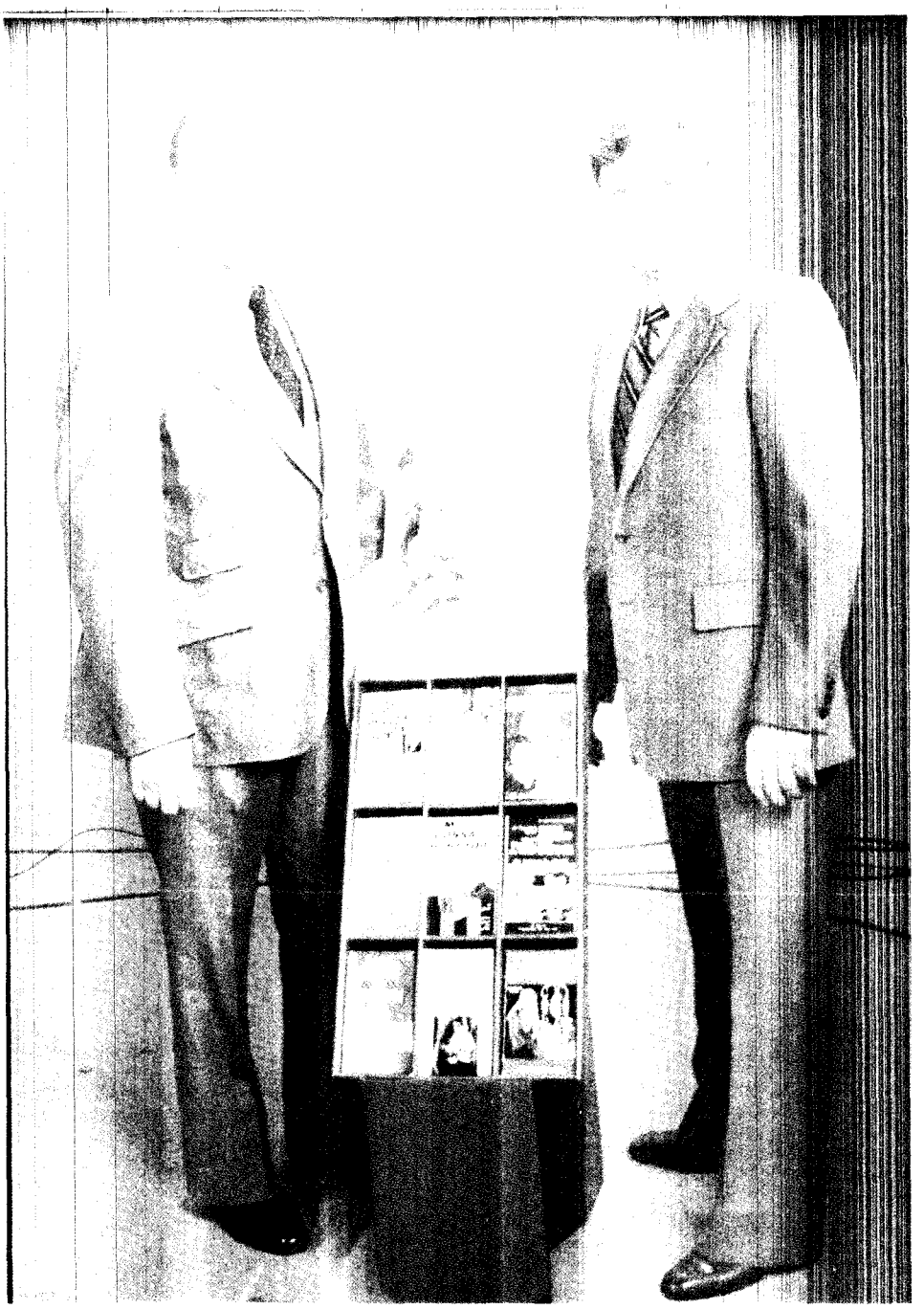

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Her natural father abandoned the family shortly after her birth in Italy. Later, her stepfather too left her mother.

Nadja was to be a poor one-parent immigrant who marched to the beat of a different drummer even as a child. As a prodigy of 12, she once wrote in a school essay that she wanted to be an astronaut, a professional athlete, and a concert artist. "I want a life no one has ever led before," she concluded. A bold statement, perhaps, but quite believable to those who heard Salerno-Sonnenberg play.

It was as if God had breathed into her a divine gift. Instead of the usual "squeek-squawk" offered up by young students to the cringes of patient relatives who endure impromptu parlor concerts, her tones had a melting softness.

By the time she was seven, Nadja showed such promise that her teachers encouraged her mother to take the child to America. There, Nadja could study under the world's best violin instructors. Her family moved from Rome to New Jersey, where the next year Nadja became the youngest student to enroll in Philadelphia's famed Curtis Institute of Music.

Her talents developing rapidly, Nadja was invited to study with Dorothy DeLay at the Juilliard School in New York City when she was only 14. She eagerly accepted and threw herself into her art, practicing for eight to ten hours a day. Her devotion paid off. Six years later, she became the youngest musician ever to win the Naumburg International Violin Competition at Carnegie Hall.

Others quickly noticed the budding violinist not only for her rich talent but for her unconventional mannerisms as well. For example, she walked onstage with long "devil-may-care" strides. When she played the violin, her face became contorted; her long auburn hair flew about during dramatic passages. She even stomped her foot to the tempo, as if she were playing bluegrass instead of Beethoven.

Several well-known orchestras began featuring her as soloist. But even onstage, she looked as if she would rather be wearing jeans and cowboy boots. Concert-goers whispered behind her back in hushed tones and chuckled about her selection of clothes for a performance—second-hand formal dresses purchased at garage sales for five dollars apiece.

She has since then bowed to the pressure of the critics. She occasionally wears gowns from Saks, and she has trimmed her hair. She does, however, still twist her face with the look of a lemon-eater and occasionally repeat her habit of stomping one foot.

Nadja's fame spread quickly. In North America she has soloed with such prestigious orchestras as the Detroit Symphony, the Baltimore Symphony, the Chicago Symphony, the Cleveland Orchestra, the Pittsburgh Symphony, the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, and the London Symphony. She has also drawn standing ovations in Vienna, Munich, Stuttgart, Frankfurt, and Lisbon.

Onstage she often twists her face with the look of a lemon-eater and occasionally stomps time with one foot as if she were playing bluegrass instead of Bruch or Beethoven.

Her popularity has reached beyond the concert stage. Her unorthodox approach to music and life was featured on "60 Minutes"; Morley Safer described her as "Pete Rose with a fiddle." She's also appeared numerous times on "The Tonight Show" with Johnny Carson. Once she played "Bugler's Holiday" on the trumpet—her so-called "therapy instrument"—with "Tonight's" band leader, Doc Severinsen.

"I was scared the first time I was on 'The Tonight Show,' " she confesses. "You grow up brushing your teeth to that theme music—DEE dee dah dah," she sings, "and all of a sudden it's in the same room with you. And you're sitting next to this legend. And millions of people are watching."

During one of her interviews with Carson, she listed people she admires. "I learned a lot from Barbra Streisand," she said. "Her technique is out of sight." She said she also enjoys the unique styles of Wynton Marsalis, Oscar Peterson, Benny Goodman, and Stevie Wonder.

Of all the musicians she's met and heard, perhaps she most envies her fellow violinist Itzhak Perlman, for three reasons: he demonstrates superb artistry, he lives in Babe Ruth's old apartment, and he's done a live TV play-by-play of an inning of a Yankees game.

Her own life is peppered with a kaleidoscope of interests. She's into football, swimming, cooking elaborate meals, fishing in Brooklyn's Sheepshead Bay or trout-fishing in Aspen, dabbling in ceramics, talking with friends until four in the morning, and playing practical jokes. While a student at the conservatory, for instance, she was officially reprimanded several times for dropping water-filled plastic bags on passers-by from the fourth-story roof.

"She loves music and life and is out to make the most of both," says her close friend Mary Lou Falcone, "and that translates into her playing. The electricity is sensed by the sophisticated and newcomer alike."

Johnny Carson confesses he's captivated by the freshness of Nadja's "free spirit." It's that sort of free spirit that compels someone to shag fly balls in the outfield, to wade a Colorado stream for trout, or to solo with the London Symphony in a purple jump suit.

Fifty years from now, grandparents will tell starry-eyed youngsters about the time they saw Salerno Sonnenberg perform, just as their parents used to talk about hearing Caruso. Until then, America and the world can look forward to years of masterful artistry, punctuated by stomps of a foot in 4/4 time. ★

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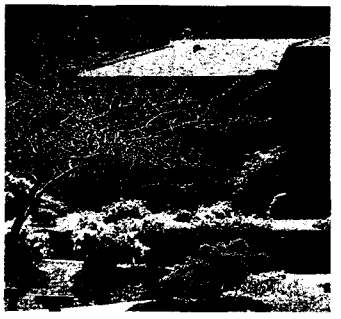

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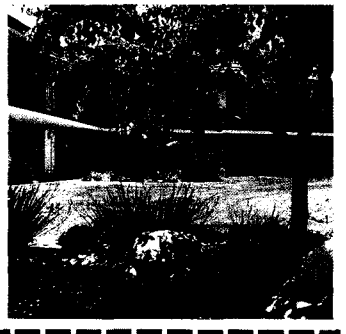

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POST SCRIPTS

Dream On

A week before Christmas, a wife told her husband, "I had a wonderful dream last night. I dreamed you gave me $200 to spend on a new Christmas wardrobe. You wouldn't want to do anything to spoil a perfect dream like that, would you?"

"Of course not," he replied. "You may keep the $200."

—Martha J. Beckman

A Real Card

One holiday season, a woman ran out of cards at the last minute and sent her young daughter off to buy a dozen or so. The girl returned with a box of identical cards, and without bothering to look at them, the mother immediately signed ten of them and put them in the mail. Finally, she was able to sit down and actually read the verse on one of the remaining cards. It read:

"This little card is just to say
A gift for you is on the way."

—Kris Lee

Layaway or Layoff

If I forget to layaway,
Santa might just stay away.

—Ann Yost

"He wants to know why we're throwing away his mail."

Give and Take

On my birthday every year,
I get sheets and fishing gear.
How was I to know you'd mind
When I paid you back in kind
Christmas day with daffodils
And a box of diet pills?

—Ida M. Pardue

Blessed Be the Ties and Socks That Bind

What's in father's birthday box?
Well, I declare! A pair of socks!
Socks in any even number
Make a gift that can't encumber,
Free of subtlety and guile,
Neither in nor out of style.
Black for business, white for jocks.
Every man's in need of socks!

But what's his Father's Day surprise?
If it's not socks, it must be ties!
Ties that wrap his throat in color
Save a man from looking duller,
Geometric, striped, or floral,
Paisley loud enough to quarrel,
Fit for necks of any size.
Every man's in need of ties.

So what will Christmas elves bestow
On father? Well, he ought to know;
No need to open any box,
Inside are ties, unless they're socks.

—Joyce LaMers

No Satisfaction, Indeed

A Rolling Stone gathers a lot of money and publicity.

—Wanda G. Cunningham

Squarely on the Head

A key and highly complex machine in a factory mysteriously stopped. Machinists and engineers who tried to locate the problem and correct it all failed. As a result, production was suspended, and an expert was called in. Upon arrival, the examiner looked the machine over briefly and tapped here and there with a hammer; soon

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the all-important machine was humming again.

When the expert later submitted his bill for $200, the plant manager turned white. "All you did was tap the machine a few times," he wrote back. "Please itemize your bill."

Back from the expert came this reply, written on the bottom of the bill:

Tapping machine with hammer $1.00
Knowing where to tap $199.00

—James Curnane

Worth a Thousand Words

The pupils had all been photographed, and the teacher was trying to persuade each of them to buy a copy of the group picture.

"Just think how nice it will be to look at it when you are all grown up," she said. "You can say, 'There's Rose; she's married,' or 'There's Billy; he's a sailor.' "

"And, 'There's teacher,' " piped a small voice from the back of the room, " 'she's old!' "

—Bobbie Mae Cooley

The Sky's the Beginning

The most damaging thing about higher education is that it continually grows ever higher.

—Rose Sands

Deft-initions

Honest merchandising: Shelf-righteous
Pessimist: Woe-monger
Buck-passing: No-fault insurance
Libeler: Typewronger
Retirement: The rest years of your life.

—Hank Billings

The Unhappy Medium

Television is called a communications *medium* because most of what you see on it is neither rare nor well done.

—Mrs. E. O'Brien

Do You Ear What I Ear?

"I love this new hearing aid. It's absolutely terrific."

"What kind is it?"

"Sixteen after nine."

—Kenneth E. Hall

Daddy's Stock in Trade

After a woman presented her salesman husband with triplets, the elated fellow visited her in the hospital.

"My dear, a sample would have been sufficient," he said, grinning. "There was no need to carry them in stock."

—Herm Albright

Mechanically Minded

"Why did you have to let your maid go?" a woman asked her neighbor.

"Well," the neighbor replied, "I started thinking about our house, and I decided that with my completely automatic kitchen and laundry and all the other gadgets around the place, I really didn't need a maid. So I hired a mechanic."

—Mrs. H. W. Walker

Branded a Loser

An Easterner went West to purchase a ranch in a joint venture with some partners. After a while, an old friend from back home called to set up a visit, and he asked the name of the spread.

"We had a terrible time deciding on a name," the new rancher admitted. "So now we just call it the Lazy-Z, Triple-M-Diamond, Circle-Lucky-7 Ranch."

"Wow," the friend gulped. "So how many head of cattle do you guys have?"

"None," the rancher said. "None of them survived the branding."

—Bill Kreifeldt

The Price Is Right Shocking

When it comes to shocking reading matter, it's hard to beat a price tag.

—B. Bader

Certifiable Idea Killers

"It would cost too much."

"It's been done before."

"The last guy who thought that way isn't here any more."

"Haven't you heard? There's a recession!"

"It will never track."

"The front office will table it."

"The computers would have to be reprogrammed."

"It doesn't fit our corporate image."

"It's politically not feasible."

"It'll put more people out of work."

"It will make the rich richer and the poor poorer."

"Middle America won't like it."

"It won't appeal to the youth-oriented market."

"It's a Band-Aid solution."

—James Curnane

As You Were

The second lieutenant found himself without change before the candy machine, so he asked a passing private if he had change for a dollar.

"I think so," the private replied. "Let me check."

The lieutenant's eyes practically spun in their sockets. "PRIVATE!" he barked. "That is NOT how you speak to an officer! Now let's try it again! Do you have change for a dollar?"

The private immediately snapped to attention and saluted. "No, SIR!" he replied.

—Kris Lee

"Just pay the bill, Harold. Must you be so competitive?"

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CLOSE ENCOUNTERS WITH W.C. FIELDS

A script-writing cub in the "pride" of MGM's roaring lion was thrown "in all innocence" to the eccentric comedian who poured sherry on his cornflakes and wrote his own scripts on the backs of envelopes.

by Everett Freeman

In the darkened auditorium of the Loew's Met theater in Brooklyn, I first watched and fell in love with the mechanics of laughter as practiced by a bulbous-nosed comedian named W.C. Fields.

It was Tuesday afternoon and I was playing hooky from school, an activity I indulged in as often as I could get away with a scrawled (sometimes painfully forged) note from my father. The picture, called *It's a Gift,* contained, in my still-considered opinion, the funniest single sequence ever filmed.

Fifteen years old at the time, how could I possibly imagine that this rasping-voiced, manic genius would be the Pied Piper luring me along the tortuous, tempestuous road to the Oz of Gagland? How could I foretell that one of the first films I was to write, almost a decade later, would be his last?

It's a Gift's great sequence began with Fields and his battle-ax of a wife preparing for sleep in their twin beds. Fields sat on the edge of his, removing his socks. As he pulled them off, he blew into each (for whatever crazy reason) and gently set them down beside his shoes. Heaving his bulk tiredly into bed, he mumbled, "Good night, m'dear," and rolled over wearily. Just then the bedside phone rang. With an "I'll get it, m'dear," Fields lifted the phone and said, "Hello. . . . Who? . . . No, you have the wrong number; this is not the Maternity Hospital."

Once again he pulled the blanket over him, but this time his wife was sitting up. She wanted to know why he was calling the Maternity Hospital at this hour. Mumbling sleepily, Fields said he hadn't called the Maternity Hospital—somebody had called him. But his wife was not to be denied. She had just heard him speaking to the Maternity Hospital. Why should he lie about it? What was he trying to hide from her? And so on, and so on.

Having studied the roots of laughter unremittingly, Fields knew every nuance of what was and wasn't funny.

Recognizing the futility of trying to sleep in the face of her tirade, Fields rose groggily, took his blanket and pillow, and went out onto the back veranda of their four-story tenement. He tossed the bedclothes onto the swinging couch-hammock and then slapped the pillow into place, whereupon that end of the hammock sagged and flopped to the floor.

Despite the slant, Fields had managed to get himself reasonably comfortable when there came a strange rolling and bumping noise from upstairs. A small boy was revealed on the veranda above, playing with, of all things, a coconut. He would drop it and roll it, drop it and roll it, and each time he did, Fields would curl deeper into the blanket, trying to cover his ears.

Then came a moment's silence, during which the coconut rolled away from the boy to a wooden rear staircase. It teetered on the top step, then dropped and began a nerve-wracking journey downward, pausing briefly on each step before rolling to the edge and over with a loud thump. Every thump was a knife in the exhausted man's back—till the coconut appeared to stop on the landing at the top of the next flight of stairs. It rolled lazily, hesitated, then, once again. . .Thump! . . .Thump! . . .Thump!

The coconut finally stopped at the bottom, and Fields burrowed gratefully into his pillow—but it was not his night.

On the ground below, a man paused and looked up, catching sight of the hammock with its sleeping occupant. Cupping his hands, he shouted, "Hey! Hey, there! You in the hammock!"

Rubbing his bleary eyes, Fields staggered to the railing, trying to focus. He finally saw the man below, who shouted up, "Excuse me, does anybody live here named LaFong?

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Capital *l*, small *a*, capital *f*, small *o*, small *n*, small *g*?"

"Wha—what——" mumbled Fields, still rubbing his eyes.

"I said," the man below repeated, "does anybody live here by the name of LaFong? Capital *l*, small *a*, capital *f*, small *o*, small *n*, small *g*?"

"No," muttered Fields from his daze. "Nobody lives here named LaFong. Capital *l*, small *a*, capital *f*, small *o*, small *n*, small *g*. And even if he did, I wouldn't tell you."

The man left, permitting Fields to return to his broken, slanted hammock. Once again he crawled in, but this time a young girl on the ground below and her mother at a window above began discussing what the young girl was to bring home from the grocery store. The order finally became clear after several repetitions, but now the young girl wanted to know if she should go to Hansen's or Grigsby's for the groceries.

It made no difference to the mother, who said so while idly filing her fingernails.

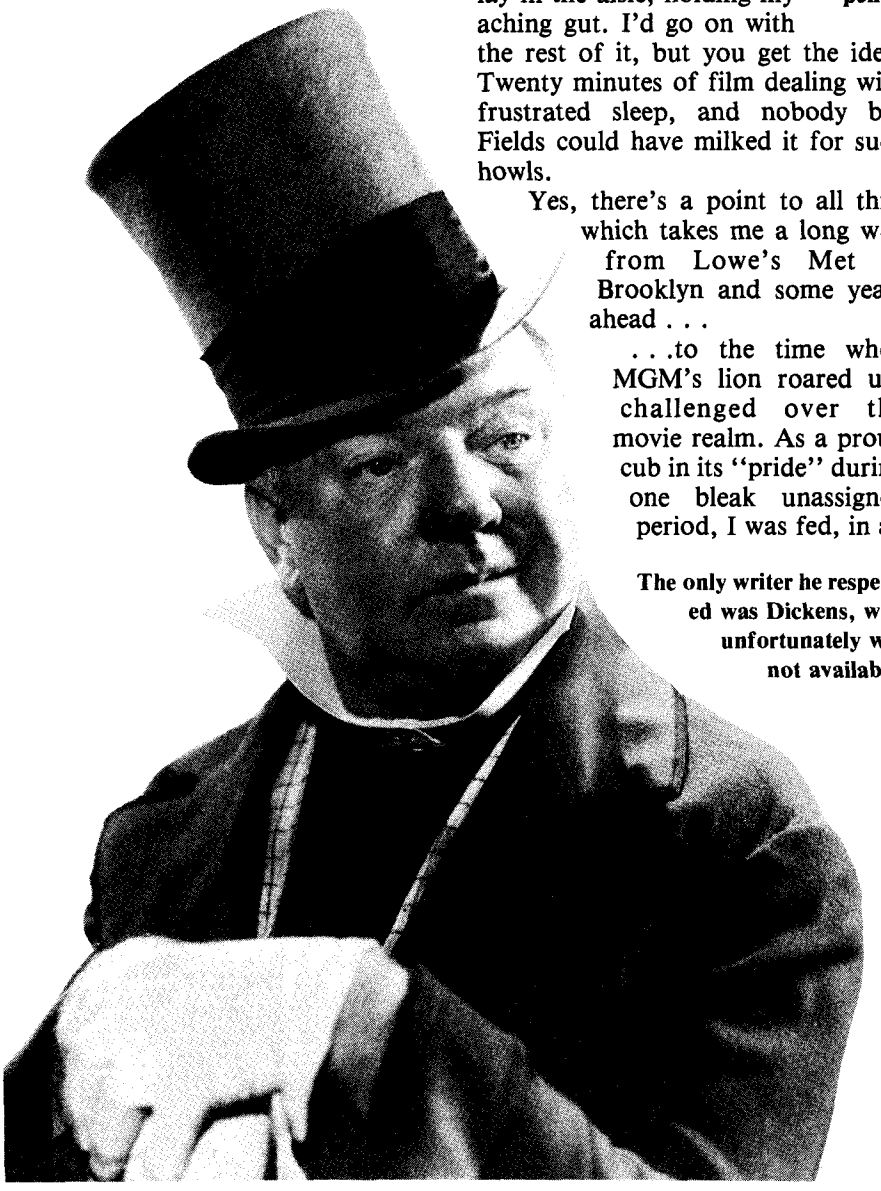
Well, it certainly made no difference to her, the girl called back.

"What possible difference does it make to me if you go to Hansen's or Grigsby's?" replied the parent.

"But *mother*," stamped the girl. "Surely you must have a preference. Surely you can tell me which one you want. . . ."

All through this exchange, Fields lay writhing on his bed of torture while I lay in the aisle, holding my aching gut. I'd go on with the rest of it, but you get the idea. Twenty minutes of film dealing with frustrated sleep, and nobody but Fields could have milked it for such howls.

A love-hate relationship with children appeared to be mostly the latter. "I love children," he stated, "depending on how they're cooked."



The only writer he respected was Dickens, who unfortunately was not available.

Yes, there's a point to all this, which takes me a long way from Lowe's Met in Brooklyn and some years ahead . . .

. . .to the time when MGM's lion roared unchallenged over the movie realm. As a proud cub in its "pride" during one bleak unassigned period, I was fed, in all innocence, to the Minotaur.

Those were the days when smog (so named in Glasgow) hadn't yet made emphysema endemic to Los Angeles, when studios referred to their movies as "product," and when writers under contract could be loaned out like cattle if they weren't earning their feed. I had just finished my first film, *Married Before Breakfast*, which introduced an actor named Robert Young, and I was trying desperately to stay out of sight while writing the Great American Novel.

One day I was called into the office of Edwin Knopf, MGM's story editor and a brother of the publisher Alfred Knopf. Eddie informed me I was to be loaned out to an independent producer named Lester Cowan. I groaned. Who was Lester Cowan to halt the flow of my novel's deathless narrative? Knopf lit a cigarette with one hand. (He only had one hand, having lost his left arm in whatever fashion suited his mood when asked, although he never let on that he missed it and played both tennis and golf fairly well. Once, on the third tee, having duck-hooked a drive, Eddie stared after it ruefully and said with a sigh, "Too much right hand.")

He smiled at my blank countenance and suggested that I might find the assignment of interest. It was a movie for W.C. Fields!

W.C. Fields! I sat erect, blinking in astonishment. Fields, my boyhood hero! So two days later, I reported

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enthusiastically to Lester Cowan and his director, George Marshall.

Cowan, despite my reservations, turned out to be a bright, sharp little man. Marshall was a talented pro, determined to come up with a hilarious picture.

Fields at that time was an incensed misanthrope who hated all Hollywood "pretenders" with a passion bordering on the supernatural. As for writers, the only one for whom he held the remotest respect was Charles Dickens, but Dickens was unfortunately unavailable. Under the pseudonym of Charles Bogle, Fields had scrawled on a greasy page or two the idea for the film currently shooting, sold it to Cowan and Universal for a sturdy sum, and called it *You Can't Cheat an Honest Man.*

The story was about an indigent and itinerant circus owner named Larson E. Whipsnade, never more than one jump ahead of the law. Hordes of screenwriters had come, written, and slunk away from rasping Fieldsian put-downs.

In the picture with Fields were Edgar Bergen and his little dummy, Charlie McCarthy. But Bergen had long since ceased to care. He was a quiet gentleman who preferred to avoid trouble—and trouble was all over the set. The movie was behind schedule, chiefly because Fields and Marshall were incessantly at odds. Marshall would come in with *his* version of a scene to be shot, only to have it heaved-ho by his star, who had his own version of the scene. Marshall, in desperation, might have yielded here and there, except that the comedian's nocturnal outpourings rarely had the faintest kinship with the story he had sold.

This was the situation into which I entered with all due reverence for the master. I didn't know that the "master" had given up his double and triple martinis and had gone on the wagon (per a solemn promise to the producer) or that the liveried chauffeur hovering behind him with the thermos bottle had orders to fill it with sherry *only* and dole the liquid out at the rate of not more than one cupful per hour.

At first I thought it was milk. I soon learned that it might have been better for all concerned if the thermos had contained hard alcohol, for it might then have had something of a mellowing effect. True, Fields was a cynical, unregenerative wasp of a human being, with a firm policy of never taking advice or direction from anybody—but he was beyond question an artist. He had studied the roots of laughter unremittingly (just as he had flogged himself in the study of juggling), and he knew every nuance of what was and wasn't funny.

If a dummy got too funny, Fields would threaten, "Little Chum, how'd you like to ride piggyback on a buzz saw?"

If talent is what a man possesses, genius, it has been said, is what possesses a man. Fields was possessed—but, alas, not in full control of his faculties when I entered his life. Suspicion and hostility ruled him to the point of paranoia, affecting his work and his treatment of associates, but not his conversational wit, which never, under any circumstances, seemed to desert him. Nor did he ever look or sound drunk. In fact, he hated drunks and hated to be around them.

Upon our introduction, and hoping perhaps for an ally, he took me into his dressing room, put a hand on my shoulder, and said in rasping confidence, "My boy, the sickening news of my vow of abstinence, as revealed to the public prints, is, I must sadly confess, at least partly true." Then he sat down and added, "Simply because I don't at the moment imbibe hard alcohol does not mean I have lost my awareness of its limitless virtues. I do not, in fact, consider myself entirely on the water wagon. I prefer the juice of the kumquat straight." Then, downing a tumbler of his chauffeur's liquid, he sent the man out and confided that he was limiting himself to sherry at the moment.

And he was. He even poured sherry over his cornflakes in the morning. I was at his house at Toluca Lake and watched the careful mixture of this concoction during a sunrise script debate. I had labored the night on a scene to be shot that day, and I was lid-dropping tired. Fields, on the other hand, a confirmed insomniac, was chipper. He, too, had written dialogue for a scene, so I was not surprised to see him glance at mine, tear it to shreds, and hand me his own.

I read it in astonishment. That it was scrawled on the back of a large Manila envelope didn't surprise me. What did was that it was a death scene, played at the bedside of his fast-failing wife.

Fields had no wife in the picture!

This point didn't seem to disturb him. It was the scene he intended to play. Imagine, then, the battle on the set when George Marshall came in with his own version of the day's work. A bitter quarrel ensued, culminating in Fields' stalking off to his dressing room and mouthing dire threats of bringing in his .45 to "blow that charlatan to bits." (As a matter of fact, he did come in once with brass knuckles and a gun, at which he allowed me to peek, saying he was capable of "shooting the eye out of a hummingbird at 50 paces." But he never got to use the weapon because other things intervened.)

Marshall, normally a calm man, was in a blind fury. No director likes to be diminished in front of his crew.

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He said to me, "All right, I'll shoot around the son-of-a-b—— with Bergen and McCarthy. I'll shoot around him if I have to shoot him out of the picture."

And he meant it. But Lester Cowan and Universal, having paid $125,000 (a fortune then) for Fields, would not have it. They went into a huddle and came up with their own solution, not immediately disclosed to me. We were to continue filming as best we could, and I was to complete the script as best *I* could.

It was the essence of futility, however, to get Fields to cooperate in any dialogue not written (or ad-libbed) by him. Magda Michael, his able secretary, tipped us off to a form of psychology she had used effectively in his "Chase & Sanborn" radio stints with Bergen and McCarthy. The essence of it was making the desires of others seem to come from him. For example, if the tempo of a sketch was slow, Magda would deliberately compliment his superb performance, then add casually, "Of course, *they* would like to slow it down, but I'm in agreement with you that speed is more your true personality." To which Fields would nod, muttering, "Right. Nuts to them —I'll speed it up."

Marshall and I talked this over and tried it a few times with fair results. But something was definitely bothering the old curmudgeon.

One night I received a telegram that read:

WHEN DO I PLAY THE DEATH SCENE WITH WIFE. REPLY AT YOUR OWN EXPENSE. (SIGNED) AMPICO J. STEINWAY

At first bewildered, I finally recalled the dialogue Fields had written for the bedside of a dying woman, as well as a characteristic of his brought to my attention by Carlotta Monti, his nurse and "friend" for many years. Carlotta maintained that she rarely received a letter or communication from the man signed with his own name. Often the salutations were baffling, such as "Dear Chinese People," and the letters signed "Continental Claude." Telegrams were almost always signed "Ampico J. Steinway," she told me.

Fields' passion for odd names was possibly attributable to his love of Dickens. Some of the names used in reference to himself or as characters in stories were: Otis Criblecoblis, Felton J. Satchelstern, Oglethorpe P. Bushmaster, Cuthbert J. Twillie, Larson E. Whipsnade, Mahatma Kane Jeeves, Claude Millsap, and Abigail Twirlbaffing. This even carried over into words that intrigued him. One of these was "kumquat," which he used indiscriminately. Another was the town of Lompoc. For our picture he ad-libbed a line in a scene of dramatic stress: "Run for the Grampion Hills, men. All of Lompoc is underwater."

Lines such as "a thing worth having is a thing worth cheating for" helped Fields foster his felonious façade.

It was this form of comic dementia that made Fields inimitable. Reprehensible as he could be (and freely admitted)—mean and cutting, too—there never was, with the exception of Chaplin, a comedian like him, and probably never will be. He detested jokes or anecdotes of any kind, particularly the two-liners nowadays so dear to the producers of TV sitcoms. Profanity or dirty stories were anathema to him. "Godfrey Daniel" was the closest I ever heard him come to cussing.

The Fieldsian cardinal rule for success—Disregard Advice—plus his inability to concede that anybody was funnier than he, on paper or in direction, continued to produce fireworks bordering on verbal mayhem. I finally quit trying to write dialogue. I simply put what was left of my failing energies into an attempt to hold some semblance of a story together.

The Cowan-Universal gambit was put into play, something I've never seen before or since. Eddie Cline was brought in as director, with George Marshall's consent, to direct Fields; George agreed to limit himself to directing only Bergen and McCarthy. Cline fared no better than Marshall, and after a bitter quarrel, Fields walked out and never came back.

The entire final section of the film was shot with a double. Fortunately, it entailed only a chariot race and some incidental action. When completed and previewed, it was, in my opinion, an embarrassing hodgepodge, making no sense whatsoever.

Imagine my surprise when the film received almost unanimous praise from the critics, who applauded its courageous departure from formula and its avoidance of run-of-the-mill Hollywood clichés. Which gives you some idea of movie critics.

In deference to the critics, however, consider: with the exception of *The Bank Dick,* Fields never in his life made anything faintly resembling a good picture. His stories were botched-up assemblages of nonsense, patched-together plots, and insultingly senseless motivations. What made them priceless and still popular in art houses was one asset, and one only: W.C. Fields!

About the Author: Everett Freeman has written for magazines, radio, television, and the movies for more than 50 years. His many writing credits include: *The Glass Bottom Boat, Marjorie Morningstar, Jim Thorpe—All-American,* and the TV series "Bachelor Father." His fiction has appeared in *The New Yorker* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, where at age 19 he became the magazine's youngest regular contributor. He is now writing his memoirs, *Days of Wine and Moguls*, from which this excerpt is taken.

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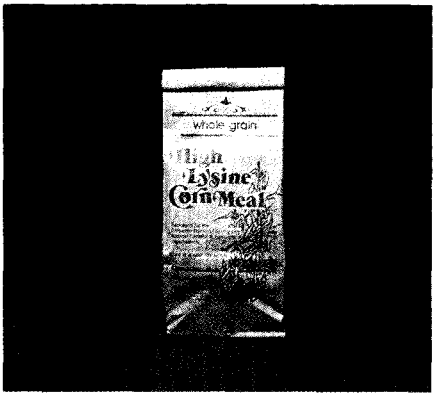

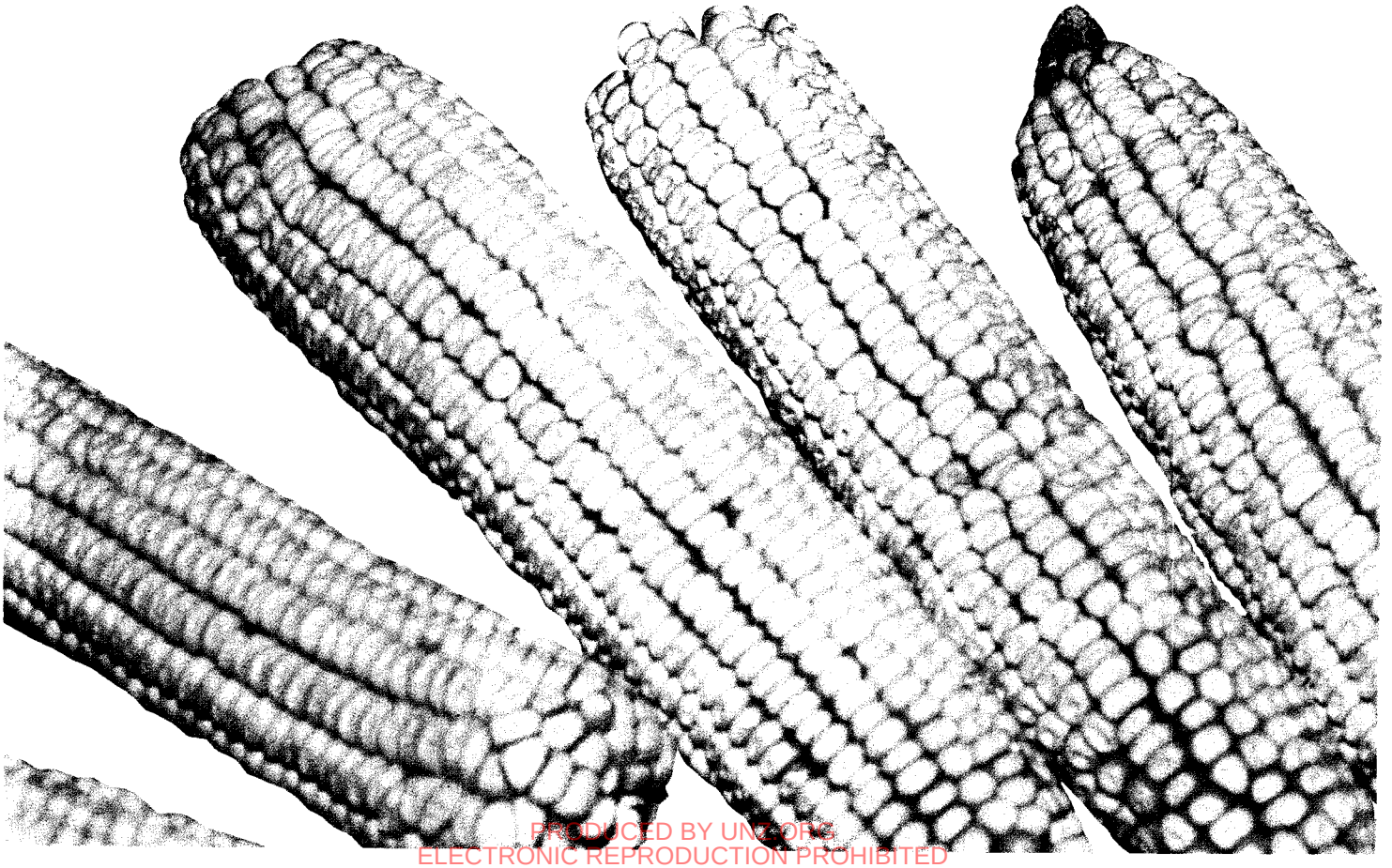

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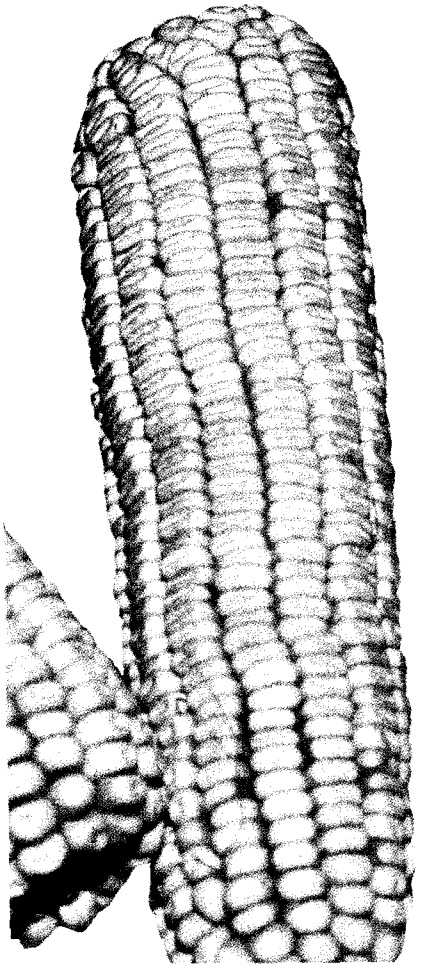

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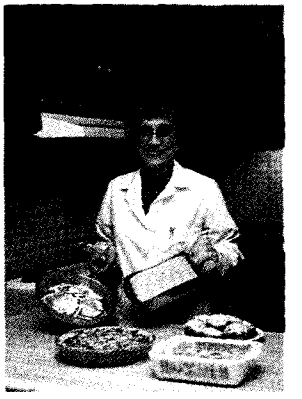

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Caroling on Command

For a brief moment in the history of mankind, the cup of human kindness was entrusted to his care.

by Gerald R. Toner

Illustrated by Nelson Grofe

I was 17 the year Christmas came of age. It was also a low ebb for my love life, caught as I was between romances already past and college experiences still a year away. My nonexistent love life seemed symbolic of the sense of no longer belonging that possessed me at that point. To that extent, my Father O'Malley-like lifestyle played a part in the small drama which shaped that Christmas and all of my Christmases thereafter. I was celibate—in those days it simply meant I was not dating someone—and subject to reassignment from my hometown to a college town yet undetermined. And like the good Father's, my only amorous adventures were those of Cupid for my good friends.

For the moment I will call them Danny and Janet—they married several years later, and this thin disguise is for the sake of their children. I even went so far as to send Janet a Christmas card that gushed with all the sentiment I could gather from the pen of a wizened youth. I tried to tell her how much that one particular evening meant, but as luck would have it, she thought Danny wrote the card. Even potential cupidity thus became Cupid-like. The rest, as they say . . . .

Janet led me into the embarrassment of Christmas caroling that clear, cold night. By some quirk I had neither been caroling nor seen carolers in my neighborhood. In fact, I thought caroling had ended with Dickens and the 19th century. Looking back on it, I had several points in my defense regarding this perception. First, caroling was not generally in vogue during that age of growing protest, credibility gaps, and napalm. Second, since my mother's death, my family had never done anything more community-minded than pay their taxes in a timely if begrudging manner. Finally, I attended the Episcopal church, and as I have discovered in the later years of making the rounds —church-wise—Episcopalians are humanitarian, well-bred, liberal, and generally too embarrassed to sing. In fact, my own church might have been called the Church of the Latter-Day Faints or the Sect of the Secret Mumblers, since they could not muster a rousing hymn if the Second Coming hung in the balance.

With this background, there is little wonder I was gravely shocked when Janet told me I would have to go caroling with her if I expected to double that night with Janet, Danny, and Janet's best friend, Susan. As it would later develop, Susan and I exchanged fewer than 25 full sentences in four dates, but at the time, prospects seemed brighter. Danny was playing a basketball game in a nearby town, however, and I was chosen as a chaperone of lofty ideals and little or no risk to steal my best friend's girl.

"So where are we going after I pick you and Susan up?" I asked Janet over the phone.

"Just pick me up at my house," Janet said and laughed. "And dress warmly. We're going caroling!"

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Then she hung up.

It was not a request that I go caroling, just a lightly given command. I hung up the phone, helpless and already embarrassed. An image of me in a Dickensian cape and long scarf with a tall beaver-pelt hat sent a shudder through me. I didn't own such an outfit, but I suddenly imagined some organization so dressing its legions before they were sent out upon the town to make fools of themselves. I pictured myself wearing a foolish costume, singing off-key carols foolishly, and walking around the streets of my hometown like a complete fool. "Fool" was the word most prominent in my thoughts, unless it was "buffoon." What if the police stopped us? After all, Ft. Thomas was a quiet town, with quiet ways and quiet traditions. It only had a dozen or so registered Democrats, and they were quiet about it as well. No, I didn't want to go. I wouldn't go. Of course, I went.

It was a bitterly cold night. The stars seemed to hover just above the treetops. They sparkled in the sky overhead and faded to a softer glow as they neared the horizon and the city lights of Cincinnati. It was a night for stocking caps and thick sweaters and woolen scarves and union underwear. Although it seemed silly enough to even walk from one house to another in such cold, it seemed utterly lunatic to charge around the whole neighborhood and invade one otherwise peaceful home after another to sing carols. At least none would be idiotic enough to wear some flimsy costume on such an arctic night. If they were so inclined they would be pneumonic after the first verse of the first song. Then perhaps they would forget the whole thing, dismiss it as a quaint but bad idea, and go straight to someone's party.

With this last hope firmly implanted in my scenario for the evening, I stopped to pick up Janet and Susan. They were dressed warmly, but nor-

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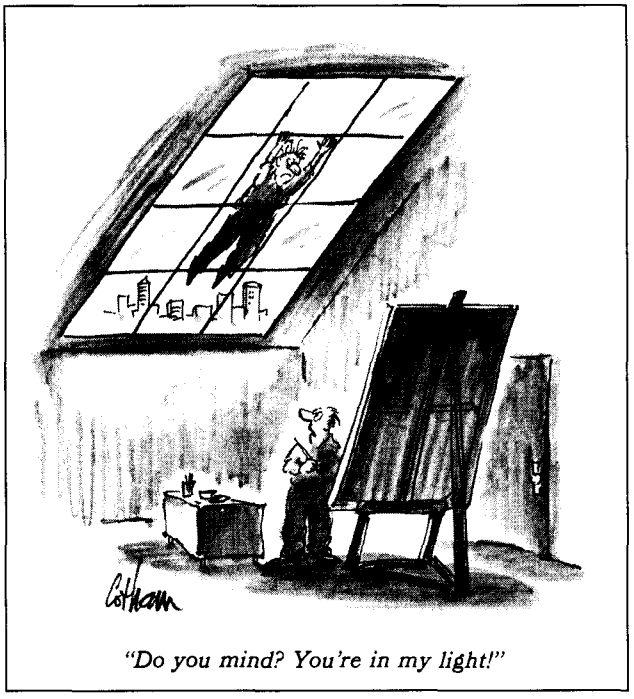
mally, and I was heartened. Janet directed me to the Christ Evangelical Church, which she attended, and it dawned on me for the first time that this was some type of church activity. I don't know why this hadn't occurred to me earlier, although I have previously noted my sheltered background in the silence of the Episcopalians.

The carolers were gathering in the church basement like commandos in a post-*Guns of Navarone* war movie. Seated at an old upright piano was the father of a friend of mine from school. He wasn't playing; he was merely seated, addressing the gathering of angelic soldiers waiting for their marching orders. As we reached the outer circle of singers, he was passing out the last of the paperback caroling books. I would have been glad to share, or not sing at all. I looked around and noted the conspicuous absence of my friend whose father was at the center of the group. He had obviously evaded the embarrassment of the evening by some ruse. His father was just finishing his general directives.

"O.K., everybody—now—listen up—" He had obviously seen action in the military, as evidenced by his inability to get their attention. It was a Friday night, and I was in a church basement—not even my own—listening to a classmate's father sound ineffectual. "Listen, now, you all have booklets—" This was obvious. "Hold on to them." He thought we would sell them or burn them for warmth? "Because we need to keep them for next year. Here"—he began passing out a half sheet of paper—"is a list of shut-ins who we'll be visiting tonight. At each house we will sing two carols—and two carols only—then move on directly to the next address on the list." If only this giant among men had been young enough to serve in Vietnam, we'd be there to this day!

I stood in shock, unable to move. We were going to intrude on the homes of old folks—innocent, taxpaying old folks—whom I did not know, after dark on a Friday night, presumably by standing outside their doors and scaring them half to death. Or even to death. I had no adequate gauge of their frailty. I was incredulous. Was this what 20th-century caroling was all about?

Before I had time to make my excuses and avoid the entire unseemly affair, Janet and Susan had sandwiched me between them, and I was carried in a wave of amateur Mormon Tabernaclers to the parking lot. I had passed the point of no return! Before I knew it, I was driving my father's 1964 Chevy Monza with Janet, Susan, and another couple, and we were careening around the curves of Grand Avenue like a missile bent upon destruction. Two or three cars were in front of me, and another behind, and I felt like a member of a giddy and delirious funeral procession.



"Do you mind? You're in my light!"

"Over there now, yes, that's it—right," Janet was shouting in my ear, even though she was sitting on the gap between the bucket seats. The car lurched to the right with a life of its own, parked itself, and then disgorged its members in front of a little brick bungalow with a hilly front walkway. We all trooped up to the door, and as the assemblage reached its destination, the porch light went on. Our commander turned, and while Janet and Susan and I straggled from the rear, he brought a pitch pipe to his lips and then stopped before blowing and announced calmly, "Page 21, 'Hark the Herald Angels Sing.' " Then he blew on the pipe.

A short, shrill blast pierced th night, and 30 voices, which shoul have sounded like one, but sounde more like 50, began to belt out a dis jointed version of the well-know carol. I shrunk back to the peripher of this religious mob, hoping that n one would come to the door, and i anyone did, that he would not call th police. The front door flew open, an a middle-aged couple stood, lookin out at us, supporting between them much older lady in a heavy, quilte bathrobe. I was relieved to note that did not know these people, so I joine the singing in my fine Epi copalian nasal tone. Th group finished, and th leader, hardly missing a bea shouted out:

" 'The First Noel,' " an we were off again.

If one has never hear "The First Noel" sung as "round," then he has misse a truly religious experienc Half the group had n found the carol until "t angels did say," and rath than jump in at that poin they evidenced a solemn b lief in their right and duty sing the carol from the begi ning. We bumbled sanc moniously onward, and wondered whether I mig shrink into the hedge at t foot of the porch without b ing missed.

Then something very cu ous happened. The coup did not close their door, or call t police, or even seem to mind that were disjointed, off-key, and o pitch. (On top of everything else, o leader had failed to blow his pip Their mother seemed to mind ev less. A peaceful smile appeared her face, then dissolved into a wistf glow, as if she were miles and yea away. Then it was over. We we finished. The conclave turned, n with me at their head, and roll amoeba-like back down the sidewal

"That wasn't so bad," I heard m self saying.

"Well, of course not, silly," Jan said with a laugh. Susan half-smil and remained, as always, silent. "D you think it would be painful?" Jan quizzed me.

"Well, I—uh—didn't know. thought—well, anyway—let's go

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back to the church and get some punch."

My extremely wise suggestion received not the least attention, and before I could reach my car door, the commander was adroitly spurring us on to new heights.

"O.K., carolers," he chirped. "Let's sing while we walk. The next five houses are here on Grand Avenue."

With those words of inspiration, he broke into "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen." We were off to new peaks of caroling ecstasy, and I needn't tell you it didn't stop on Grand Avenue. Three houses on Edwards Court, six on Highland, and four houses on Millers Lane, and a few others sprinkled here and there. It went on for almost two hours, like a Broadway road show, playing one brief stand after another. Although the reviews varied, peaking on Millers Lane to a standing ovation from two maiden sisters, the group clearly improved.

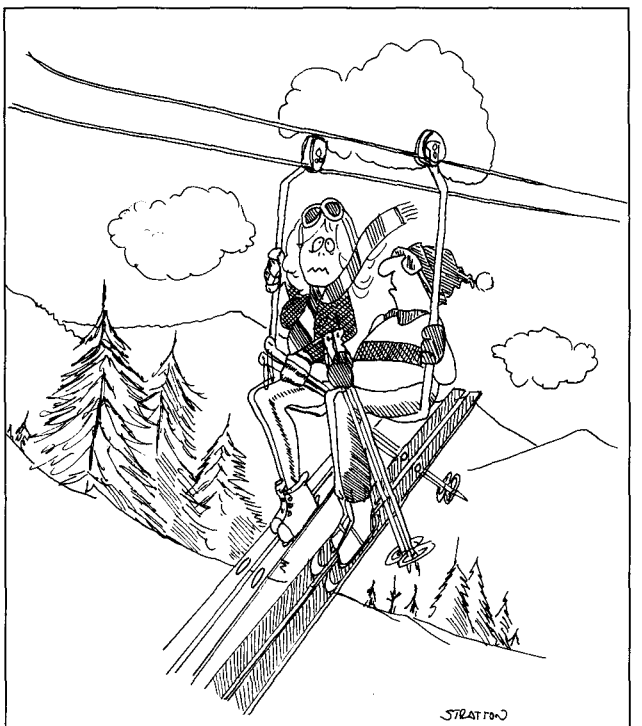
We would never be invited to sing at Notre Dame, but delusions of that nature had begun to creep into our collective mind. We had caught that crucial second wind after Edwards Court and were ready to go until midnight.

The bitter cold may have numbed us. I ceased to feel it. Instead of growing tired, we were growing stronger; instead of sounding worse, we were sounding better. As we neared the end of our shut-in checklist, I began feeling very satisfied that I had survived the night with my grand 17-year-old pride intact. I had kept a stiff upper lip, hung to the rear, followed the leader, listened to Janet's street directions, and generally brassed out a bad night. It actually hadn't been so bad.

As we walked up the steps of the first house on the last street, I knew that my abbreviated career as a street performer was almost over. Hot punch and dozens of sugar-sprinkled cookies awaited me. A few houses, maybe a dozen verses of various carols, and another 20 minutes in the 20-degree weather were all that separated me from the ordeal's end. If I paced myself, I knew I'd make it.

"O.K., we're winding up," the general of our little chorale shouted. " 'Hark, the Herald'—one more time!"

We started with professional verve and punched the old carol through with a certain panache not present at the beginning of our tour. No light went on in the house. No people appeared. No doors opened. I was both confused and a little embarrassed again. Perhaps the shut-ins had shut us out. Or perhaps they were really bogus shut-ins and were at the country club chuckling over Manhattans at the carolers who held the misguided impression that they were enfeebled. We finished "Hark, the Herald" to a darkened porch.



"Yeah, I tried cross-country skiing once, but I only got as far as Cleveland."

" 'O Little Town of Bethlehem,' page 31," the commander called out. There was perplexity written on his face and a quizzical tone in his voice. The group's confidence dipped as they fumbled through their books and began singing. At least the previously mandated "two-carol rule" would save us from any further discomfort.

Then, just as we were zipping into the final "The hopes and fears of all the years . . ." the porch light came on and the front door creaked slowly open. In the shallow light thrown from a dirty glass shade, an ancient couple stood smiling at us, their hands cupped to their ears, the old woman bundled in a heavy knit shawl, the old man lost within the folds of a thick wool cardigan. Around the white collar of her blouse was tied a red satin ribbon, and attached to his plaid flannel shirt was a clip-on bow tie, tied to look like two sprigs of holly. They had been waiting for us after all. They simply hadn't heard us.

"Well, Mr. Bundt—Mrs. Bundt—Merry Christmas. See you next year."

With that he turned, and with him, the rest of the loyal troupe. All, that is, except for one lowly private in the great army of angelic heralders—one insignificant deserter who realized in a flash of a millisecond that perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Bundt might not be there the next Christmas. In the flash of the next millisecond, he realized that for a brief moment in the history of mankind the cup of human kindness had been entrusted to his care. He drank of it, and throwing caution to the wind, determined to pass it on. He stood his ground, turned traitor to the ironclad two-carol rule, and opened his mouth. Words came forth.

"Good King Wenceslas looked out," I began, "on the Feast of Stephen. And the snow lay round about—"

The group halted in its path for the sidewalk and then turned and stared in wonder. They were shocked. The two-carol rule had been broken. And by a stranger. But before I could belt out "—crisp and fresh and even," Janet and Susan had joined me, then a half a dozen others, and finally the group leader himself. His look of horror at my boldness faded on the words "Brightly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cruel. . . ."

Mr. Bundt and Mrs. Bundt held tightly onto each other and stared at us through their foggy storm windows. As the words "When a poor man came in sight, gathering winter

continued on page 75

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Proof that some men should try to assemble nothing smaller than a barn.

Illustrated by Don Trawin

Our wedding day was the last time my dear wife walked down the aisle without a shopping cart. So what? Because when she sees anything she wants—or thinks she *may* want someday—she buys it. This doesn't leave a man many choices when it comes to selecting a Christmas gift.

Not that I didn't give it some consideration. A mink coat, I realized, would make her look fat. As for a 47-carat diamond ring to commemorate our 47 years of wedded bliss (the other 3 weren't so hot), I would probably be required to hold her hand to keep her finger from dragging on the sidewalk. And how would that look? Thus I became a patsy for this packet of illustrated merchandise slips that had arrived in the mail.

Ordinarily I don't even try to riffle through these home-shopping come-ons, much less order one. For one reason, if the item doesn't suit you, what do you do with it? The last time I returned something to a store whose name appeared on the packet, the people in the service department looked at me as if I had leprosy. When finally I was lucky enough to collar a young fellow so new to the job he hadn't learned company policy and would listen to me, he suggested I might ship the unwanted merchandise whence it came.

Wonderful. All I had to do was find the address. And the item's being sizable meant finding the box it came in. When I found that my dear wife, by a stroke of luck, hadn't already ripped the box asunder to line the basement shelves, I then began a search for the plastic-foam inserts that would keep the thing from fragmenting on its return journey. And—you guessed it—my imaginative grandsons had by now converted them into laser-beam swords to see which one would be first to poke the other's eye out.

So why didn't I dump the sewing-cabinet ad into the trash basket with the rest of the packet litter? For one thing, shopping at home *would* spare me my annual mauling at the shopping mall. For a second thing, in the back of my mind (which happened to be vacant at the time) I had the idea that a cabinet might inspire dear wife to collect into it the sewing junk she has lying around and draped over and stuffed under and thus reduce the risk of my tripping over the stuff and breaking a leg.

After mailing the order, I sat around for a full five weeks, serene and smug in the thought that my Christmas shopping had been done—except for the wrapping, which would be troublesome enough.

Turning now to Luke 12:19-20, we read:

And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall these things be, which thou hast provided?

These verses came to mind only after the UPS truck came up the drive and I innocently signed for a box measuring four feet by four feet by four inches thick.

"What on earth could that be?" exclaimed dear wife, reaching for her shears.

"I haven't the foggiest," I replied, relieving her of the shears and picking up a linoleum knife, "unless someone has sent us a four-foot Frisbee."

Haggling a hole in the carton, I peeked in and—yep, from what I could make out, there was the sewing cabinet. In a thousand pieces. Not counting a packaged assortment of screws, bolts, nuts, washers, and stuff like that, stapled to a side panel.

"It's for me—and it's none of

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your business," I said, trying to keep my lower lip from quivering as I began wrestling the box out to the shed.

The cat killed by curiosity runs a poor second to the wife and a mysterious package. I had been in the shed no more than ten minutes when you-know-who opened the door with her nose to see what she could see. With only a few unidentifiable pieces out of the box, I managed to fling myself over them before she had a chance of identification. It's to my credit that I lay there with a punctured lung and a fractured pelvis until she finally gave up and returned to the house.

In spite of my condition, I gathered up everything and drove over to the Thompsons'. Yes, I could work on the thing in their garage. And their kids would be glad to help. That the oldest boy had already turned out a pool cue in his seventh-grade manual-training class did little to relieve my apprehension.

So, with the five kids—not counting the baby, who specialized in throwing hex nuts at the cat—competing with me over what parts went where, we finally had five pieces of the superstructure and a couple of drawers pretty well together. That number was reduced to three superstructure pieces and one drawer by the time I had the thing stowed in the trunk of my car. With Christmas by now only three days off, I had decided to finish the job at home, working nights, right there in the car trunk.

However, have you ever tried to read sewing-cabinet assembly instructions by the car's trunk light? And when you did make them out, tried to find the correct piece of material and the right gizmo to secure it by, in a jumble that resembled a tornado-ravaged True Value Hardware? Leaves something to be desired, right? Especially when the trunk lid won't stay up without a prop and, whenever your elbow knocks the prop out, there's nothing to keep the lid from closing but the back of your head.

'Twas the night
before Christmas
And all through the trunk
Not a creature was stirring,
'Cause I'd given up.

O.K., so it doesn't rhyme. At least it's in keeping with the gift I leaned against my dear wife's chair on Christmas morning. Not even the big red bow I had stuck on top of the thing could deflect attention from the pieces left over and the box of hardware I sat down beside it.

"What on earth?" she exulted, successfully managing to restrain herself from throwing her arms around me.

"It's going to be your sewing cabinet," I explained, fluffing up the bow. "Instead of assembling it all myself, I figured it would be fun to work on it together this winter. Rather than jigsaw puzzles," I said.

"You shouldn't have," she replied, with an inflection that suggested she might not be kidding. "And what in the world is this?" she asked, gingerly touching the main support.

"I have a feeling," I said, "that they sent the wrong assembly manual. I don't know what that is."

"I can tell you what it is," she replied. "It's a hockey stick."

And by golly, she was right. One of the Thompson kids came over later in the day and asked if I had taken his hockey stick. After he had unbolted the stick, my wife looked at the rubble and asked, "Where do we go from here?"

"You've got me," I unwisely replied.

"That's the trouble," she retorted, picking up one of the drawers and being rewarded by the bottom falling out and hitting one of her best toes.

"We certainly can't waste those nice veneered panels," I remarked. "With the screen I have left over from the canary cage, we can make a dandy rabbit hutch."

She looked at me as if we didn't have any rabbits. Which we didn't. But we do now. I bought my dear wife a boy and girl Belgian as a belated Christmas gift. They occupy the box the sewing cabinet came in, which in turn occupies a corner of the kitchen. Ingrown hares, you might say. (I certainly wouldn't say it, but you might.) As for the rabbit hutch I built, it went with the first litter. Dear wife told the Thompson kids they couldn't have the rabbits unless they also took the hutch.

The next sewing cabinet I buy will be from a store, assembled, all together, complete, in one piece. After all, I can't make rabbit hutches for the whole neighborhood.

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THE POST GOES SHOPPING

Hold the loud necktie, the embroidered toilet-tank cover, and the board game with the indecipherable rules—the Post *is here with exciting and unusual gifts for all the family.*

by Maynard Good Stoddard

After the gift you so carefully selected for Aunt Tillie or Cousin Herkimer or whomever has been unwrapped, have you ever heard the person exclaim, "Oh, you shouldn't have!"? All too often the recipient means it literally. And up to the attic goes the carefully chosen item, to await a garage sale or perhaps an opportunity to be palmed off on another victim on the other side of the family.

This year you can rest easy: the *Post* has gone shopping for you to spare you the possible embarrassment of seeing your gift passed, unused, to second and third generations.

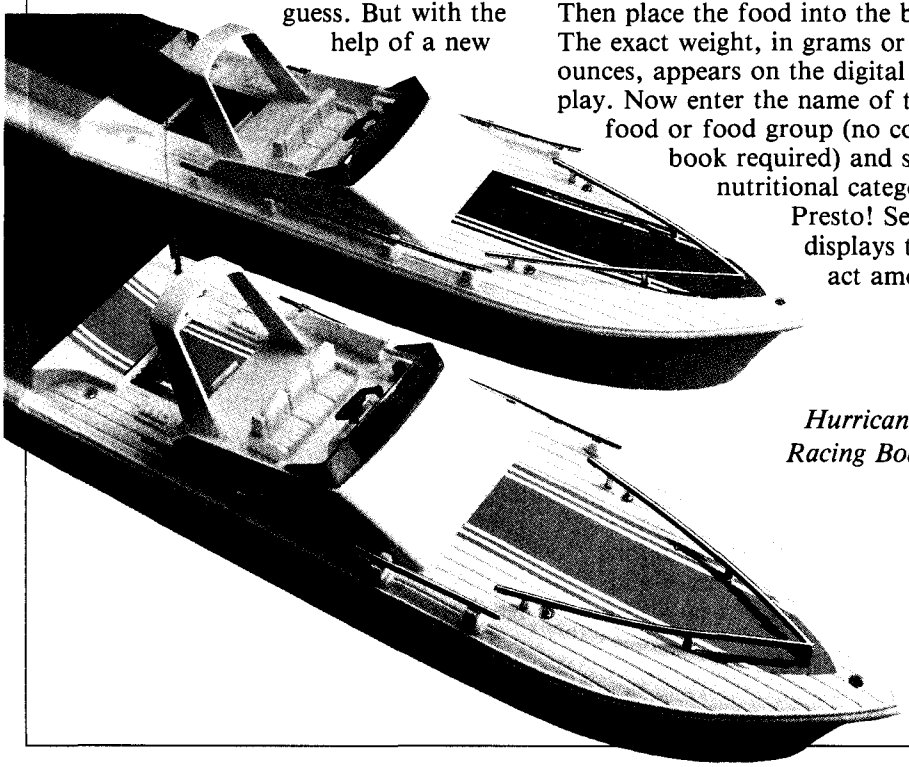
Nutrition Scale: "Detailed analysis of 1,200 foods at your fingertips"? No wonder you don't believe it. Before this, the best one could do in planning a healthful, balanced diet was an educated guess. But with the help of a new Sentron Health Scale, people concerned with such things as calories and cholesterol can know the *precise nutritional content of all the things they eat.*

Nutrition Scale

Hard to use? Not at all. Set the bowl or measuring container on the scale and press the "zero" button. Then place the food into the bowl. The exact weight, in grams or ounces, appears on the digital display. Now enter the name of the food or food group (no codebook required) and select a nutritional category. Presto! Sentron displays the exact amount of carbohydrates, calcium, fat, cholesterol, protein, fiber, iron, sodium, or calories of that portion. The scale also keeps a running tally of everything you enter. It's a fantastic new kitchen tool for anyone analyzing weight-loss programs or wanting to make sure a diet is truly balanced.

Order from Sporting Edge. Toll free: 800-468-4410. Price: $179.95.

Hurricane Racing Boats: Two are better than one—especially if they are radio-controlled racing boats that reach scale speeds of up to *140 miles per hour.*



Hurricane Racing Boats

Here's the picture. Two Hurricane Racers are idling quietly at the starting line. The water is the only thing that's calm as the two skippers await the word that will allow them to squeeze the triggers of their pistol-grip controllers and rev up their boats' twin 11,000-rpm Mabuchi motors, sending the sleek hulls rocketing over the surface.

Hurricane Racers are easily handled, even by a child—if he or she can persuade dad to hand over the controls. The ocean-racing 16-inch hulls and their fast "Miami Vice" look are crafted of crash-proof materials. Twin metal screws and steel drive shafts give them a tight turning radius. If a boat exceeds its 70-foot range, an electronic sensor automatically guides it back (the boats have separate frequencies).

Order from Sporting Edge. Toll free: 800-468-4410. Boats come in red or blue; batteries are not included. #421811 Hurricane RC Racer: $59.95;

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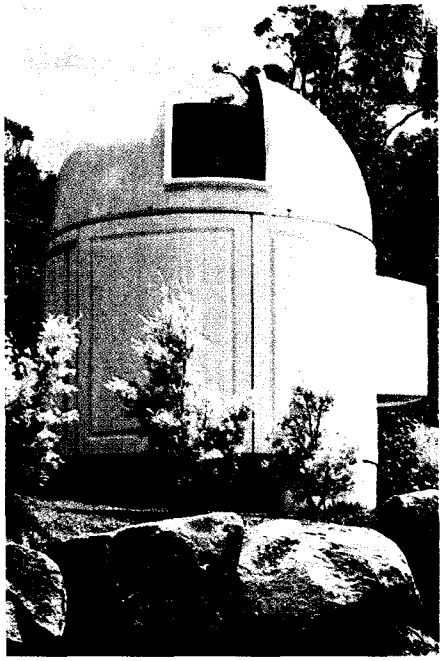


Rotating Home Observatory

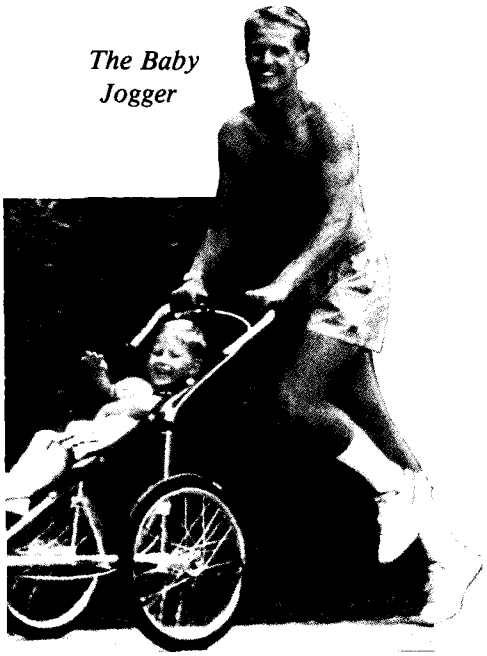
two for $99.90. #B91811 kit of three D and two 9-volt alkaline batteries (one kit per boat): $11.95.

Rotating Home Observatory: If your gift recipient can't come to the Palomar Observatory, wouldn't it be wonderful if you could bring the Palomar Observatory to him, or her, or them? And that's about what you'll be doing when you give this outdoor observation tower. The lucky owner can permanently install and polar-align any standard-size telescope. The 360-degree rotating dome allows continuous tracking of celestial objects.

The dome rotates smoothly on nylon rollers, and its two-section locking shutter can be either opened fully or used with the lower section closed to block surrounding light. The housing of weather-resistant fiberglass assembles in one hour with simple hand tools. The observatory, which accommodates four people, can be permanently affixed to a concrete patio or deck, or it can remain portable. Allow up to eight weeks for delivery. (Telescope not included.)

Order from Hammacher Schlemmer. Toll free, 24 hours a day: 800-543-3366. Postpaid and unconditionally guaranteed. Price: $5,900.

The Baby Jogger



The Baby Jogger: No longer need parenthood interrupt mom's or dad's exercise routine, thanks to this unique stroller. Neither sand nor snow can keep those on fitness programs from their appointed rounds on the Baby Jogger's three large bicycle wheels. And the snap-in Cordura-nylon sling mounted amidship in the 3/4-inch anodized aluminum tubing will make bumpy roads a breeze for the baby. Best of all will be the family fun while on the run to such places as mountain trails and the beach.

Order from Racing Strollers, Inc., 516-B North 20th Avenue, Yakima, Washington 98902. Price: $239.95 (plus $10.00 shipping charge).

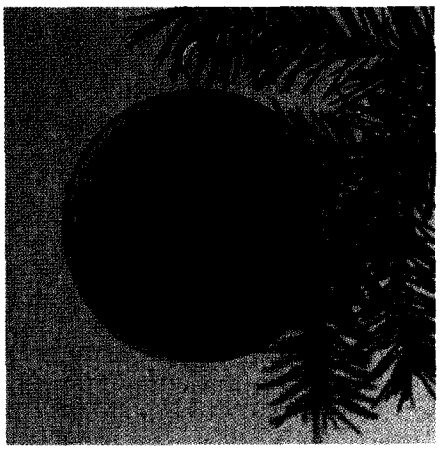
Portable Cellular Telephone: People now keeping in touch via cellular phones include salespeople, reporters, emergency personnel, and families that prepare for those emergencies—even hubby calling in from the 18th or 19th hole to say he will be late for dinner. And, weighing just 23 ounces, measuring 2½ by 1½ by 7½ inches, this portable phone can be held by even the smallest hands.

The U.S.-built P9000 offers 45 minutes of talk time and 8 hours of stand-by on a single charge. Among its many versatile features is a built-in 99-number telephone directory. It comes with a carrying strap, a rechargeable battery, a phone holder for vehicle use, a cigarette-lighter adapter, and a desk-top charger.

Portable Cellular Telephone

Order from NEC America, Inc. Toll Free: 800-225-5664. Price: $2,995.

Smoke-Alarm Ornament: Most Christmas tree ornaments just hang there and look pretty. This one also hangs there and looks pretty—but with a difference. It is also a dual-ionization-chamber smoke alarm,



Smoke-Alarm Ornament

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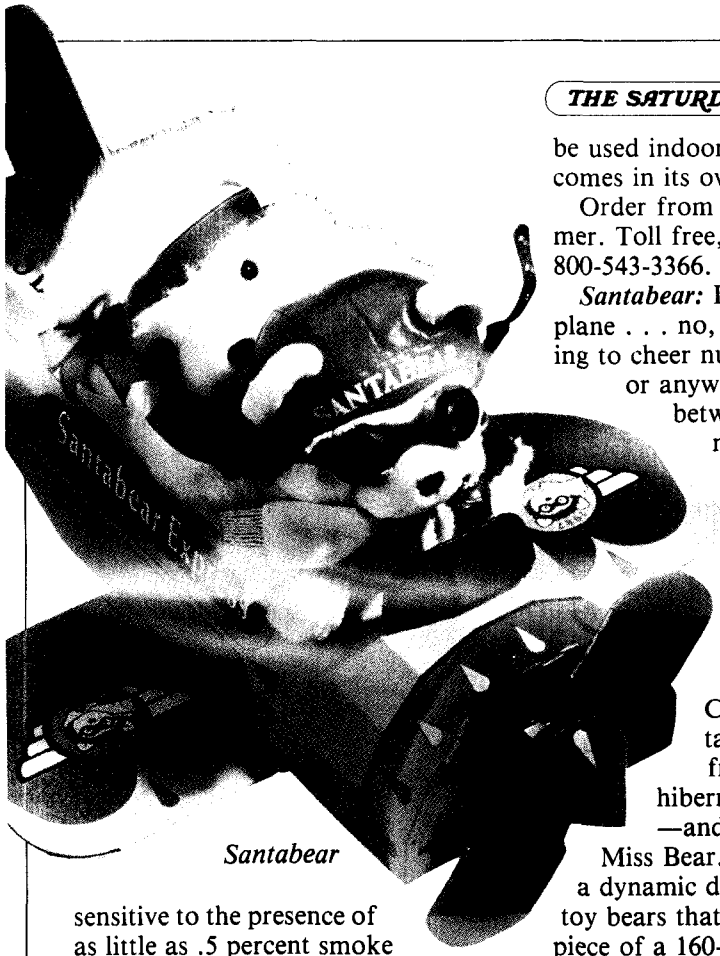


Santabear

sensitive to the presence of as little as .5 percent smoke in the air. Let Aunt Bertha so much as scorch the turkey, and (boing!) an 85-decibel alarm sounds immediately. The ornament is 3½ inches in diameter, weighs 8 ounces, uses a single 9-volt battery (included), and has a push-button battery tester.

Order from Hammacher Schlemmer. Toll free, 24 hours a day: 800-543-3366. Set of two: $34.95.

Development Construction Set: The kids won't complain about any of the toys Santa sneaks under the tree this Christmas—because with the Child's Development Construction Set, they can create their own. The pieces, including 4 wheels, 4 panels, 90 pipes, 30 connectors, 112 patented safety clips, and 4 hubs, all of nontoxic plastic, offer the challenge of making everything from riding toys to chairs, jungle gyms, slides, or whatever. No nuts, bolts, screws, or tools are required, and no potentially harmful sharp edges or small pieces threaten injury. Toys made from the construction set hold children up to 75 pounds; can be used indoors and out. The set comes in its own storage box.

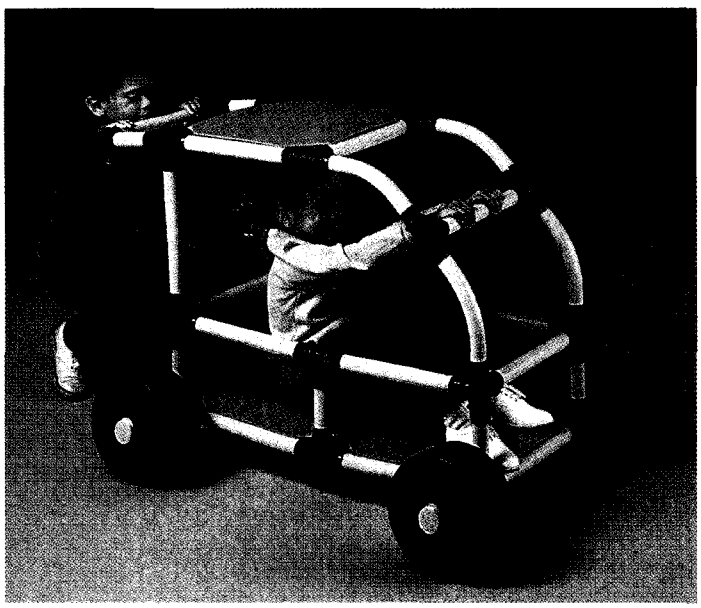
Order from Hammacher Schlemmer. Toll free, 24 hours a day: 800-543-3366. Price: $119.95.

Santabear: It's a bird . . . it's a plane . . . no, it's Santabear, coming to cheer nursery, nursing home, or anywhere along the road in between. Santabear communicates warmth and security to children aged 2 to 92. Snow white and pillow soft, he embodies the necessary three "c"s of bearhood: cute, cozy, cuddly.

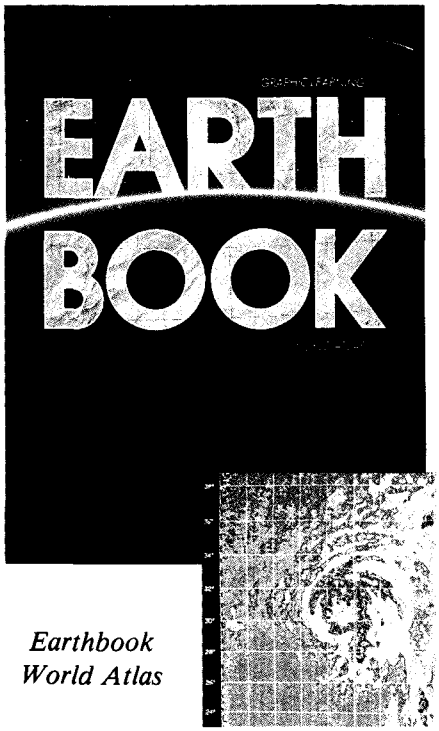
Especially for this Christmas season, Santabear has emerged from his nonholiday hibernation in a new guise —and with a new friend, Miss Bear. Together, they form a dynamic duo of plush-furred toy bears that will be the centerpiece of a 160-item Santabear-related holiday gift collection. This collection includes everything from adventure books and videos to a water globe, a wall clock, and a flannel-sheet set. And we must not forget the string bikini and long-johns sleep shirt. All come with the Santabear symbol.

All items are available at Dayton Hudson stores. Santabear plush: $30; Miss Bear plush: $30; cardboard airplane: $20. (And get this: for every $50 purchase of other merchandise, a Santabear or a Miss Bear can be yours for only $15.)

Development Construction Set



Earthbook World Atlas: "A breakthrough at last," says the billing for *Earthbook*, the beautiful tabletop atlas and encyclopedia of the earth produced in collaboration with one of the world's oldest and most prestigious map makers, Esselte Map Service of Sweden.



Earthbook World Atlas

Launching a new age in cartography with state-of-the-art, satellite-assisted environmental maps, *Earthbook* will appeal to a wide audience: executive travelers; parents wanting to instill geographic literacy in their children; people who conduct international business; and people of all ages who enjoy lifelong learning about the earth, its places, and the diversity of its people.

Order from Graphic Learning International, One Galleria Tower, Suite 1425, Dallas, TX 75240. Also available in book stores and fine gift shops. The deluxe edi-

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tion, $55.00, includes 185 full-color maps and a 96-page encyclopedia section. The concise edition, $12.95, includes 70 full-color maps, a statistical section, and an index.

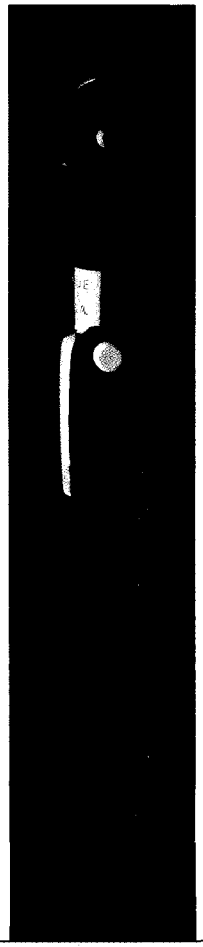
Computer Coin Bank/Clock: The old piggy bank may begin to squeal in protest, but time has marched on—to the Computer Coin Bank/Clock. Just drop in a coin, and the value of the coin instantly flashes on the LCD screen. Then the built-in microprocessor adds the amount to the value of previous deposits, and the *new* total is displayed. After ten seconds, the bank converts to a digital clock until the next coin is deposited. At any time, by pressing the "Total" button, you can see for yourself how much you have saved.

Operates on a set of two "AA" batteries (included). Made of nontoxic plastic.

Order from Impact 2000. Toll free: 800-345-4422. #HCP978: $29.95.

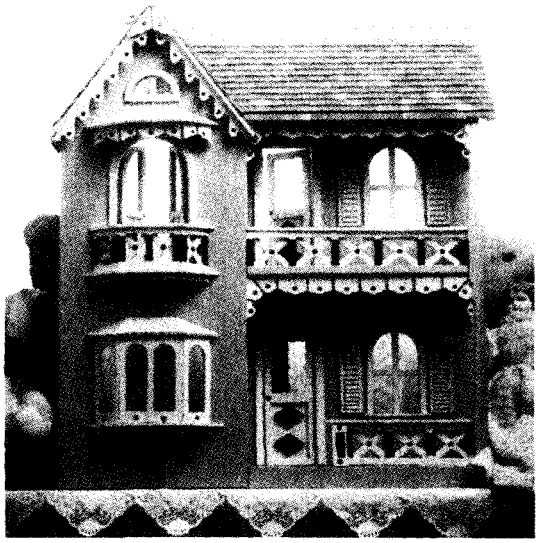
Solid-State Tire Gauge: What does this Sensym digital tire gauge have in common with the most advanced jet fighters? They both use the same pressure-sensitive technology. The result? A gauge that's not only versatile and easy to use, but remarkably accurate as well. No false readings, no more squinting at the "stick," no more pressures that can't be measured (it registers from 1 to 127 pounds), no more excuses for underinflated tires that rob your car of gas mileage. The gauge can be used on the tires of all-terrain vehicles, cars, bicycles, aircraft, or what have you.

Solid-State Tire Gauge



Order from Sporting Edge. Toll free: 800-468-1410. Price: $39.95.

Perfect Presents: Do they like to read on the bus from volumes whose covers won't overlap on fellow passengers' lap? Or in bed with classic short stories that won't make breathing a labor if the books rest on their chests? Then Redpath Press has come to the readers' rescue with its Perfect Presents.



Dollhouse

These 4-by-7-inch booklets make ideal stocking stuffers, and they are also the ultimate Christmas card. Of the list of 22 beautifully illustrated titles, especially appropriate are Hemingway's "Christmas on the Roof of the World"; O. Henry's "The Gift of the Magi"; and Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." Each story comes with a free holiday envelope and a bookmark.

Order from Redpath Press. Toll-free: 800-772-4443; in Minnesota: 612-332-1728. Price: $4.95 each (for the titles listed).

"Movietime" Popcorn Popper: There's nothing new about popped corn, right? It has the same wonderful aroma you remember as a kid at the movie matinees. What *is* new is this popper. A four-quart aluminum job, it works on your stove top. A bottom-stirring mechanism keeps the unpopped kernels moving until they do pop. And for a new taste treat, you can add "A-maize-ing Glazes" to the oil right at the start, coating the corn as it pops. Each box will glaze 14 quarts of popcorn.

Order from Leichtung Workshops. Toll free: 800-321-6840; in Ohio toll call: 216-831-2555. Popper: $19.99. Two pounds of unpopped corn: $3.99. Glazes (red raspberry, praline, caramel, or English toffee): $3.99; any three or more, mix or match: $3.50 each.

Dollhouse: If you have a "doll" in your house, this is the dollhouse that will make her day—and plenty of days to come. You'll likely want the fun of building it for her, but if she insists on doing it herself, adult supervision is recommended. Not that it requires tools or nails. A little glue and a little time will be required to put precut U.S.-made plywood parts, including gingerbread and shingles, in place; then paint, if you wish. The 22-by-13-by-25-inch dollhouse has a stairway inside and French doors that open.

"Movietime" Popcorn Popper

Order from Horchow. Toll free: 800-527-0303 (7 a.m.-11 p.m., CST). #H849W Dollhouse: $35.00 (plus $5.10 shipping charge).

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TEEN CHALLENGE: CONQUERING DRUGS AND AIDS

To protect themselves and others, teens from this highly successful drug rehabilitation program are taking the test for AIDS.

by David Manuel

Two men in white lab coats stepped from the AIDS MOBILE and mopped their brows. They had just finished processing the last of the 86 young men and women from inner-city Detroit who had come to be tested for AIDS, and this was their first chance for a breather. "You know," said a counselor-technician, Andy Burnett, "this has been absolutely amazing—and inspiring. After we've read so much about high-risk groups being driven underground at the prospect of mandatory AIDS testing, here is a high-risk group who absolutely wanted to be tested voluntarily. We offered confidentiality, of course, but that wasn't the most important thing on their mind—do you know what it was? They wanted to *know*, so that if they did test AIDS positive they wouldn't infect someone they loved. There was no hesitation or fear."

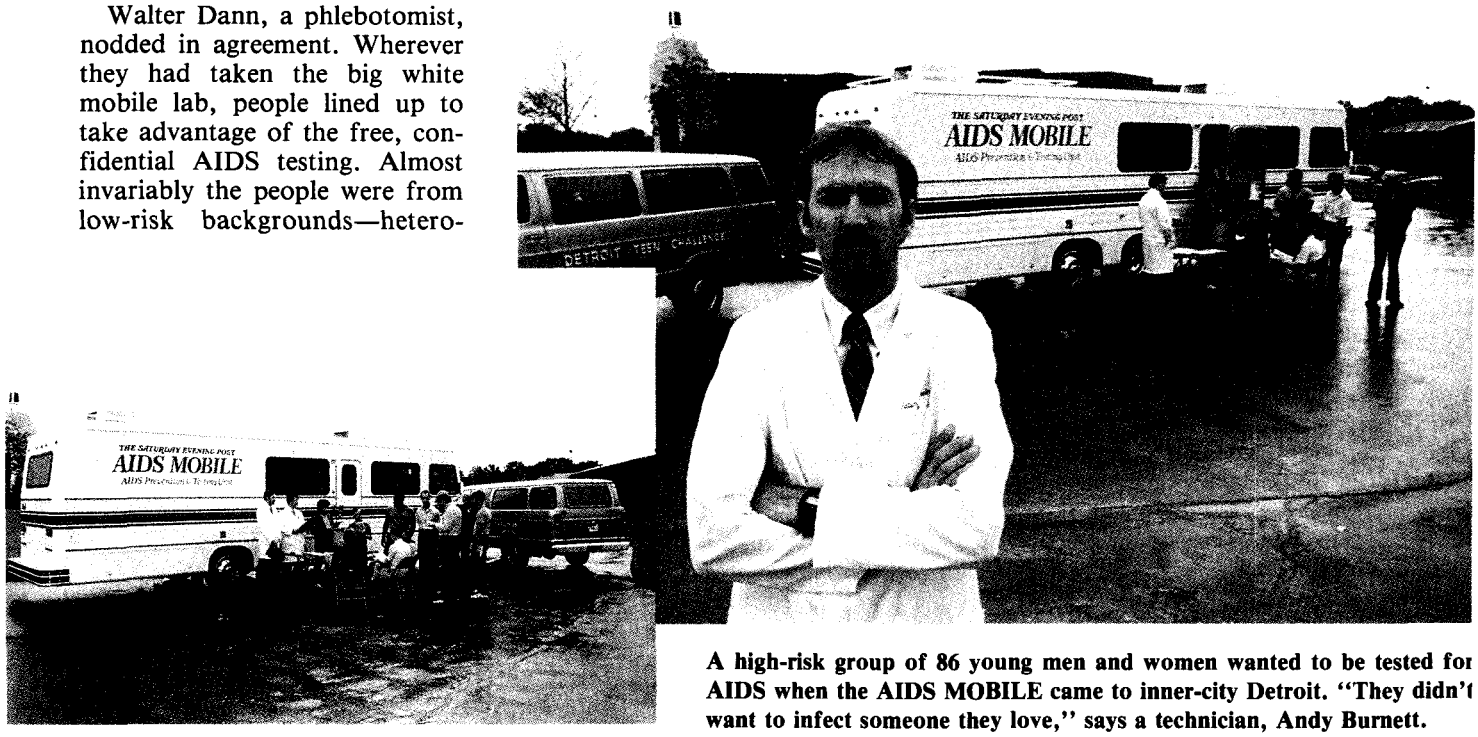
Walter Dann, a phlebotomist, nodded in agreement. Wherever they had taken the big white mobile lab, people lined up to take advantage of the free, confidential AIDS testing. Almost invariably the people were from low-risk backgrounds—heterosexuals who had never taken drugs intravenously—but they had received blood transfusions. And although they appreciated the personal counseling available, they did not expect to need it; indeed, most simply wanted to make sure that during surgery they had not been infected by a tainted transfusion.

But testing for AIDS was being attacked by some who claimed that it would drive underground the very people it purported to help—those with promiscuous lifestyles and drug abusers who freely exchange dirty needles. Now, as if in answer to such charges, here were 86 young people from high-risk backgrounds who lined up to be tested.

"The thing I can't get over," Walter said, "is that they're the last ones you'd expect to demonstrate mature social responsibility. You should have seen some of the needle-marks; I've never seen more needle tracks in my life. One boy had to show me how to find the only usable vein he had left. I had to thread the needle through a large, hard scar."

Andy nodded. "That's what makes it all the more remarkable," he said. "Street toughs have a phobia about being mistaken for homosexuals. In their culture AIDS is still regarded as a homosexual disease. But these kids have learned that it can be transmitted by heterosexuals and unsterilized needles too. And another thing: I found out in pre-counseling sessions none of them seemed to have any fear of dying themselves. All they wanted to do was protect their families and others. It was really inspiring."

Had the counselors been outside



A high-risk group of 86 young men and women wanted to be tested for AIDS when the AIDS MOBILE came to inner-city Detroit. "They didn't want to infect someone they love," says a technician, Andy Burnett.

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the vehicle when a Canadian TV field crew covered the event with the Reverend David Mainse and Dr. Cory SerVaas, they might have obtained part of the answer from some of the interviews. These young people were eager to tell their stories on a Canadian network program on AIDS the following day. A powerful-looking young black man named Nathaniel responded to a question from Dr. SerVaas: "Yeah, I was a little nervous, but after praying and asking forgiveness for the things I'd done, there was no more nervousness." He said with a smile, "They had a little trouble finding a vein; I'd used them all up." When was the last time he'd taken drugs? "Ten months ago—just before I came to the Detroit Teen Challenge."

Curious about Teen Challenge, Dr. SerVaas asked a good-looking young white man named Brian how long he'd been in the program.

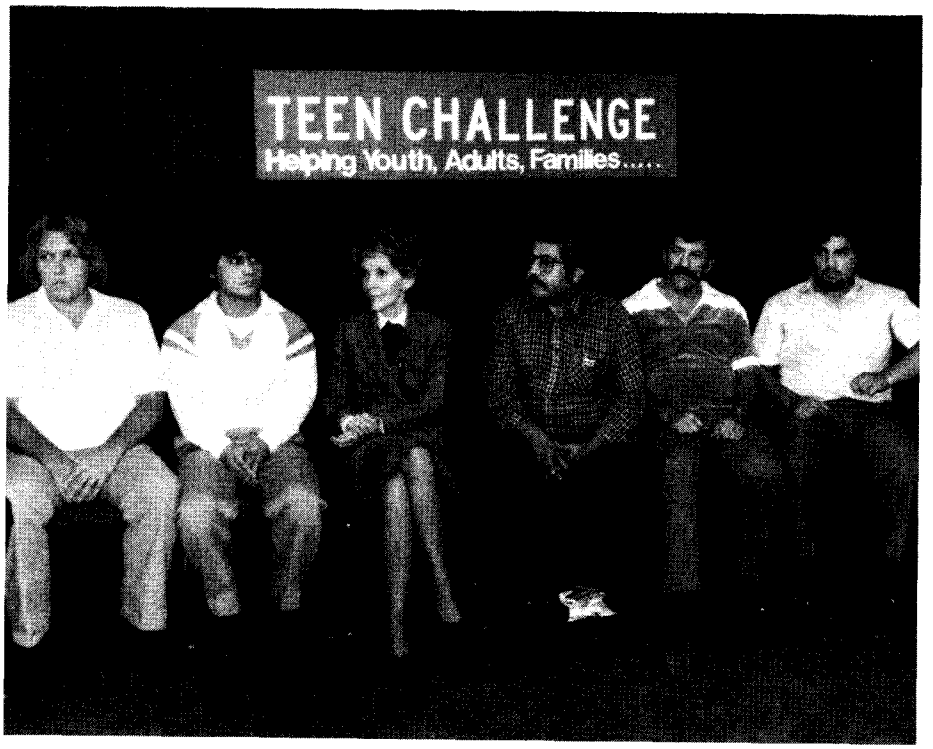
"Nine months," the reply came.

Why had he volunteered to be tested?

"Being in the sort of life I was in before—immorality, drugs, sex—I thought I'd better take it. The way it is spreading across the country, everyone should."

What was so special about Teen Challenge?

"I'd been to secular programs before, but nothing worked, because they were trying to change the outward me and not the inward me. Then I studied the Bible and came to know the Lord. That changed my heart, and that made me want to change the things I wanted to do."



All these Chattanooga Teen Challenge members let the pleased First Lady, Nancy Reagan, know they've adopted her "Just Say No" advice.

Earlier, Norma-Jean Mainse, David's wife, had looked out the window of the AIDS MOBILE and called Dr. SerVaas over to see what was going on outside. Holding hands in a circle, three of the Teen Challenge young men were bowed in prayer before they were to come in for their AIDS tests.

The next day, female Teen Challenge students came to be tested. For them, it wasn't just a question of passing AIDS on to a sexual partner should they be AIDS positive. They knew that pregnancy can trigger full-

John White, a former Chicago gang member, helps clean up the Teen Challenge center that helped clean him up.

At the Rehrersburg farm in Pennsylvania, hard work builds big appetites!

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blown AIDS in a hurry and that their babies had nearly 50-50 chances of being born with AIDS.

The AIDS MOBILE had come to Detroit at the request of Teen Challenge to test the young men and women currently in its year-long program. The men had volunteered to appear with Dr. SerVaas on David Mainse's "100 Huntley Street" TV program in Canada.

The staff, which included graduates of the program, was also tested, for the AIDS virus, once contracted, can lie dormant as long as seven years. To a man—and woman—staff and students were anxious to be tested; some had new families now, and they wanted to know if they were at risk.

As Brian had indicated, this unusual mind-set can be explained by the core of the Teen Challenge philosophy. There are two ways to rehabilitate an addict: change his external environment or change his outlook on that environment. Conventional rehabilitation programs concentrate on the former; Teen Challenge achieves its results by focusing on the latter.

Those results have been astonishing. The federal drug-rehabilitation center at Lexington, Kentucky, closed because its cure rate was no more than 4 percent. The highest cure rates being achieved by psychosociological clinics have been somewhere between 10 and 15 percent. By contrast, the Teen Challenge Training Center at Rehrersburg, Pennsylvania, a nine-month residential program in a rural farm setting, claims a cure rate of 70 percent.

What is Teen Challenge's secret? Its secular counterparts have disparagingly dubbed it "the Jesus factor." As the head of a New York drug-abuse commission once put it: "There is no denying that evangelical organizations like Teen Challenge, involved in one-on-one street ministry, are achieving remarkable results. But once you bring God into the rehab equation, it is impossible to evaluate their results rationally, and statistics become meaningless."

Nevertheless, the Teen Challenge claims were originally so

"The Teen Challenge [no alcohol or addictive substance] is probably the most effective rehabilitation program I've ever seen," says Catherine Hess, M.D.

startling that they attracted the attention of Health, Education, and Welfare's National Institute on Drug Abuse, which funded a carefully monitored survey to determine if Teen Challenge was guilty of evangelical exaggeration.

Heading the study was Catherine Hess, M.D., the former assistant chief of the Cancer Control Program of the U.S. Public Health Service, who previously had directed the initiation of New York's methadone program. Dr. Hess and her colleagues discovered there *was* a discrepancy in claimed results—because Teen Challenge used a more rigorous set of criteria. By generally accepted standards, a graduate of a rehabilitation program is regarded as "drug free" if he consumes no more than a six-pack of beer, a bottle of wine, or seven ounces of hard liquor a week—"social drinking," in other words. He can even use marijuana two or three times a month.

But Teen Challenge takes the term "drug-free" literally: to this program the term means the use of no alcohol or addictive substances whatever, not even nicotine. By the government's more lenient standards, the HEW survey, published in 1975, revealed that a phenomenal 86 percent of Teen Challenge graduates were drug free—*seven years* after completing the program. Recently queried about that Teen Challenge study, Dr. Hess went on record: "It was probably the most effective rehabilitation program I have ever seen anywhere—and it still is."

Teen Challenge had its beginnings in February 1958, when a young As-

The Teen Challenge program in Orange County, California, has restored hundreds of students as productive members of society; here a few are restoring a newly purchased facility.

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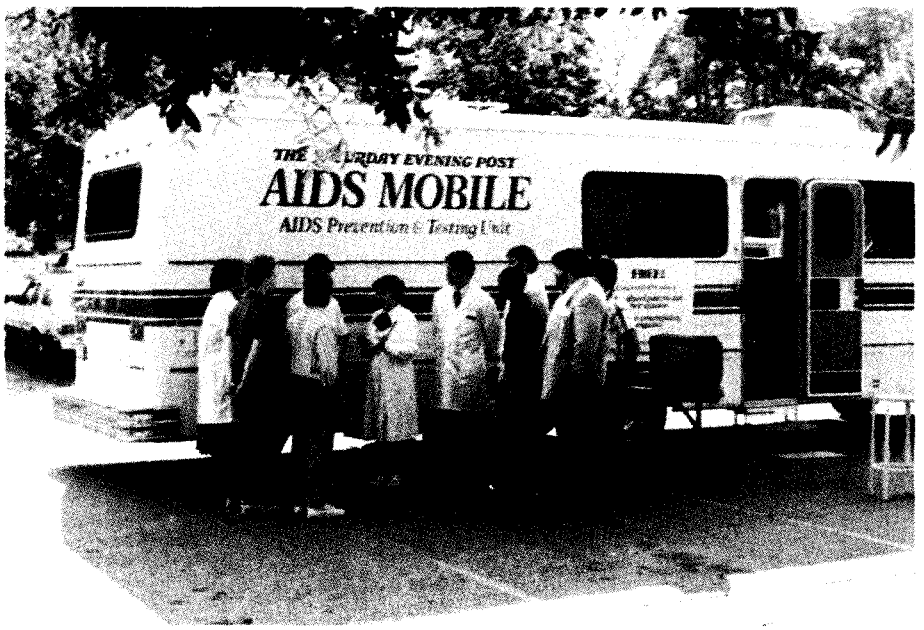
semblies of God pastor in a small Pennsylvania town in the Appalachian Mountains sold the family TV set and determined to spend his former late-night viewing time in prayer. Soon afterward David Wilkerson's eye fell on a *Life* magazine article about seven members of a Brooklyn street gang who were on trial for murder. David felt led to pray for them, and the more he prayed, the more he felt impelled to go to New York to help them.

He arrived too late to affect the outcome of the trial, but just in time to be expelled from the courtroom by the judge—and wind up on the front page of the evening paper. But other members of the gang remembered that he had tried to help, and so they listened as he began to reach out to street people. Against all odds he persevered, and he ultimately wrote a book about it all, which became a 20-million-copy best seller and a movie, *The Cross and the Switchblade.*

From its beginning nearly 30 years ago, Teen Challenge has been grounded in reality, not wishful thinking. The program's pioneers knew that they could not change the nature of a murderer or a rapist—but that Jesus could. Expecting such a miracle, they introduced street gangs to Him, and miracles followed—like the dramatic conversion and transformation of *Switchblade*'s gang leader.



A Norfolk Teen Challenge group visits the AIDS MOBILE in Virginia. These young men include former needle-sharing, drug-addicted youths whose lives have been rescued by this local rehabilitation program. Their leader (second from right), the Rev. Emory DeBusk, is a minister in the Assemblies of God church. These men are in school and are too young to go to the Teen Challenge Training Center in Rehrersburg, Pennsylvania.

The influx of heroin in the '60s turned the violence of the streets inward. Now, instead of killing one another, gang members began destroying themselves with heroin habits that often cost more than $100 a day to support. For street junkies there was only one source of such funds, and across the country inner-city crime rates soared.

If it had been hard to reach cynical, street-wise youngsters before, now it was almost impossible. Yet the faith and courage of the Teen Challenge staff remained undaunted. Patiently they would explain to the newest crisis-center arrivals that God loved them and would forgive them and help them lead a new life. And often the newcomer's new-found faith would be a great comfort through the agony of withdrawal.

But detoxification was one thing; rehabilitation and preparation for a return to society were another. In effect, the students

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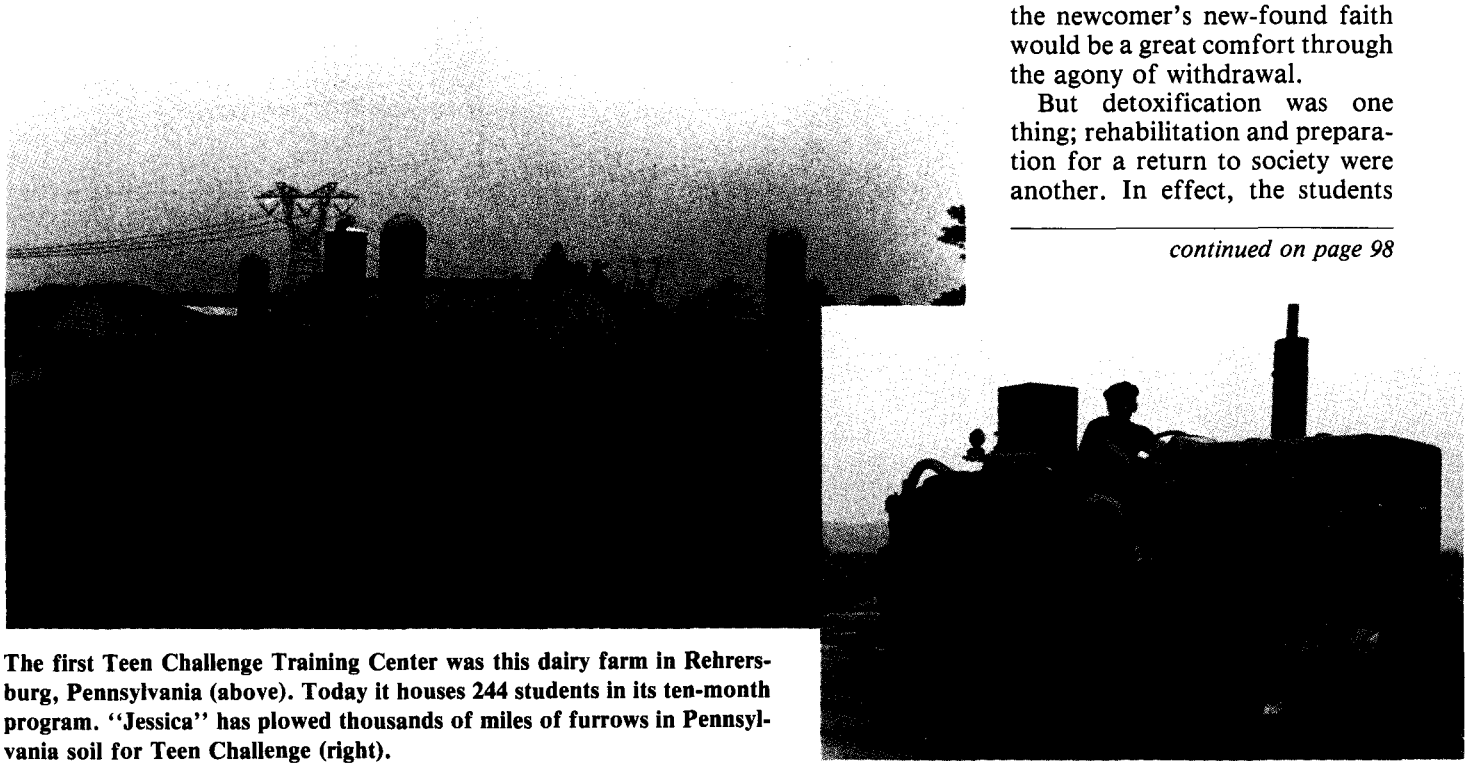

The first Teen Challenge Training Center was this dairy farm in Rehrersburg, Pennsylvania (above). Today it houses 244 students in its ten-month program. "Jessica" has plowed thousands of miles of furrows in Pennsylvania soil for Teen Challenge (right).

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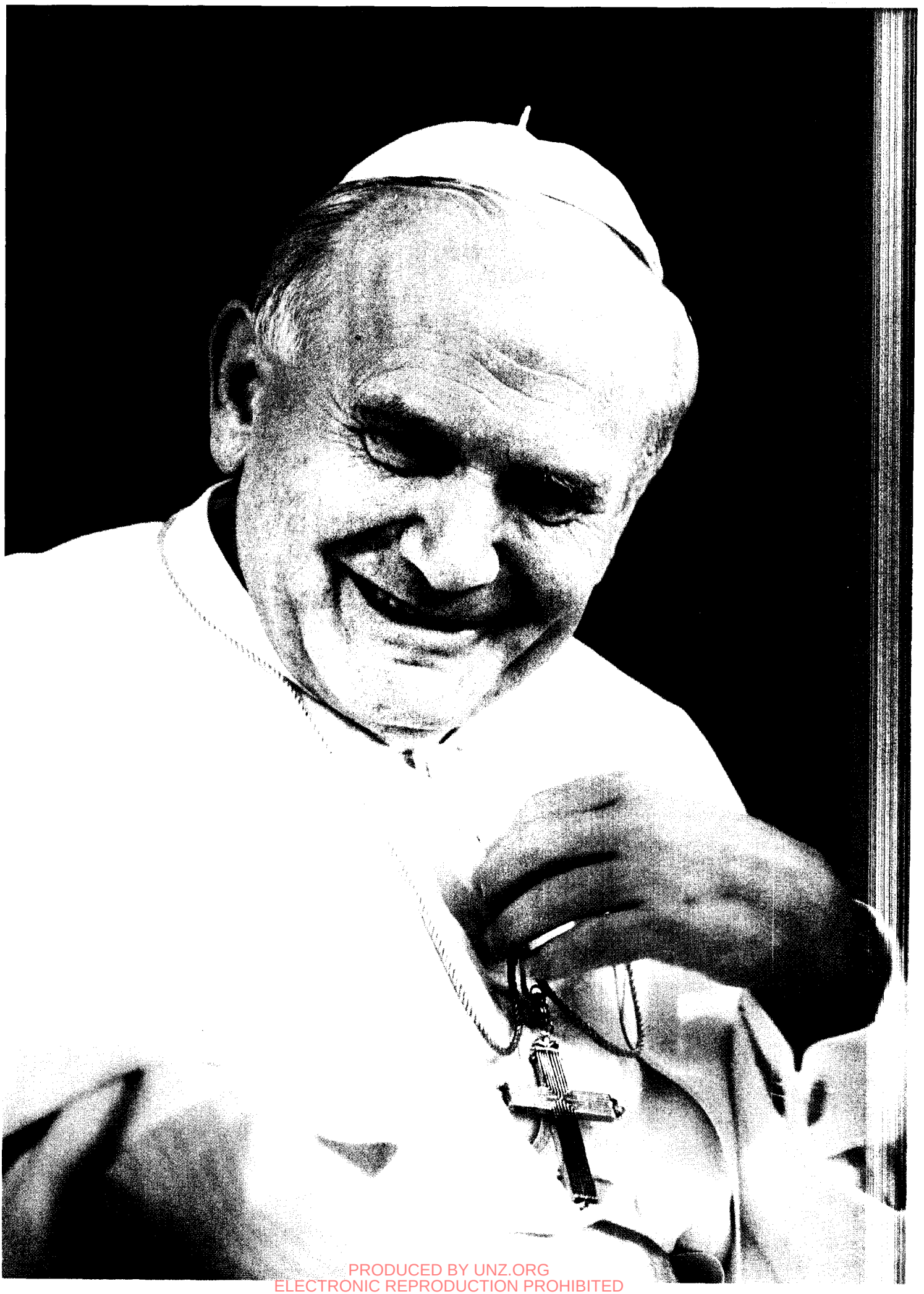

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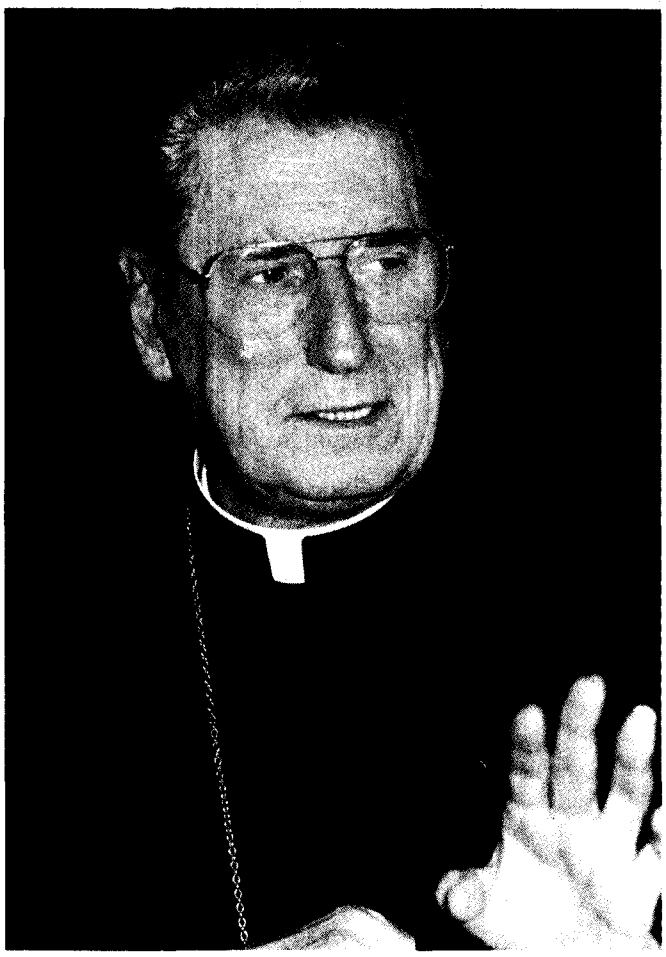
THE POPE'S CALL TO HOLINESS

In his message to America, Pope John Paul II was not only pleading for the married to honor their vows, the single to be chaste, and the priest to be celibate, but he was also indicting racism, advocating for the poor, and reminding us why all this should be the stuff of our daily lives.

by Cardinal John J. O'Connor

Dan Rather maybe got it better than anybody. He was reminiscing over CBS radio back in 1983, shortly after Cardinal Terence Cooke had died on the 6th of October. A priest came out on the steps of the cathedral, according to Mr. Rather, and told reporters the cardinal had been given Holy Communion "to help him on his journey to the Father in heaven." If the beat-up notes I have before me are accurate, Mr. Rather said at the time: "I was so struck by that simple utterance. And I realized that I love it when clergymen speak in those terms—when rabbis and ministers and priests speak of belief. It reminds us of what religion *is*, and what it is the other fellow holds close to his heart. In the case of Cardinal Cooke, that was made clear in his final days, in the way he lived and the rather special way he died—with belief and joy apparently intact."



Cardinal John J. O'Connor is one of the strongest American supporters of Pope John Paul II. A prolific commentator, he authored *In Defense of Life*, is establishing an AIDS hospital, and is a member of the Presidential Commission on the HIV Epidemic.

I dug the Rather broadcast out of the file, because as I walked and talked with, watched and prayed with our Holy Father on his pilgrimage in our land, the same Rather words overrode so many hundreds of thousands of others I heard and read about the papal visit. I am not sure our country has ever been subjected to so many inanities, so many shallow analyses of what a visit was all about.

If we read once, we read a thousand times that the crowds were far smaller than anticipated; disastrously fewer pennants, buttons, papal caps, and T-shirts were sold than had been produced; and millions of Catholics were supposedly alienated, estranged, discouraged, turned-off, disgusted, embarrassed, revolted, and generally infuriated. "60 Minutes" added to the aura of dismay by introducing us to a pastor who has allegedly been cavorting with his housekeeper in a manner usually frowned upon by more conservative bishops.

More frequently than not, I regret having to confess, my answers to questions were as superficial as were the questions themselves. "Do you think the pope has lost his popularity? Is what he said about dissent going to discourage some Catholics? Do you think he really understands American Catholics? Does he think the Church is falling apart in the United States? Is he really listening to what people are saying? Does he care what women think, what priests think, what bishops think? Does he? Is he? Will he? Why can't he? What's it all about, Alfie?"

And all the while our Holy Father was saying one thing and the same thing, over and over and over, with unutterable simplicity: "Receive Jesus. He will help you on your journey to the Father in heaven." In so many words that was the message. This was a priest speaking of his belief, a belief so straightforward and so intense that it penetrates and illuminates everything this man does, every word he speaks. This is a man for whom Jesus is life itself, a man who sees Jesus in everyone he meets, wherever he goes. He is a man who maintains his uninterrupted communion with Jesus Christ amid all the turbulence,

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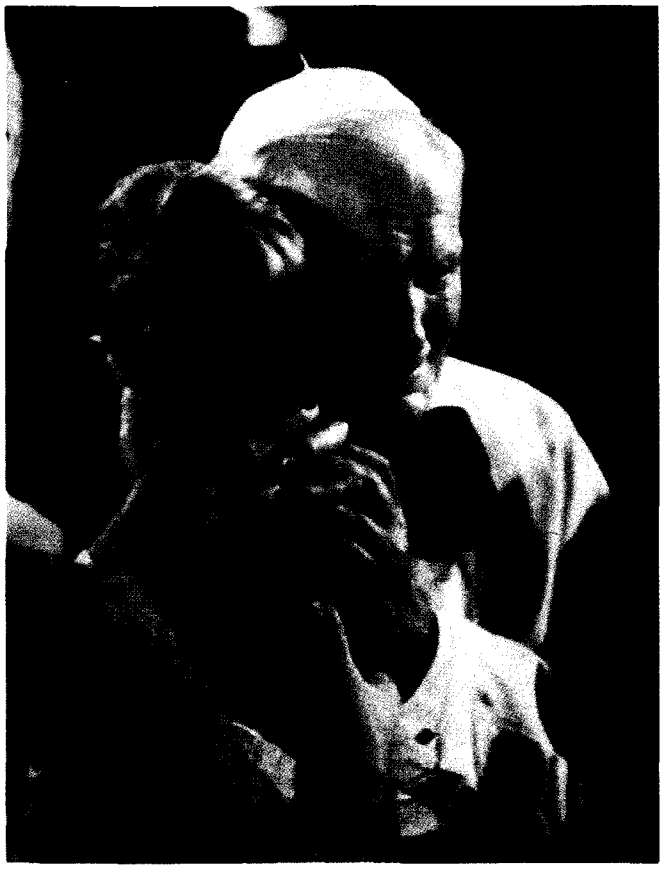
the travels, the crowds, the noise, the fatigue.

From my viewpoint, those who failed to capture this simple message in this pope's visit failed to understand the visit altogether. This man was calling us to *holiness*, not only to keeping the Commandments. He was not simply exhorting the married to honor their vows, the single to be chaste, the priest and the religious to be celibate. He was not merely indicting racism, pleading for social justice, advocating for the poor. He was reminding us of *why* all this should be the stuff of our daily lives. He was telling us, again and again, that we "best move this world by making it clear that we stand upon another"—not simply another world, but on Christ Himself. But what he was telling us he told with far more than words; he told it all with the intensity of his own passionate belief.



Pope John Paul II embraces a five-year-old San Jose AIDS victim who contracted the disease through a blood transfusion.

While it has been my privilege to visit with our Holy Father from time to time on a very personal basis, I saw this time what has always been there, but which, distracted by trivia in the past, I have failed to see quite so clearly before. We are taught that faith is a free gift from God; none of us can earn it. But I believe now that this pope pays an enormous price for the intensity and the constancy. It seems to me that he engages Jesus Christ in prayer at every moment. He is a man who has made *the* decision: that we cannot serve two masters. He has made the leap into the unknown. He has truly abandoned everything to follow Jesus, to be with, to speak with, to listen to, to transmit, reflect, radiate Jesus. This seems to me to be his idea of the very reason for his existence as pope.

This is a dimension far beyond what he says, but it permeates everything he says and gives it a radiantly different life from its life in ordinary language.

None of which is to suggest for a moment that the Holy Father was caught up in some highly personalistic interpretation of the Gospel he had come to "impose" on others. Nor was there one word that deviated from either the letter or the spirit of the Second Vatican Council, despite the snide comments from detractors about *his* "interpretation" (read "distortion") of council documents.

And speaking of the Second Vatican Council: time after time during the pope's visit, I heard him compared, unfavorably of course, with Pope John XXIII, that jolly man for whom, we are told, anything went. It is a marvel, indeed, to listen to the comparisons made, particularly in respect to Vatican II. According to such, John XXIII had only one concern in life: to make people "happy." The same reports imply that he was fed up with traditional Church teaching, with all its "negatives," its structures, its antiquated demands on human beings, its old-fashioned morality. John XXIII, we are given to understand, wanted to modernize the Church, while John Paul II wants to set it back a thousand years.

First Lady Nancy Reagan shares concerns with Pope John Paul II during his visit to Los Angeles—his, to save souls; hers, to save young people from the ravages of drugs.

Here is what Pope John XXIII actually said about the council he called:

"The greatest concern of the ecumenical council is

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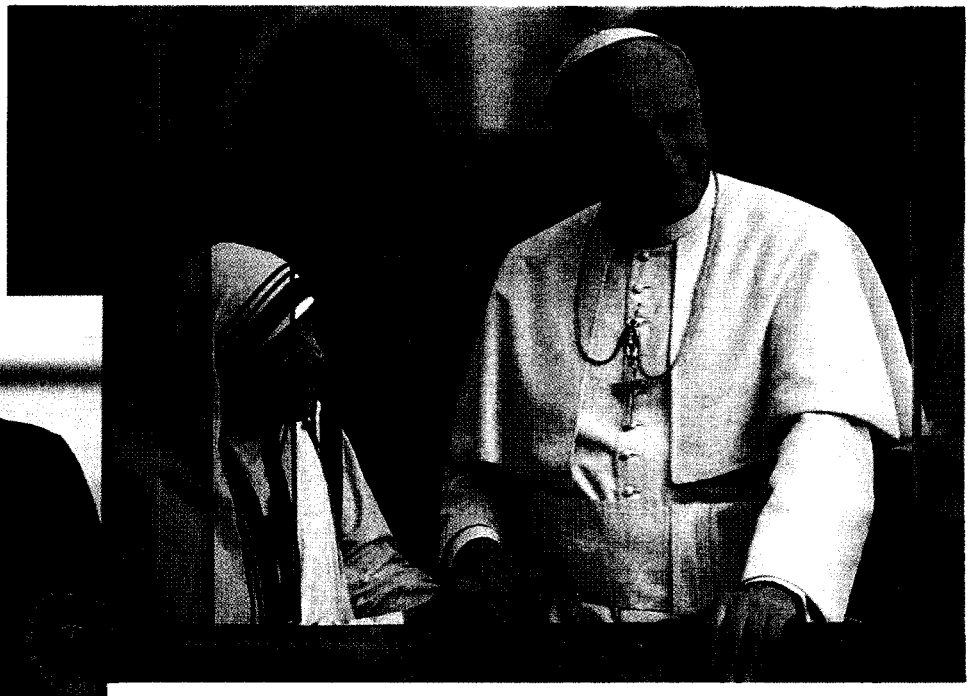
The pope reaches out with a special message for the little people wherever he travels throughout his global parish.

this: that the sacred deposit of Christian doctrine should be guarded and taught more efficaciously. . . . The manner in which sacred doctrine is spread, this having been established, it becomes clear how much is expected from the council in regard to doctrine. . . . [The] council, which will draw upon the effective and important wealth of juridical, liturgical, apostolic, and administrative experiences, wishes to transmit the doctrine, pure and integral, without any attenuation or distortion, which throughout 20 centuries, notwithstanding difficulties and contrasts, has become the common patrimony of men. It is always a rich treasure available to men of good will."

Pope John Paul II describes the purpose of the council in essentially identical terms. I suspect that what those who attack him so ferociously either don't know or don't care about is *not* that he differs from John XXIII, but that he *doesn't* differ. They hate him, not because he rejects the teachings of the Second Vatican Council, but because he teaches it in its fullness. So once again, they tried to "kill" the messenger. Once again, they failed, because he loves them too much to let them succeed. ✠



(Left) President Reagan greets the pope during his ten-day visit in America. (Above) Mother Teresa, herself no slouch at traveling, visits His Holiness at the papal summer villa in Castel Gandolfo, Italy.

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CHRISTMAS IN LAKE WOBEGON

A lovely thing about Christmas is that it's compulsory, like a thunderstorm, and we all go through it together, it's not individual, it's sociable.

by Garrison Keillor

It has been a quiet week in Lake Wobegon. Warm and foggy on Tuesday, and late in the day, as the temperature fell, fog froze on the trees and made white bare trees in which the fog appeared ghostly beautiful, as if you could walk into these trees and receive immortal powers of a sort we all want at Christmas: the power to gather our friends and loved ones close around us and prevent suffering and evil and death from touching them.

When I was little, I worried about a group of men I called the Murderers, who had killed before and would kill again because killing meant nothing to them, they had nothing to lose, it was the electric chair for them either way. They were now driving in a stolen black sedan toward a *Y* in the road where two roads diverged, and if they chose one they'd come to our house and kill us, and if they didn't they wouldn't. I could keep my family safe by prayer. At night I crawled into bed between cold sheets like sheets of ice and prayed for God to keep the Murderers away from us, and as an extra precaution, in addition to prayer, I always got into bed from the left side. I lay on my right side. I prayed the exact same prayer. And although I knew I shouldn't, in the dark I made the sign of the cross, on the odd chance that God was not Protestant. I pulled the blankets up and lay warming my little hollow, listening to the house creak, smelling the Vicks my mother put on me as a precaution, and felt I had kept the Murderers from our door. Then, one night, I got into bed from the wrong side, exposing my family to evil because I was in a hurry, so I got out and got back in on the correct side. But I was still afraid. So I took my radio into bed with me. It was the size of a breadbox. I pulled the covers over my head and tuned in Bob Franklin, host of "Music by Moonlite"—the "Old Smoothie," he was called, because he made you feel like you and him were close ("Hello, friends, Bob Franklin here—say, I believe that I know you well enough to say that you're discriminating when it comes to the finer things and particular about the details being just right, just the way you want them, and that's why I know that Jirasek's Dry Cleaning in Albany is just the place for you . . ."). It thrilled me as a boy to hear a man take me into his confidence that way, but instead of old Bob playing Glenn Miller, there was a preacher on the air who wasn't friendly at all and didn't think I was discriminating and didn't think dry cleaning would do me much good one way or the other. He seemed to suggest that the Murderers were standing over my bed about to stab me with an ice pick and that it was exactly what I deserved. What was "Brother Carl and His Wall of Hope Revival Show" doing in place of old Bob and "Music by Moonlite"? Then I checked my clock: it was five-thirty in the morning. We were safe for another day.

Corinne Ingqvist came home for Christmas on Sunday. She came barreling north in her red VW from Minneapolis, arguing with a preacher on the radio, telling him his theology was repressive, when she noticed she was going 75 mph. She cruised through the lights of town and turned down the long-familiar driveway to their house by the lake. In the back seat were two tins of tea for gifts and 132 critical essays by her 17-year-old students on Robert Frost's poem "The Road Not Taken" ("Two roads diverged in a yellow wood, . . . and I—I took the one less traveled by, And that has made all the difference") that she was planning to grade on Monday. Her parents' house seemed like a quiet retreat with only her and Hjalmar and Virginia for Christmas.

She pulled up the driveway and parked by the old limestone wall. She got out the shopping bag of presents and essays and walked up three steps to the back door and put her bare hand on the cold brass knob and a sudden cold thought came to mind: *This soon shall pass. And it won't be too long.* She swayed slightly and then went in. "Hello," said Hjalmar, and kissed her. "Hello, dear, you look so wonderful," said Virginia. The tree was in the same place, beside the old piano, in front of the bright fish tank. Orange and silver guppies seemed to swim among the ornaments, drifting to and fro, like orange and silver snowflakes that never reach the ground, fish in the branches among the lights.

Dozens of exiles returned for Christmas. At Our Lady of Perpetual Responsibility, Father Emil roused himself from bed, where he's been down with cancer since Columbus Day, and said Christmas Eve Mass. He was inspired by the sight of all the lapsed Catholics parading into church with their unbaptized children, and he gave them a hard homily, strolling right down into the congregation. "Shame. Shame on us for leaving what we were given that was true and good," he said. "To receive a great treasure in our younger days and to abandon it so that we can lie down in the mud with swine." He stood, one hand on the back of a pew, and everyone in that pew—children of this church who grew up and moved away and did well and now tell humorous stories at parties about Father Emil and what it was like to grow up Catholic—all of them shuddered a little, afraid he might grab them by their Harris-tweed collars and stand them up and ask them questions. "What a shame. What a shame." They came for Christmas, to hear music and see the candles and smell incense and feel hopeful, and here was their old priest with hair in his ears

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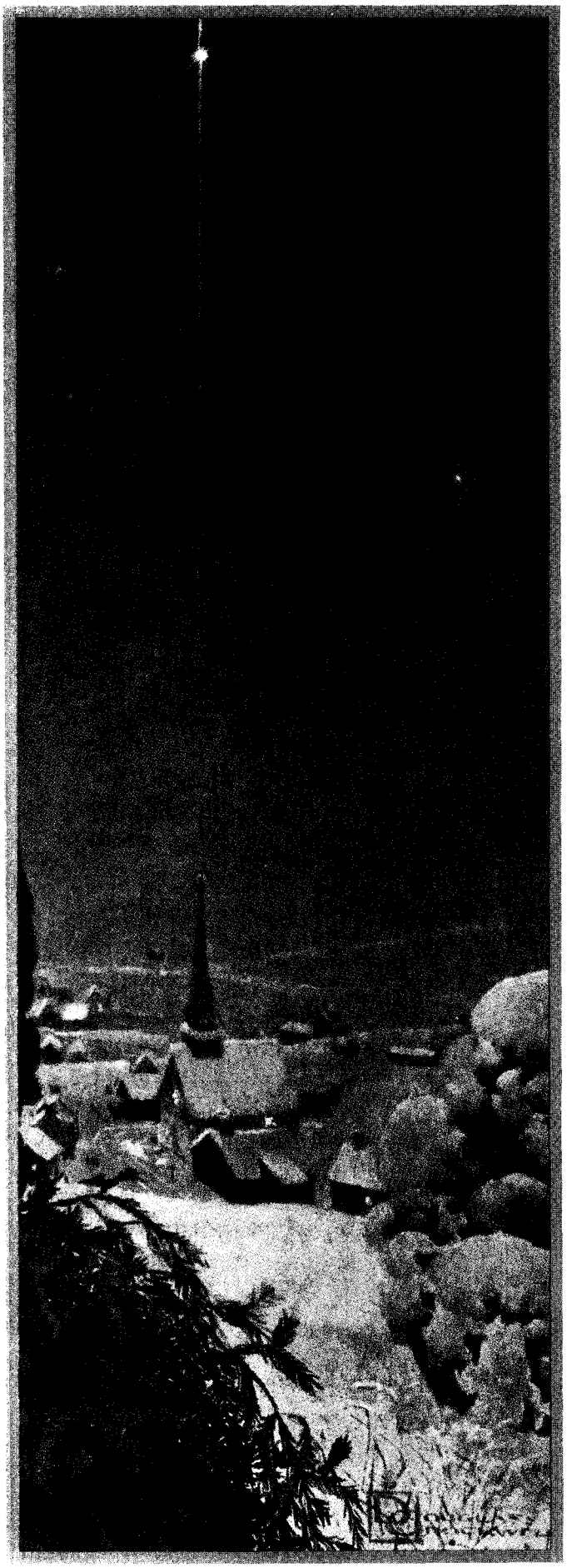
whacking them around—was it a brain cancer he had? *Shame, shame on us.* He looked around at all the little children he'd given first communion to, now grown heavy and prosperous and sad and indolent, but clever enough to explain their indolence and sadness as a rebellion against orthodoxy, a protest, adventurous, intellectual, which really was only dullness of spirit. He stopped. It was so quiet you could hear them not breathing. Then he said that this was why Our Lord had come, to rescue us from dullness of spirit, and so the shepherds had found and so shall we, and then it was Christmas again.

Dozens of exiles were back, including some whom their families weren't expecting because they'd said they weren't coming, couldn't come, were sorry but it was just out of the question. But Christmas exerts powerful forces. We turn a corner in a wretched shopping mall and some few bars of a tune turn a switch in our heads and gates open and tons of water thunder through Grand Coulee, the big turbines spin, electricity flows, and we get in our car and go back, like salmon.

Larry the Sad Boy was there, who was saved twelve times in the Lutheran Church, an all-time record. Between 1953 and 1961, he threw himself weeping and contrite on God's throne of grace on twelve separate occasions—and this in a Lutheran church that wasn't evangelical, had no altar call, no organist playing "Just As I Am Without One Plea" while a choir hummed and a guy with shiny hair took hold of your heartstrings and played you like a cheap guitar—this is the Lutheran church, not a bunch of hillbillies—these are Scandinavians, and they repent in the same way that they sin: discreetly, tastefully, at the proper time, and bring a Jell-O salad for afterward. Larry Sorenson came forward weeping buckets and crumpled up at the communion rail, to the amazement of the minister, who had delivered a dry sermon about stewardship, and who now had to put his arm around this limp soggy individual and pray with him and see if he had a ride home. *Twelve times.* Even we fundamentalists got tired of him. Granted, we're born in original sin and are worthless and vile, but twelve conversions is too many. God didn't mean us to feel guilt all our lives. There comes a point when you should dry your tears and join the building committee and start grappling with the problems of the church furnace and the church roof and make church coffee and be of use, but Larry kept on repenting and repenting. He came up for Christmas and got drunk and knocked over the Christmas tree. That was before 2:00 p.m. He spent the next eight hours apologizing for it, and the penance was worse than the crime.

Eddie the Jealous Boy came home. He told his parents that he wasn't going to come, but they didn't protest enough, and he felt unwanted and so he came up with his lovely wife, Eunice. She is the most beautiful woman ever to leave Lake Wobegon, having been elected Tri-County Queen in 1960, Miss Sixth Congressional District the same year, first runner-up in the 1962 Miss Midwest contest, and then Miss Upper Mississippi Basin by the U.S. Corps of Engineers, and having won them all, she retired from royalty because it made Eddie crazy to see other men look at her and like her. If she so much as touched a man on the arm in a friendly way, it meant she'd later spend hours listening to Eddie's hot dry angry voice and endure days of his silence, and so this funny and lovely woman has tried to please him and make herself quiet and dull and unattrac-



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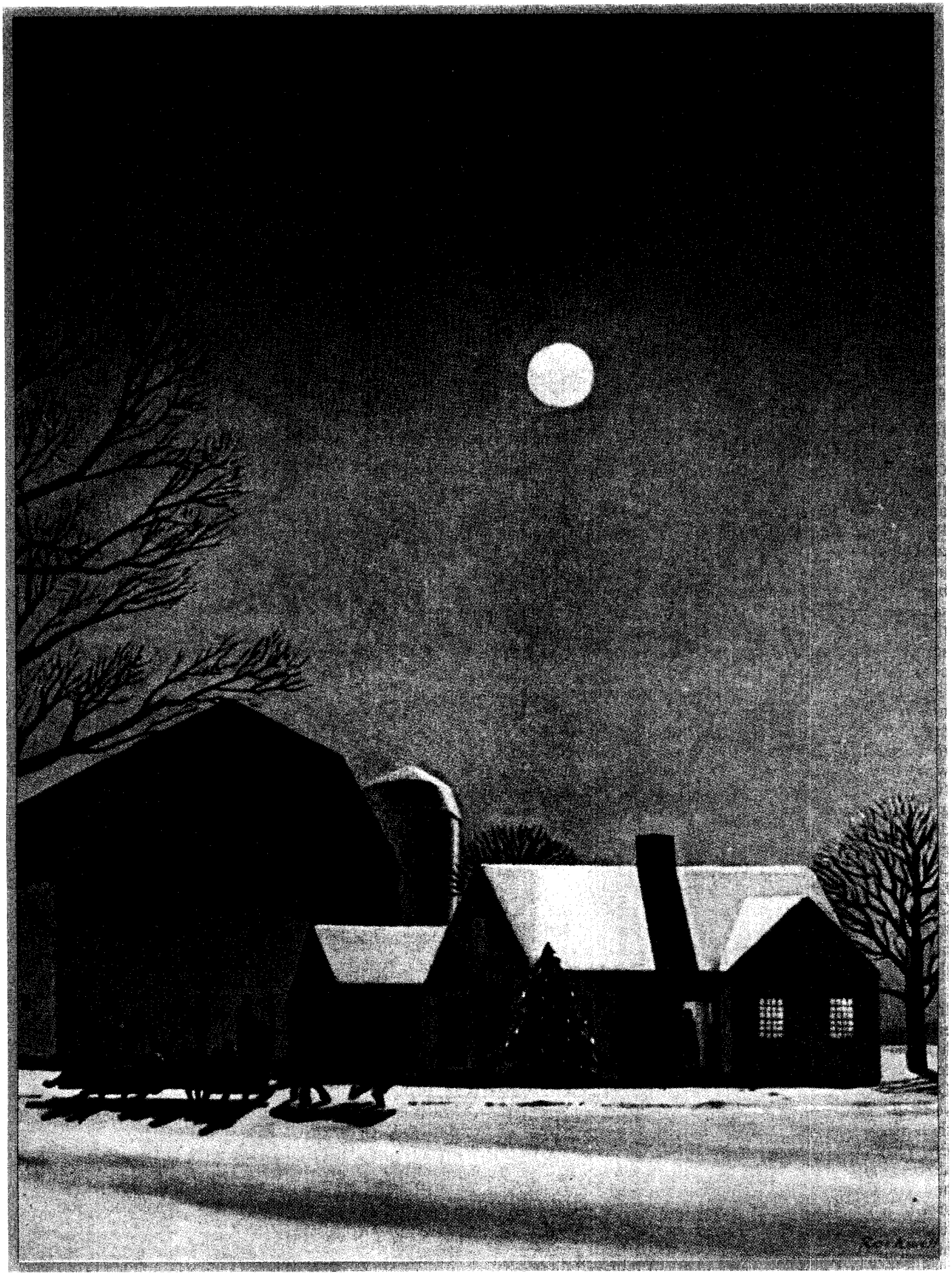

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tive, but he's more jealous than ever. On Christmas afternoon, when he looked up from a robot he was assembling and noticed that Eunice and her brother-in-law Fred were nowhere to be seen, he tore around in a frenzy, ran outdoors, got in the car (there is no motel in town), and headed for the skating rink. The warming house was open. Maybe they were kissing in there. Maybe they were skating together. Maybe they were off in the woods, naked in the snow. He saw her alone, walking. He jumped out, ran up, and said, "Where is he? Where's Fred?" She stared back at him with a dull look in her eyes. "Fred didn't come for Christmas this year," she said. "Don't you remember? He and Marcie went to Des Moines."

Corinne put off grading those papers until Monday and got busy baking cookies and some little currant buns from an old Norwegian recipe. She hadn't had them since she was little, and now she was baking them herself. Amazing: a delicious smell from childhood that brings back every sweet old aunt and grandma as if they're there beside you, and you do it with just a little saffron. Monday night she made herself start those papers, and then carolers came, and it wasn't until Tuesday afternoon that she really faced up to it, 132 essays of 500 words each, about 70,000 words about the poem "Two roads diverged in a yellow wood, . . . and I—I took the one less traveled by, And that has made all the difference." And of those words at least 10,000 were *I, me,* or *mine—This poem makes me think of what happened to me when I was ten and my parents said to me* . . . For them, all roads converged into the first person singular. It was hard reading, very hard, and their teacher finally chose the road that led away from the stack of essays toward the Christmas tree and the fish tank. A lovely thing about Christmas is that it's compulsory, like a thunderstorm, and we all go through it together, it's not individual, it's sociable.

Foxy the Proud Boy came home, but now he is Richard to everyone, except among his close pals in the grain-futures business in Minneapolis, where he is Pinky. He drove up in a pink 1987 Ferlinghetti, a car so fabulous that when he sits in it, even en route to his origins in a little house painted lavatory green, he feels attractive and *special.* He forgets his dull seedy relatives, who come out and look at his fantastic car, its red leather seats, the incredible instrument panel that shows you the tides, the movements of planets and galaxies. They peer in the tinted windows and say, "Cheess, there's no room in there, Richard—two seats—what are you thinking of—whaddaya do when you got things to haul?" They don't see that Richard is traveling light, he's secure in himself, and with Vanessa sitting next to him, that's a total reality and his life is complete, and yet—Why does he turn pale when he leads this fabulous woman in a silver-lamé shirt into the dim little house? Why does he tremble? Is it the pictures on the walls: the praying hands, the *Threshers* by Millet, a Winslow Homer ship, needlepoint, "Ve Get Too Soon Oldt and Too Late Schmardt"? Is it his family, who never learned the art of making conversation because they only talk to people they know? A slow and terrible death, asphyxiation in your own past. All afternoon he's dying to get back in the Ferlinghetti and go home. At the first decent opportunity, he begins the long ritual good-by: Well, I guess it's time we . . . no, really, ma. Vanessa has to [lie lie lie]. Well, O.K., just one, but then we got to [lie]. No, I'd like to but we promised these friends we'd [lie lie]. Finally, with a wave and a roar, they pull away and she turns to Richard the Proud and says, "They were nice. I liked them." But his eyes are full of tears, from exhaustion and relief and guilt and from pride—he really does love this car, it gives him so much pleasure.

Corinne didn't see Richard, Larry, or Eddie. She stayed home. On Christmas Eve, she and Hjalmar and Virginia sat and talked and listened to the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, both sides, A and B, and their old scratchy record of Lionel Barrymore in *A Christmas Carol.* They watched Midnight Mass from Saint Patrick's Cathedral in New York and ate the saffron buns. In the morning, Hjalmar took their dog, Puddles, for a walk. A mile away, the old dog was exhausted. Hjalmar had to pick him up and carry him home. Hjalmar was too tired to drive into Saint Cloud to the Powers Hotel for the elegant Christmas buffet, and so, because there were only three of them, Corinne said, "Let's not fuss, let's make a little turkey dinner with the microwave Daddy got you for Christmas last year." "Fine," Virginia said, "it's under the bed in the guest room, in the box." They both studied the operating manual. In its attempt to describe the incredible flexibility of the microwave, its various functions and options and alternatives, the infinite variety and joy of the thing, it bewildered them. The control panel had buttons numbered from 0 to 9 and other buttons that said: Over, Stop, Clear, From, Time, Recall, Auto, Memory. Which brought back the memory of how lovely it was to put water in a pot, boil it, and drop stuff in—"No!" Corinne cried. "We can't let electronics defeat us!" They put the frozen turkey-dinner pouches in the microwave, pushed a combination of buttons that made the light go on and the fan whirr, and left the kitchen and went and conversed until the bell rang, but something was wrong: the peas were a bluish green, the pouch of turkey had flecks of silvery ash in it. They had each had two glasses of sherry and were in a philosophical mood. Corinne looked at her mother, her mother looked at Corinne. "Well," said Corinne, "I'll never have babies." "So," said Virginia, "I'll never be a grandma." "That's life," they said, "let's go to David and Judy's and see what Christian charity really is worth nowadays. They invited us, didn't they—? It was a month ago and we said no, but we didn't know then what we know now, so let's go."

The Reverend David Ingqvist and wife, Judith, were in the midst of an argument when they heard the knock on the door. They were arguing whether she is always wrong or not: she was saying that, yes, she can never do anything right, and never pleases him, and he was saying that, no, she was wrong now but she is usually right and, no, she often pleases him and, yes, he does tell her—when he opened the door, expecting to find someone with a gift in hand, and saw his aunt and uncle and cousin. "Hello," said Hjalmar. "We thought we'd come down." "How are you?" said Virginia. "Merry Christmas." "What're you having for dinner?" asked Corinne. "Aren't you going to invite us in?"

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HIGH HOPES ON THE SLOPES

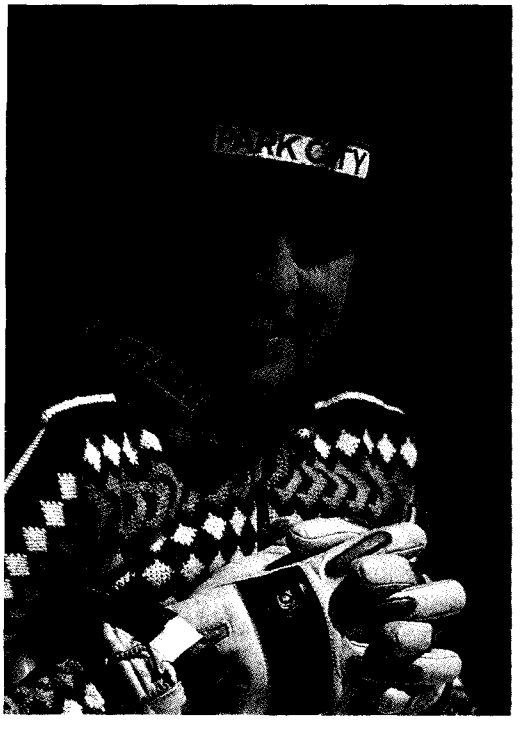
They're no powder puffs—four of America's top-rated female ski racers will be tough to beat at the Calgary Winter Olympics.

by Walter Roessing

Light patches of summer fog were still drifting over the California coastline when 15 young women arrived at Stinson Beach, 20 miles north of San Francisco. Though dressed in various types of beachwear, these women weren't there to play. As members of the U.S. Ski Team, they had driven to this beach to continue a rigorous routine that had started hours earlier at the Marin Sports and Fitness Center.

Under the supervision of their trainer, Chris Tucker, the women loosened up with agility exercises. Then, splitting into groups of three, they began two hours of grueling, repetitive sprints in the sand. Perspiring profusely from the sheer physical effort, they ran a series of 25-, 50-, 70-, and 80-yard dashes. It was heavy going in the sand, but no one complained.

Pam Fletcher's sport may be all downhill, but her recent victories have her Olympic prospects looking nowhere but up.



Lori Adamski-Peek

Conditioning, mental attitude, and competing on home territory will help the ski team excel, Tamara McKinney says.

Tucker says America's ski racers must undergo such demanding summer workouts because "you can take three months off in football or baseball, but you can't afford such luxury in skiing. Ski racing is a sport that requires total dedication 11 months of the year, which means there's no time for school and boyfriends."

World-class skier Tamara McKinney agrees with that philosophy. "1988 is an Olympic year, and we've got to be tougher than the Europeans if we expect to win our share of medals," she emphasizes.

Indeed, when the 1988 Winter Games are held from February 13 to 28 in America's backyard at Calgary, Canada, Tamara and three other young Americans named Debbie Armstrong, Diann Roffe, and Pam Fletcher will be odds-on favorites to win one or more medals. Three of those racers have already won medals in Olympic and World Championship events, including two gold.

Who are these "Golden Girls" named Tamara, Debbie, Diann, and Pam? What have they done, and why are all four rated so highly as Olympic contenders for 1988?

Tamara McKinney is the superstar of America's ski team. She has won 18 World Cup races and ranks as the third best slalom and giant slalom skier of all time. She has also annexed six U.S. national titles and earned medals in the 1985 and 1987 Alpine Skiing World Championships in Italy and Switzerland, respectively.

The pint-sized, 25-year-old pistol from Squaw Valley, California, was the best woman skier on the planet in 1983. That's the year she became the only U.S. woman to win the overall World Cup title. Capturing that crown—which means you've beaten the best skiers in the world in the triple disciplines of slalom, giant slalom, and downhill—is akin to winning the Triple Crown in major-league baseball, a feat that hasn't been accomplished in 20 years.

McKinney is the youngest of seven children, a brood that has produced several other champion skiers; her mom was formerly a ski instructor at Mt. Rose, Nevada.

Unlike most ski racers, McKinney doesn't overpower a course. Instead, she finesses her way to victory, employing a feathery touch as her skis twist and turn on the snow.

"I call Tamara 'Champ,' for obvious reasons," says Tucker, serving his fourth season as the trainer of the women's alpine ski team. "She's a remarkable athlete. In ten years of racing all over the world for the United States, she has never suffered a serious injury."

Unfortunately, the same can't be said for the three other Golden Girls. Take Debbie Armstrong, best known for winning the giant slalom (GS) gold medal in the 1984 Winter Olympics at Sarajevo, Yugoslavia. She also

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Competition in basketball, soccer, and volleyball has helped Debbie Armstrong, a 1984 Winter Olympics gold medalist, prepare for Calgary.

appeared to be on her way to superstar status when she suffered what many felt would be a career-ending crack-up in January 1986.

Armstrong was skiing so well that she was one of the favorites to win the downhill at the Bad Kleinkirchheim World Cup. But during the final training run, she misjudged a turn at 60 mph, spun out of control, slammed into the safety nets, and tore ligaments in her left knee. Her injury was so severe that doctors forced her to take a five-month rest.

But Armstrong appears to be on the comeback trail after winning the GS in the 1987 U.S. National Championships at Copper Mountain, Colorado. That's good news for her fellow racers, because Armstrong is the "den mother," the unquestioned leader, of the U.S. contingent.

Next there's Diann Roffe—called "Roofie" by her teammates. Ten days after Armstrong's devastating spill in January 1986, Roffe whacked her left knee against a GS pole in Oberstaufen, West Germany. She caught a sharp piece of metal from the gate pole on her kneecap, cutting it to the bone. She had to undergo surgery for a torn tendon. Then, earlier this year, she was hobbled again by a stress fracture in her right foot. But Tucker is sure she'll be ready for the Calgary Olympics.

That's important, because this petite, 5'3" phenomenon from Upstate New York stunned the alpine ski scene in 1985 by claiming the women's GS gold medal in the Alpine Skiing World Championships in Italy at the ripe old age of 17. "With that surprising victory," Tucker says, "Roffe blossomed almost overnight from a teen-age girl into a young woman."

Combining the right skis with the right wax, the right snow conditions, and the right attitude, Pam Fletcher looked unbeatable during a pair of World Cup races at Vail, Colorado, in March 1986. Though starting in the 30th position, she sizzled down Vail's dry powder snow to win the downhill. Then, just 24 hours later, she appeared to have the Super G race won when—only three gates from the finish line—she hooked a tip, flipped into the air, crashed heavily to the snow, and severely injured an ankle.

But "Fletch," an effervescent, dynamic bundle of energy from Acton, Massachusetts, roared back in 1987. At the U.S. Nationals, she was the dominant force, with victories in the downhill, Super G, and combined.

Fletcher, 24, has been a skiing fanatic since her mother started teaching her at age three on the slopes of Nashoba Valley, Massachusetts, a mom-and-pop ski area owned by her family. Her dad likes to tell how "little Pam liked skiing so much that she would be in tears when we shut down the lifts at the end of the day."

Today, instead of tears, Fletcher and her teammates are all smiles, because they're confident their string of injuries is behind them. At the same time, they're a bit apprehensive about the Olympics, because with the Winter Games being held close to home, they realize extra pressure will be exerted on their psyches.

With a touch of sarcasm, McKinney says, "It's amazing how the American public remembers that we have a ski team about once every four years. If it wasn't for the Olympics, our team would receive very little support from the average American. All the other nations—like the Swiss, Austrians,

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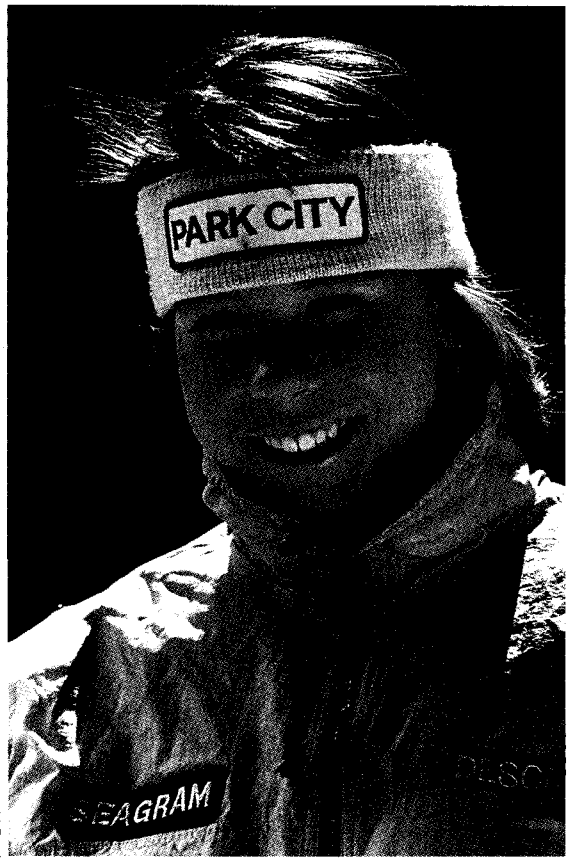
Women's sports come to a peak when skiers hit the Calgary slopes in the 1988 Winter Olympics, February 13-28.



Lori Adamski-Peek

Recovered from a series of accidents, Diann Roffe, who won a gold medal in Italy at the ripe old age of 17, will be ready for Calgary.

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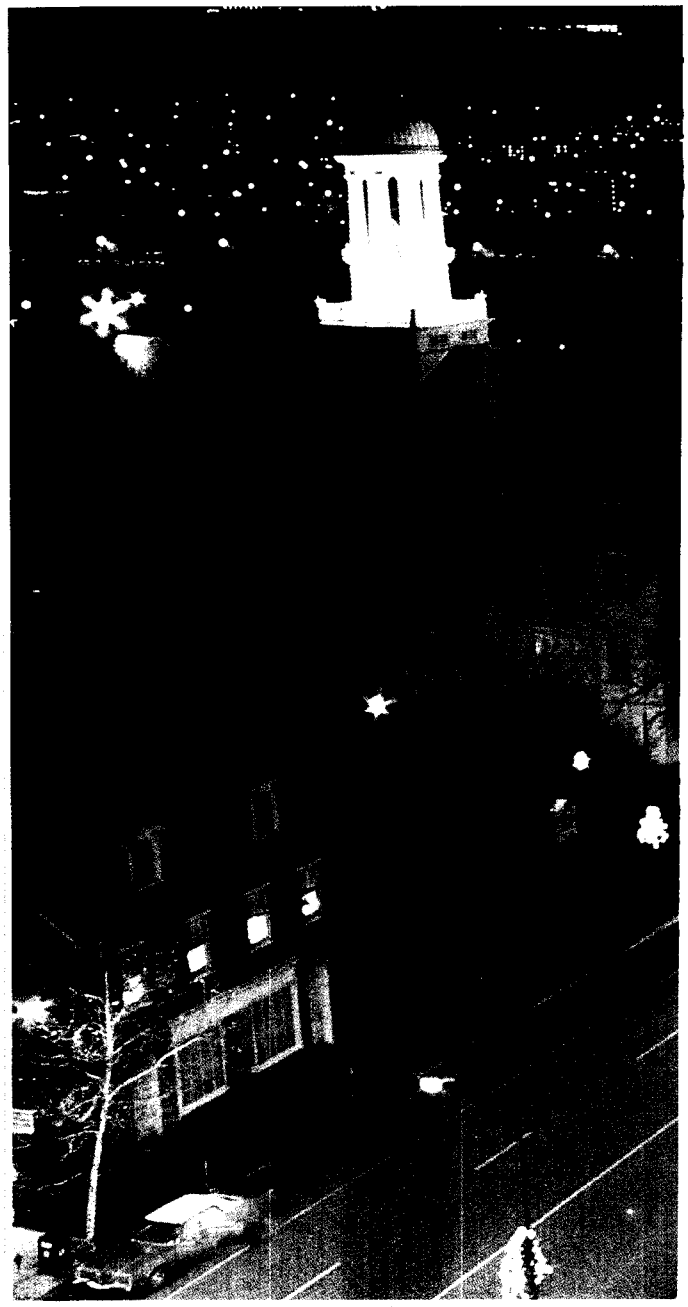
Christmas in bethlehem

A little town no more, this Pennsylvania community preserves the spirit of Christmas past.

by Sarah Ferrell

As night falls, there are lights everywhere you look, lights and trees and stars. Single white candles burn in each small windowpane of the old stone buildings on Church Street; a procession of hundreds of white-lighted Christmas trees marches down Main Street and across the Hill-to-Hill Bridge. Multipointed parchment stars, illuminated from within, hang over porches, and a white giant—more than 80 feet high at the longest of its eight points—glimmers across the valley from South Mountain. Christmas has come to Christmas City U.S.A., Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

Bethlehem has been in the Christmas business for half a century. The first giant star was set in place in 1933, and bridges and streets were lighted for Christmas of 1937—yet the town remains blessedly free of any hint of Santa's-Village-Rudolph-the-Red-Nosed-Reindeer kitsch. Christmas may be money in the bank for the local merchants, but it's also gracious, dignified, and seriously festive. The season is not rushed: the lights go on only on the first Sunday of Advent, the liturgical season that encompasses the four Sundays preceding Christmas.



Bethlehem's traditional Moravian music fills the air each December, and even the humblest decorations silently follow in accompaniment.

The town's Main Street, its snug cafés and bright shops set in restored Victorian storefronts, is warm and cozy, suggesting the joys of a Dickensian yuletide. But an even older tradition, that of Bethlehem's Moravian settlers, is what gives Bethlehem's Christmas its

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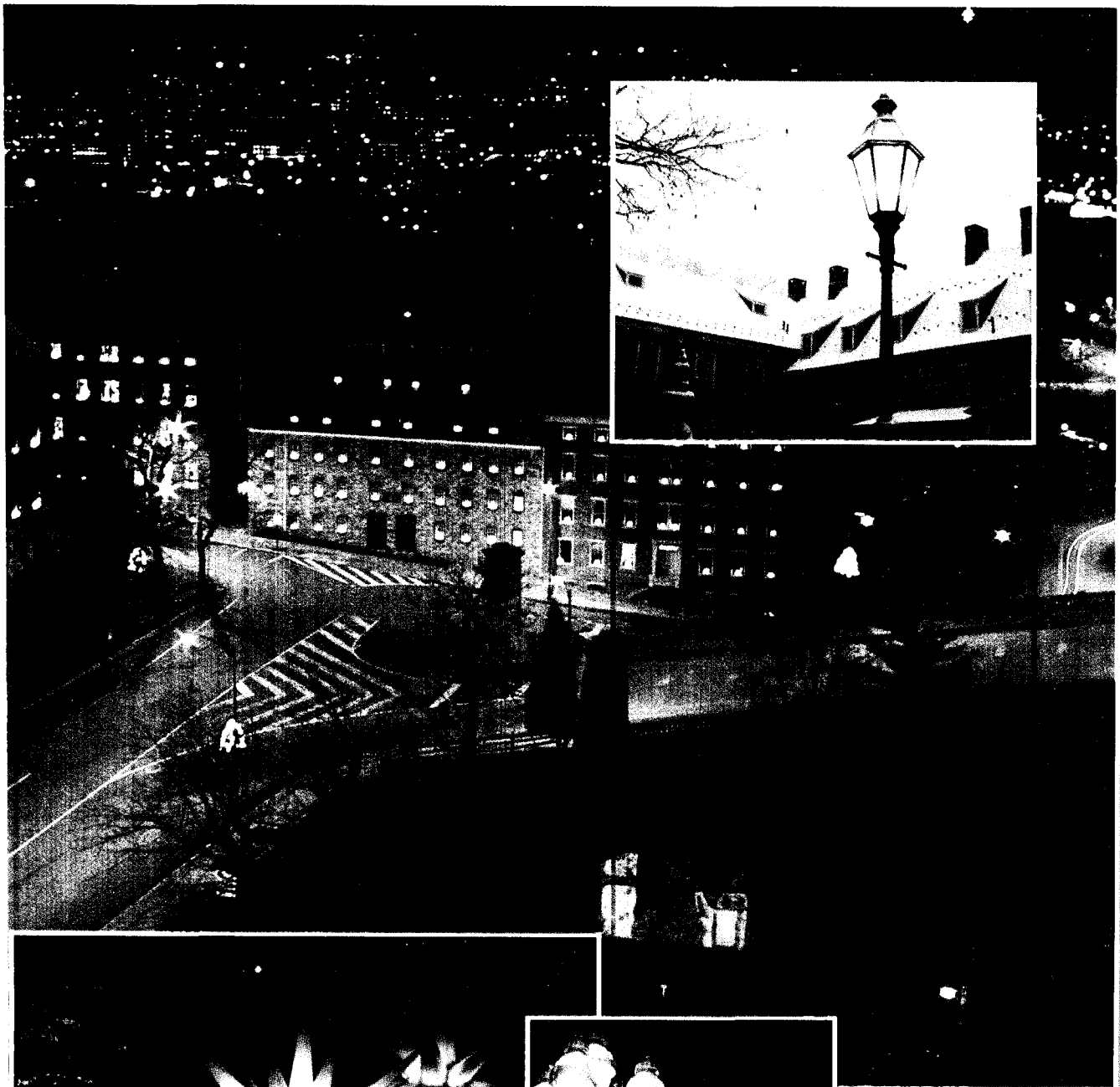

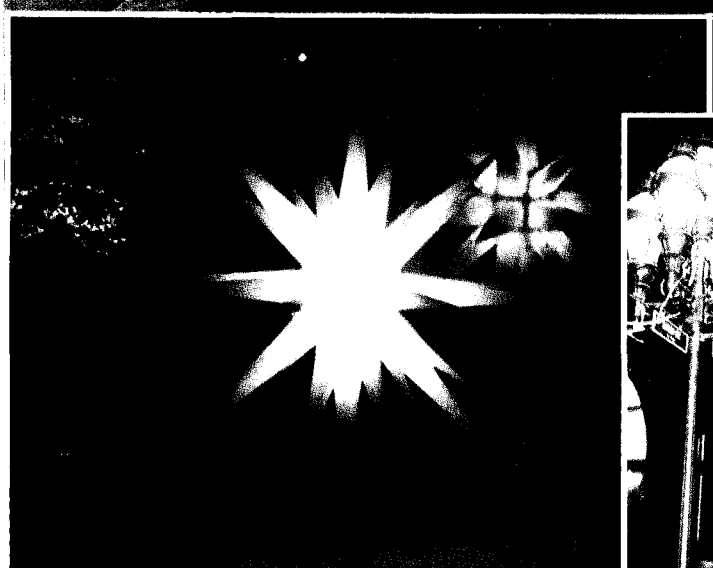

No longer beacons to unconverted Indians, 26-pointed stars still beckon travelers in search of an old-fashioned Christmas.

Christmas City U.S.A. is the center of a world of lights and stars, an emblem for the most radiant of seasons.

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refreshingly noncommercial flavor. Indeed, the Moravians, Protestants who came from Bohemia, Germany, and Moravia as missionaries to the American Indians and settled in the Lehigh Valley in 1741, started the whole thing. That year, their settlement was visited by their German patron, Count Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf. When the community met for vigil services on Christmas Eve, the count led them in a hymn that begins "Not Jerusalem—lowly Bethlehem/'Twas that gave us Christ to save us." The event is recalled by a plaque on an exterior wall of the Hotel Bethlehem (which stands on the site of the log stable in which the service was conducted) as well as by a mural in its Pioneer Room.

The lobby of the Hotel Bethlehem, swagged with greens and colored lights, contains several gaily decorated trees. On a Sunday morning, the desk clerk can be heard humming carols to himself, and there is a happy bustle as tour groups, designated by name tags, prepare to move into action. "Come on, Jaybirds, let's fly!" a Southern voice says.

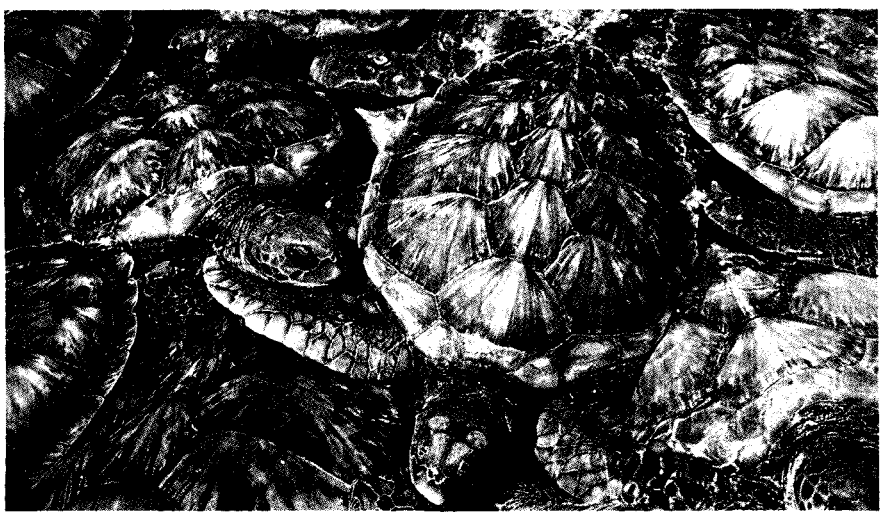
And fly they do, to the nearby Central Moravian Church, which, built from 1803 to 1806, is the heart of both the historic district and the contemporary Moravian community. Outside, the church is topped by a colonnaded belfry crowned with a dome, from which a 20-member trombone choir, another Moravian tradition, heralds the coming of Christmas and other important festivals; the interior, which can seat up to 1,050 people, is austere, with a curved sounding board—this is a preacher's church and the acoustics are superb. An enormous 26-pointed star, the Moravian star that originated in Germany a century or more ago, glows yellow above the two-tiered pulpit; poinsettias and bouquets of red and yellow roses punctuate the row of decorative columns at the front of the church, and the winter sun streams through the plain glass windows.

The church welcomes visitors, and some groups return year after year to participate in the Advent services. (The Christmas Eve vigil service, at which the hymn that gave the town its name is still sung, is, however, open only to members of the congregation and their families.) After church, visitors may reward themselves with the Hotel Bethlehem's Sundays-only hunt brunch, a staggering buffet of scrapple and sticky buns and homemade sausage and apple fritters and pies and—well, you get the idea. All you can eat—and they mean it—is $11.01, including tax and gratuity.

The Caymans—From Turtles to Tourists

Like the latest best-selling novelist or the hottest movie star, Grand Cayman has been "discovered." It's the "in" island of the '80s, the Caribbean's newest overnight success story. But unlike many places whose vogue fades quickly after only a few seasons' fame, Grand Cayman is likely to enjoy long-lasting popularity.

Just 22 miles long by 8 miles wide, Grand Cayman is almost triple the size of its sister islands, Little Cayman and Cayman Brac. All three Cayman Islands, situated 500 miles south of Miami and 200 miles south of Cuba, seem more like tiny specks in the vast ocean than the jutting peaks of the huge undersea mountain they actually are. Their deep waters are among the most fish-filled in the world—Grand Cayman puts marine life on view like nowhere else.



Coming out of one's shell may be the goal of many a carefree visitor to the Cayman Islands, but for these local residents it's no laughing matter.

For starters, it has 20 different scuba and snorkeling operations, an unusually large number for such a small island. In fact, for many years scuba divers were the only tourists. Both the snorkeling and the diving are so good that on Grand Cayman—often referred to as the "Super Bowl of Scuba"—even many of the cruise-ship passengers head straight for the reefs and leave their shopping until the last minute.

Yet you don't need special scuba training to see Grand Cayman's underwater vistas. Its three deep-diving vehicles make it the submarine capital of the world. The specially constructed *Atlantis* can transport 28 passengers down to 150 feet. She's based on the same concept as the venerable glass-bottom boat, except that passengers sit on long benches while viewing through portholes. The rides last about 45 minutes.

A real diving thrill is offered by Research Submersibles Ltd.'s smaller craft, which can transport two people 800 feet down to view a genuine shipwreck. Another sub, which can dive to 2,000 feet, is available whenever it's not in use by marine researchers. Grand Cayman is one of the few places in the world that offer tourists such deep dives.

Even the shallowest sub dive or snorkel trip is an unforgettable ex-

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Another Moravian tradition in which visitors can take part is the Christmas putz—the word derives from the German word meaning "to decorate"—a Nativity scene set in a tiny landscape made of natural greens and stones and mosses. Although most putzes decorate private households, both the East Hills Moravian Church, on Butztown Road, and the Central Moravian Church have community putzes open to the public.

The Central Moravian putz, in the church's Christian Education Building, is a small-scale son et lumière; you shuffle in and find a seat in semidarkness, and then, as the Christmas story is heard on tape, spotlights pick out little groups of carved figures representing such scenes as the annunciation to the shepherds, the heavenly host in full song, the Nativity itself, the flight into Egypt. Then the auditorium lights go up so that visitors can crowd up to the small stage on which the putz is built and inspect the more than 120 carved and colored figures, both old and newly made. Seen as a whole, the composition is that of an early Renaissance painting with the simultaneous narratives. Here, for example, are the Magi following their star, adoring the Child in the manger, appearing before Herod, and on the way out of Jerusalem, all at the same time. After these charming miniatures, the lifesize municipal Nativity scene, set up in the wide windswept City Center Plaza, looks out of scale.

Along Main Street, shop windows are filled with high-quality children's clothing and toys and jewelry and imported woolens and—especially—Christmas-tree ornaments of the most nostalgic sort. This is the place to stock up on ornaments in the shape of Father Christmas (a skinnier version of Santa Claus), or cats or dogs or elephants, or bunches of grapes or bananas, or bright parrots or frogs or mushrooms, or angels that look beguilingly like the heroines of 19th-century melodramas, golden ringlets and all. The Moravian Bookshop carries several sizes of spiky stars, made of gold or silver paper, guaranteed to fill in the gaps of the skimpiest tree. Adjacent to the bookshop is the Moravian Cookshop, which sells cookware and crafts and jams and honey and candy.

The gift shop of the Goundie House Museum, an 1810 brick townhouse farther along Main Street, offers even more nostalgia, especially painted glass lightbulb covers in the form of peacocks and teddy bears and Santas and the

Caribbean scuba divers and fishermen are unanimous about the water quality near the Caymans: "The best."

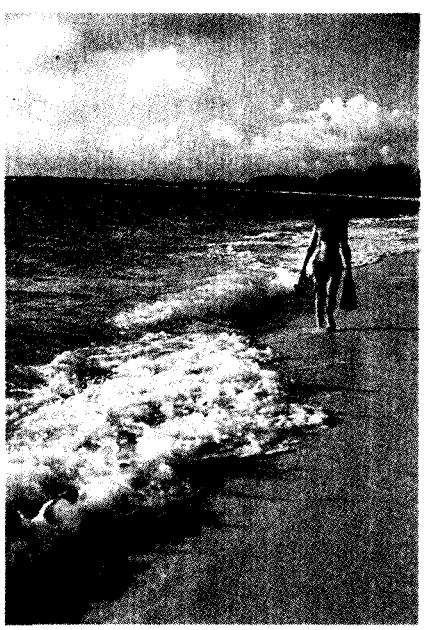
perience. The fish are so tame they readily swim to people for handouts. Huge vase sponges, large enough for a diver to sit inside, and giant mounds of coral are commonplace.

Bordering this underwater wonderland on the west coast is spectacular Seven Mile Beach, one of the Caribbean's finest. Seven Mile Beach, which honest locals admit is actually a little less than six miles long, fronts a placid bay that normally is no more rippled than a swimming pool, thanks to the direction of the prevailing winds. As one might expect, Seven Mile Beach is hotel-condo row. Although most of the beachfront has been almost completely developed—more by condominiums than by hotels—all of it remains open for walking, jogging, swimming, and sunning.

When temporarily out of the water or off the beach, visitors are most likely to go to two unusual sightseeing locations. One is Hell, a small blackened cluster of sharp limestone formations that look volcanic in origin and supposedly resemble the charred remains of hellfire. A post office (which furnishes a "Hell" postmark) and souvenir shops stand adjacent to this strange formation.

Some 17,000 marine turtles, ranging from newborns to mature adults, live at the Cayman Turtle Farm. The farm, which furnishes all the island's fresh turtle steaks, is an open-air exhibit of how the turtles are bred and reared. So scarce were turtles locally when the farm started in 1968 that eggs needed for the hatching program had to be imported from Costa Rica and other areas. None of the turtle items on sale in the gift shop can be brought back into the United States, because marine turtles are on its endangered species list.

Turtling was Grand Cayman's first major industry. In the 1500s, turtles were so abundant that explorers claimed they looked like rocks cluttering the shore and the seaway. The seemingly innumerable turtles were soon wiped out, giving way to the more profitable business of buccaneering. Most of the great pirates visited or headquartered at Grand Cayman: Henry Morgan watered his ships there in 1670 before sailing off to attack Panama, and on one stopover Blackbeard is said to have shot and lamed his mate Israel Hands, whom Robert Louis



Seven Mile Beach is more like six—but its other attractions just might make up for the disappointment.

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like. They slip over miniature tree lights, held in place by a rubber gasket.

When one's appetite for shopping and eating flags, there are other museums—among them the Kemerer Museum on North New Street and its collections of domestic furniture and decorative arts, and the Apothecary Museum, tucked behind the Moravian Bookshop—as well as more old Moravian sites. The most important of these is the Gemein Haus, a large clapboard-covered log structure on West Church Street, the oldest structure in Bethlehem, built in 1741.

The Gemein Haus now contains the Moravian Museum on the first two of its five floors; it has exhibits of Moravian furniture, needlework, toys, and musical instruments (especially trombones), as well as memorabilia of Count Zinzendorf, including his sword cane. On the upper floor is the *saal*, the first place of community worship, and its original, uncomfortably backless benches. Nearby are the distinctively simple 18th-century stone buildings, several with double stoops whose names—the Single Sisters' House, the Single Brothers' House, the Widows' House—indicate their function in the early community.

The 18th-Century Industrial Area, set along the banks of Monocacy Creek, down a steep slope behind the Hotel Bethlehem, is another slice of early Moravian life. The area includes a tannery, built in 1761; a waterworks, from a year later; and a gristmill, opened in 1869, that stands on the site of two earlier mills.

Any Christmas visit to Bethlehem should end with one of the Night Light Tours. The bus tours, which take about an hour and are conducted by a guide in early Moravian dress, leave from the Lehigh Valley Bank Building at Guetter and Broad streets. The route passes by the Nativity scene and giant Advent wreath in City Center Plaza and through the colonial Moravian district before crossing the Hill-to-Hill Bridge and its parade of lighted trees. It then proceeds up Wyandotte Street, past Victorian houses decorated for the season, and up South Mountain. Weather permitting, tour members are allowed a brief stop at Lehigh University's Mountaintop Campus. There, as they look out, winter stars sparkle in the frosty night sky, and a soft white glow blankets the landscape as far as the eye can see.

Christmas City U.S.A. is not a little town any more, but it is the center of a world of lights and stars, an emblem for the most radiant of seasons.

Stevenson later immortalized in *Treasure Island*.

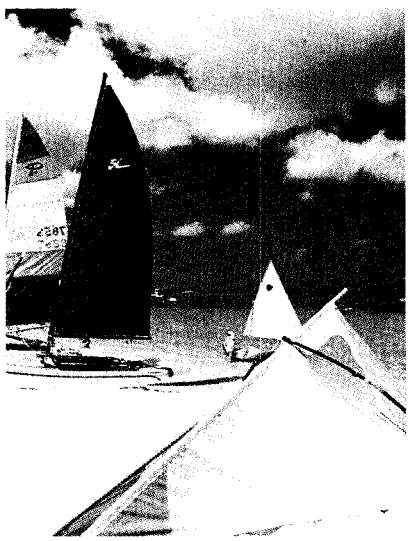
Grand Cayman has no pirate museum to commemorate those swashbuckling days, but something even better: Pirates' Week, the island's biggest celebration of the year, held every October. Locals dress in festive pirate costumes (tourists are encouraged to do so as well), and in general, everyone tries to see how much grog he can drink.

Even before the current tourist boom, Grand Cayman was one of the Caribbean's most prosperous islands, ranked with Switzerland and Liechtenstein as one of the world's largest international banking centers. Although the island's population numbers only around 20,000, at last count it had nearly 500 registered banks and another 17,700 licensed corporations. Most do not actually exist on site; they are instead represented through other banks or trust companies doing business there. Thus, they are discreetly hidden, not evident on every corner like convenience stores.

Not exactly Switzerland—but George Town, Grand Cayman, is a banking capital too, and the fishing's a lot better.

Despite its enviable financial situation, the government has followed a policy of carefully controlled growth and development in order to prevent the island from suffering the way some other islands did from over-rapid expansion. This policy has given Caymanians a per-capita income among the highest in the Caribbean and defused possible resentments against tourists. On the contrary, the Caymanians are open, friendly people who genuinely like us.

To prove it, they've provided a much broader range of accommodations than most islands. Preeminent are the condominiums along Seven Mile Beach, where visitors typically stay a week and sometimes as long as a month. True luxury hotels are only a recent addition, the first having opened in late 1985—the Grand Pavilion, a small 60-room facility with what many regard as the island's best restaurant.



One of the world's safest places to windsurf, the waters fronting Seven Mile Beach are remarkably placid.

Last winter, the Grand Pavilion had to relinquish its position as the Caymans' only luxury hotel when the new $50 million, 236-room Hyatt Regency Grand Cayman opened just a few blocks away. The Hyatt faces the new Jack Nicklaus-designed Cayman Course, the first golf course in the world featuring the use of a Cayman golf ball. This ball, lighter than the traditional golf ball, trav-

continued on page 74

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The Choir Boys

From the cover of *The Saturday Evening Post* and the workshops of Italy comes this limited-edition figurine in fine porcelain.

Throughout the 1930s and 40s, Frances Tipton Hunter delighted *Saturday Evening Post* readers with her illustrations of children caught in familiar circumstances—usually full of mischief. No illustration was more beloved than her December 10, 1938, cover of *The Choir Boys*, a portrait of five little imps whose saintly attire and angelic faces are betrayed by evidence of a recent difference of opinion.

Italian Craftsmanship

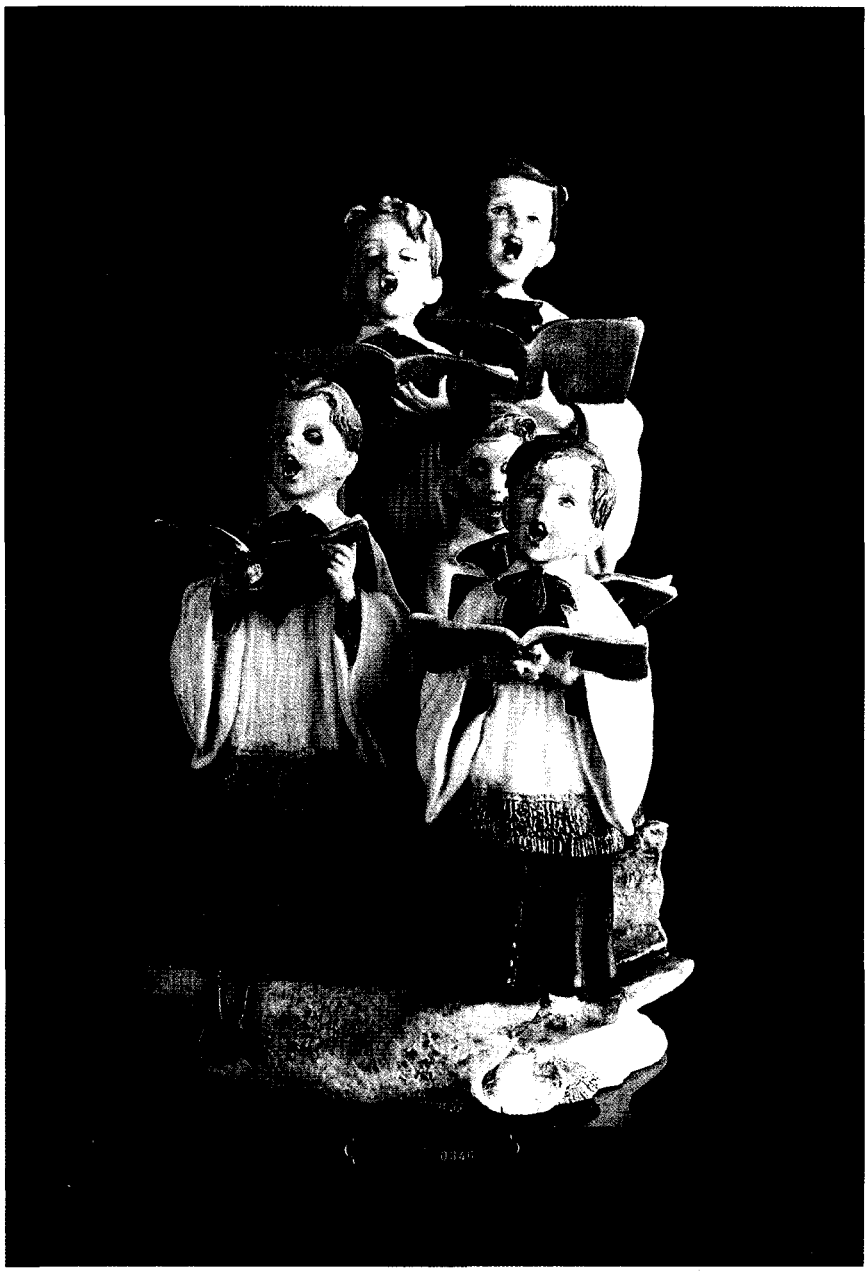
Forty years later, in a workshop in the shadow of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, Italian artist Giuseppe Armani recreated Hunter's choirboys in an exquisitely crafted sculpture that captures the mischievous spirit of these instant, if temporary, angels. Armani's apprenticeship under the masters of his craft, his long years of work perfecting his style, and his special love for children shine through brilliantly in this precious sculpture.

Hand Painted in Fine Porcelain

From Armani's original only 5,000 reproductions have been made. Each fine-porcelain figurine is hand painted in extraordinary detail, from the tops of the boys' bruised heads to the tips of their bandaged fingers and the bottoms of their buttoned robes. *The Choir Boys* stands 11¾" tall and comes mounted on a beautiful 6¼" x 6¼" wood base bearing the personal number of this limited-edition work of art.

A Timeless Treasure Available Now

These heavenly rascals made a return visit to the *Post* when Armani's figurine was featured on the cover of the December 1986 issue. Why not invite *The Choir Boys* into your home permanently? This piece is now available for $325, including postage and handling. What better heirloom to pass on to the little angels in your family?



Mail to:
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The Choir Boys

Please accept my order for *The Choir Boys* figurine, one of 5,000 numbered, limited-edition copies of the original sculpture by Giuseppe Armani of Italy. Each fine-porcelain, hand-painted figurine, mounted on a beautiful wood base, is priced at $325, including shipping and handling.

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Created in 1886 for society's elite, the **Jekyll Island Club** has been fully restored into a world-class hotel and resort. For information, circle **32**

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***The Saturday Evening Post* Reader Service Center**
December 1987

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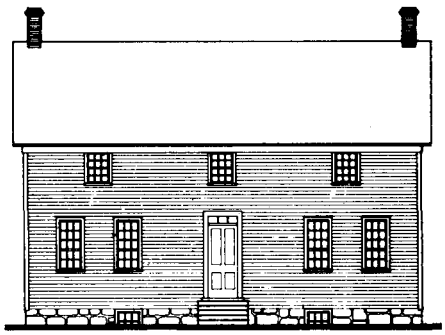

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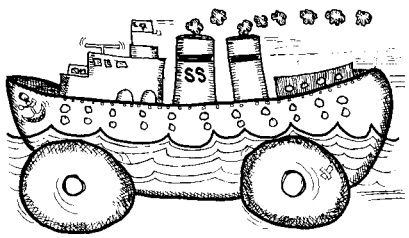

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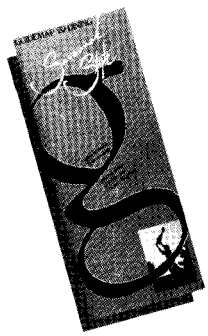

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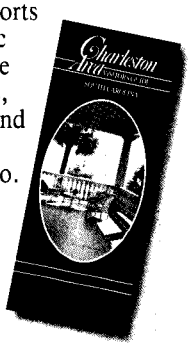

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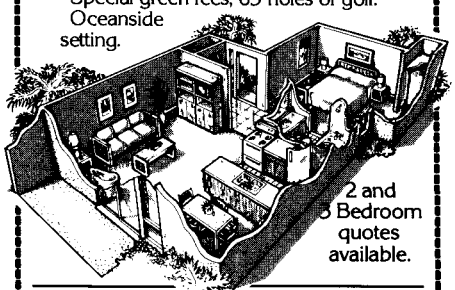

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els only about half the distance.

Few other hotels quite match the Grand Pavilion or the Hyatt, but the old-timers have one advantage: they are directly on the beach. The Holiday Inn, for example, has a very large water-sports operation that offers scuba diving, windsurfing, sailing, jet skiing, and parasailing, as well as day picnics on a catamaran.

All the water-oriented activities make shopping a lesser draw than it is elsewhere, yet the main city of George Town, like all major cruise-ship ports, is well-stocked. Besides the beautiful black-coral jewelry made on the island, stores feature duty-free crystal, perfumes, watches, and electronic equipment. Although the official currency is the Cayman or C.I. dollar, U.S. dollars are gladly accepted anywhere. However, our dollar is worth only about three-quarters of the Cayman dollar.

Two museums, the Maritime Museum and McKee's Treasures from the Golden Galleons, provide safe harbor from the temptations of bargain shopping.

Most tourists are so busy they never go beyond Grand Cayman to either Little Cayman or Cayman Brac. Situated 89 miles to the northeast, both islands seem a world away, largely unaffected by the tourist boom. Little Cayman, just 10 miles long and a single mile wide, is the kind of deserted island vacationers dream of running away to. Burgess Meredith had the perfect getaway home there before the permanent population swelled to 22 and three guesthouses were built.

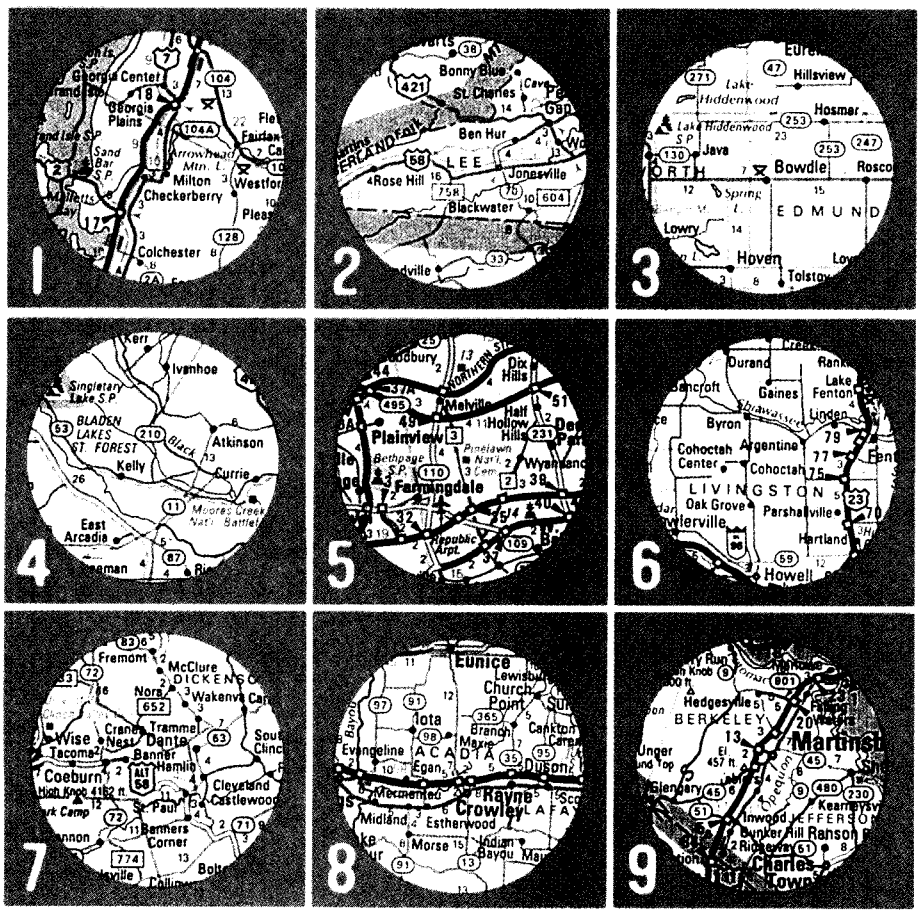
Only hard-core beachcombers, fishermen, and scuba divers go to Little Cayman, and they enjoy some of the finest bonefishing and small tarpon angling found anywhere. Jacques Cousteau himself ranked the deep wall on one side of Little Cayman as one of the most spectacular dives in all the Caribbean.

Cayman Brac appeals to the same sort of people. Separated from Little Cayman by a 5-mile-wide channel, the 12-mile-long, 1-mile-wide Brac has a population of 1,600—overcrowded by Little Cayman standards. Having only three hotels, Brac is dominated by a towering, cave-riddled cliff at one end of the island.

The weather in all the Caymans is so warm year round that any time is a good time to visit. The temperature ranges between 70 and 80 degrees in winter, 80 and 90 degrees in summer. Water temperatures between 80 and 86 degrees all year turn the ocean into one huge bathtub.

From dramatic ocean depths to colorful island attractions, the variety and beauty of Grand Cayman and company should keep the human population higher than the turtles' for many years to come.

—M. Timothy O'Keefe



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Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state, or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains, and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? (Hint: The three R's of the puzzle are Readin', 'Ritin', and trying to Remember where in the country these places are.) If you or a friend finds the game too easy (but you won't), use the hint to discover the theme of this month's map game. *(Answers on page 82)*

Playing Santa

continued from page 22

visitation program at your local nursing home or donate a book about pet care to your child's school library.

Creative ideas for pet gifts are limitless—so this year give a gift that contributes to the well-being and happiness of your pet or someone else's.

Questions for the Vet

Dear Dr. Whiteley,

I have never offered my cats catnip, but I read a lot about it. Should they have catnip? Where can I buy it?

Ellen Avelon
Memphis, Tennessee

Dear Ellen,

Catnip or catmint is the plant *Nepeta Cataria*, mildly intoxicating to about half of all cats. You can grow fresh catnip and dry it or buy small bags of dried catnip at your local pet store. Many people make toys stuffed with catnip for their cats. This might be a good Christmas project.

H.E.W.

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Dear Dr. Whiteley,

We have a dachshund that has suffered many bouts of disc disease. After the paralysis of the last episode, we took the dog to a specialist for back surgery. Unfortunately, the damage was too severe to correct with surgery, and Pepper drags her back legs. We have learned to live with the situation by constant care. We bathe her frequently and have learned to express her bladder and give enemas when needed. However, she has rubbing sores on the top of her feet from dragging them. My veterinarian has suggested a cart, similar to a wheelchair for dogs. Do you think it is worth the money and effort for a ten-year-old dog?

Ellen Bowman
Washington, D.C.

Dear Ellen,

Pepper is very lucky to have such caring and concerned people as owners. I believe that the cart or modified canine wheelchair would be a worthwhile investment. It should be custom-made for Pepper; therefore, I believe that your veterinarian is best qualified to work with you on fitting Pepper for the cart and ordering it. You might request a free brochure from K-9 Carts, 532 Newtown Road, Berwyn, Pennsylvania 19312. Louis McCoy, senior surgical technician at the Henry Bergh Memorial Animal Hospital of the ASPCA in New York, makes custom-built McCoy Wheelchairs for paraplegic pets.

H.E.W

Dear Dr. Whiteley,

My dog Duke has been blind for several years from cataracts. We recently moved to a new home, and he is having a terrible time finding his way around. I am now at the point of tying him to the back porch or having him put to sleep. What are your suggestions?

Douglas Wheeler
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Dear Douglas,

I suggest that you have a veterinary ophthalmologist at the Veterinary Teaching Hospital and Clinics, Louisiana State University, check Duke's eyes to determine if the blindness is treatable. Cataract surgery for dogs is now a reality. If blindness is permanent, you might make Duke a "White Cane." Write for a reprint of an article, "'White Canes' for Blind Dogs," that appeared in *Modern Veterinary Practice*, March 1987, c/o American Veterinary Publications, 5782 Thornwood Drive, Goleta, California 93117. The author of this article designed two semirigid plastic "canes" mounted to a dog's leather collar. The canes extend past the dog's nose on either side of the head, and the dog feels slight pressure against its collar and hears a sound when it walks into a barrier.

H.E.W.

Send your questions for the vet to: Vets on Pets, *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. Because of the volume of response, the editors regret we cannot reply personally to all letters.

Caroling

continued from page 45

fuel" were sung, I thought for a moment they were looking at me.

The group leader glanced my way and smiled, still, like me, unsure about the facts surrounding my defection from protocol but not unhappy with the result.

" 'The First Noel?' " he inquired of me.

"Number 15," I said in reply and grinned, and now the entire host of cherubim and seraphim held forth with: "The First Noel, the angels did say . . . ." Janet moved over next to me and gently squeezed my hand.

I remember very little about the rest of the evening. No one rebuked me for my abuse of the two-carol rule. In fact, they said nothing. Their gentle pats on the back told me all I needed to know. Janet met Danny later, and they blissfully departed. I took Susan home, and, as usual, did not dare kiss her good night. I went on to college the next year, and for all of the following years of school, I would be too displaced from the mainstream of small-town life to go caroling with the valiant singers of Christ Evangelical. I never saw Mr. and Mrs. Bundt again.

But I remember them. Every time I end up carrying my little boy through the last half of church caroling in our neighborhood. Every time I troop clumsily into a nursing home or some overheated little house to fill it with off-key singing. Every time I hear "Good King Wenceslas" I think of the dumb luck and brazen nerve that catapulted an insecure 17-year-old onto a slightly higher plane of being that special Christmas. ✝

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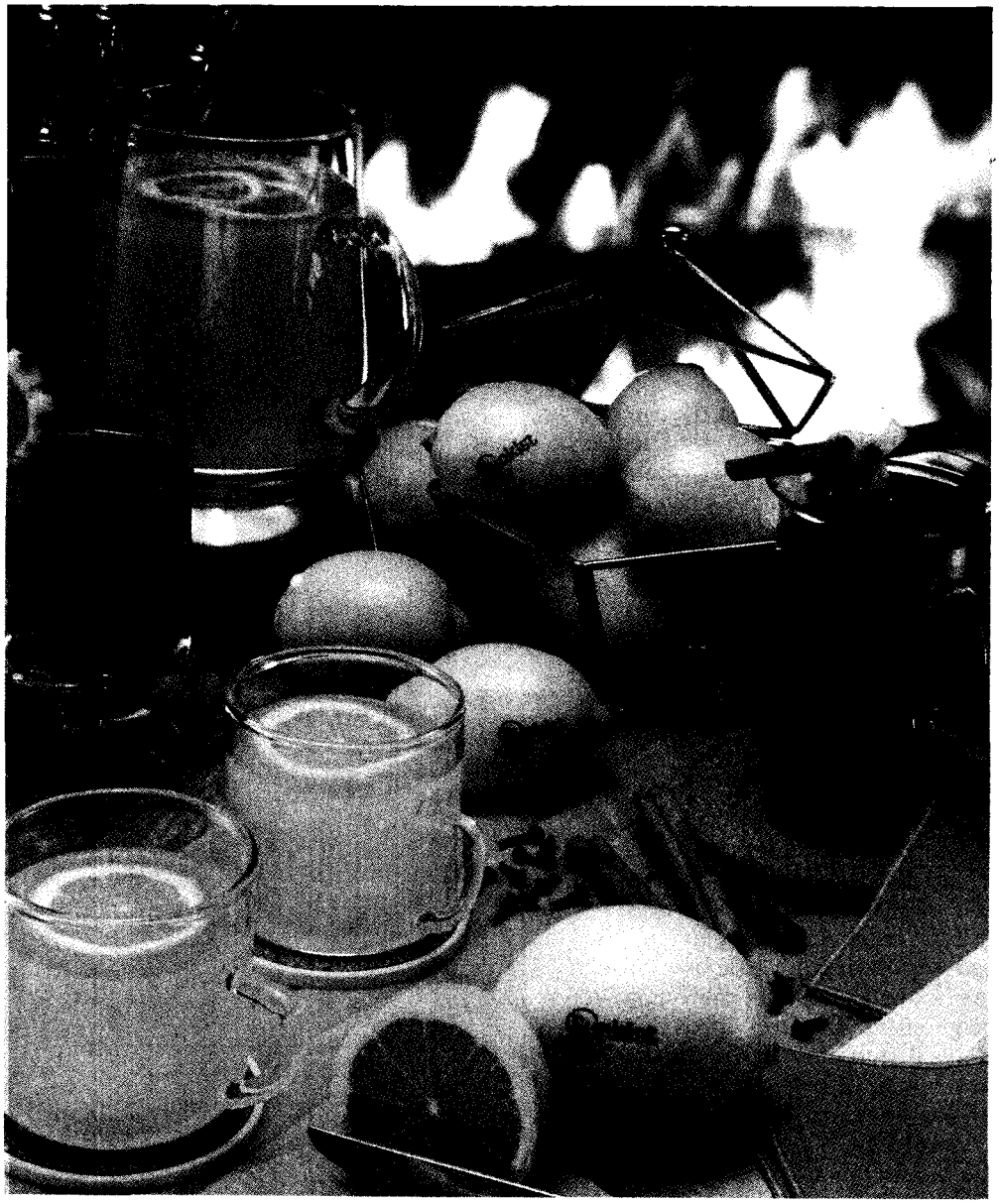
WARM GREETINGS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

A host of hot drinks will help keep spirits high for holiday entertaining.

by Jacquelyn Nyenhuis

A cherished highlight of the holiday season is entertaining family and friends. But the high quickly turns low when the cook is faced with hours of preparation. Solution: keep it simple. With a little planning and advance food preparation, the host won't fret over the feast.

Home brews and appetizers are welcome at any holiday happening. The lingering aromas of simmering juices and the taste of light, delicious appetizers are perfect companions to ar evening of relaxed conversation.



Greet family and friends with a delightful array of holiday drinks; a spicy hot tea or warming brew of citrus-cranberry punch will perk up any occasion.

Perk up a traditional tea with orange and lemon flavors, as in the recipe for Citrus Tea. Winter pears are in season, so why not take advantage of the delicious opportunity by stirring up a Warm and Rosy Pear Punch?

When microwaving liquids, stir the mixture immediately before heating If the beverages are left standing for even a short time, the surface tension of the water can prevent boiling bubbles from breaking through. Pressure can build up in the liquid and cause a hazardous eruption.

Spare yourself the hassles of last minute preparation by making the appetizers the day before the event Start the finger foods in the microwave and then finish cooking in the oven to brown.

Hot Russian Tea

(Makes 5 servings)

3 cups boiling water
3 tea bags
20 whole cloves
1 cinnamon stick
1 strip (about 3 inches) fresh orange peel
⅓ cup sugar
Juice of 2 Sunkist® oranges
Juice of 1 Sunkist lemon

Pour boiling water over tea bags spices, and orange peel. Cover and steep 5 minutes; strain. Stir in orange and lemon juices and sugar; heat Garnish with lemon cartwheel slice studded with whole cloves, if desired

Hot Cran-Lemon Wine Punch

(Makes 17 servings)

3 cups water
¾-1 cup sugar
20 whole cloves

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2 cinnamon sticks
1 bottle (32 oz.) cranberry juice cocktail
1 bottle (750 ml) rose wine
Juice of 6 Sunkist lemons (1 cup)

In saucepot, combine water, sugar, and spices. Bring to boil; stir to dissolve sugar. Reduce heat and simmer 5 minutes. Remove spices. Add remaining ingredients; heat. Float lemon cartwheel slices studded with whole cloves in punch, if desired.

Chilled punch variation: After simmering water, sugar, and spices, chill spiced mixture. To serve, remove cloves and cinnamon; in large punch bowl, combine spiced mixture and remaining ingredients. Add ice or float citrus ice ring.

Citrus Tea
(Makes 12 cups)

½ cup water
5 cups hot tea
¾ cup honey
¼ cup orange juice
½ cup lemon juice
5 whole cloves

Microwave water at High (100%) until boiling, about 10-15 minutes. Add tea and allow to steep until dark in color. Stir in honey, juices, and cloves. Serve hot.

Mocha Café au Lait
(Makes 4 servings)

1 ounce rich chocolate
¼ cup honey
1 cup boiling water
1 cup hot milk
1½ cups hot strong coffee
1 teaspoon vanilla

Microwave chocolate at Medium (50%) 2-2½ minutes or until almost melted. Stir until melted. Stir in honey and boiling water. Add hot milk, hot coffee, and vanilla. Serve immediately.

Hot Wassail
(Makes 12 servings)

2 quarts apple juice
1 cinnamon stick
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 can (6 oz.) frozen lemonade concentrate
1 can (12 oz.) frozen orange-pineapple juice concentrate
1 quart water
½ cup honey
¼ cup lemon juice

Combine first 3 ingredients in 3-quart container. Microwave at High (100%) 15-20 minutes or until flavors blend. Remove cinnamon stick. Stir in remaining ingredients. Microwave at High 5-10 minutes or until heated. Serve warm.

Carob Eggnog
(Makes 12 cups)

4 cups milk
4 eggs
3 tablespoons carob powder
4 tablespoons honey
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon freshly grated nutmeg

Microwave milk at High (100%) until heated, about 6-7 minutes. Beat eggs and carob powder until smooth. Stir into milk. Add honey, vanilla, and nutmeg. Microwave at High until heated through, about 5-6 minutes.

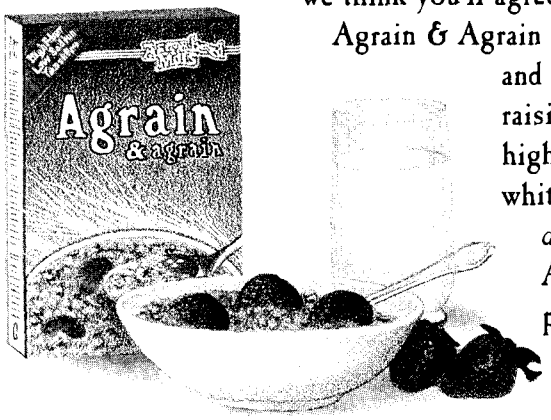
Crab-Stuffed Mushrooms
(Makes 2 dozen)

2 dozen large mushrooms, stemmed
2 teaspoons lemon juice

WHOLESOME EATING

Wholesome eating, worth repeating. That's why we call our new ready-to-eat breakfast cereal "Agrain & agrain". It's the kind of simple satisfaction that will bring you back bowl after bowl, again and again.

Agrain & agrain is Arrowhead Mills' version of one of today's most popular breakfast cereals, and we think you'll agree the improvements we've made make a real difference.



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8 ounces lump crab meat, rinsed and drained
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
2 tablespoons low-fat yogurt
2 tablespoons chopped fresh parsley
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
¼ teaspoon Beau Monde® seasoning
¼ cup sliced green onions, tops only
Dash hot-pepper sauce
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese

Arrange mushrooms on glass plate, stem side up. Cover with plastic wrap. Microwave at High (100%) until mushrooms are heated, about 4-5 minutes; set aside. Combine crab meat, lemon juice, mayonnaise, yogurt, parsley, garlic powder, seasoning, green onions, and hot-pepper sauce. Lightly stuff mushrooms with filling. Sprinkle with cheese. Place mushrooms on oven-proof tray.

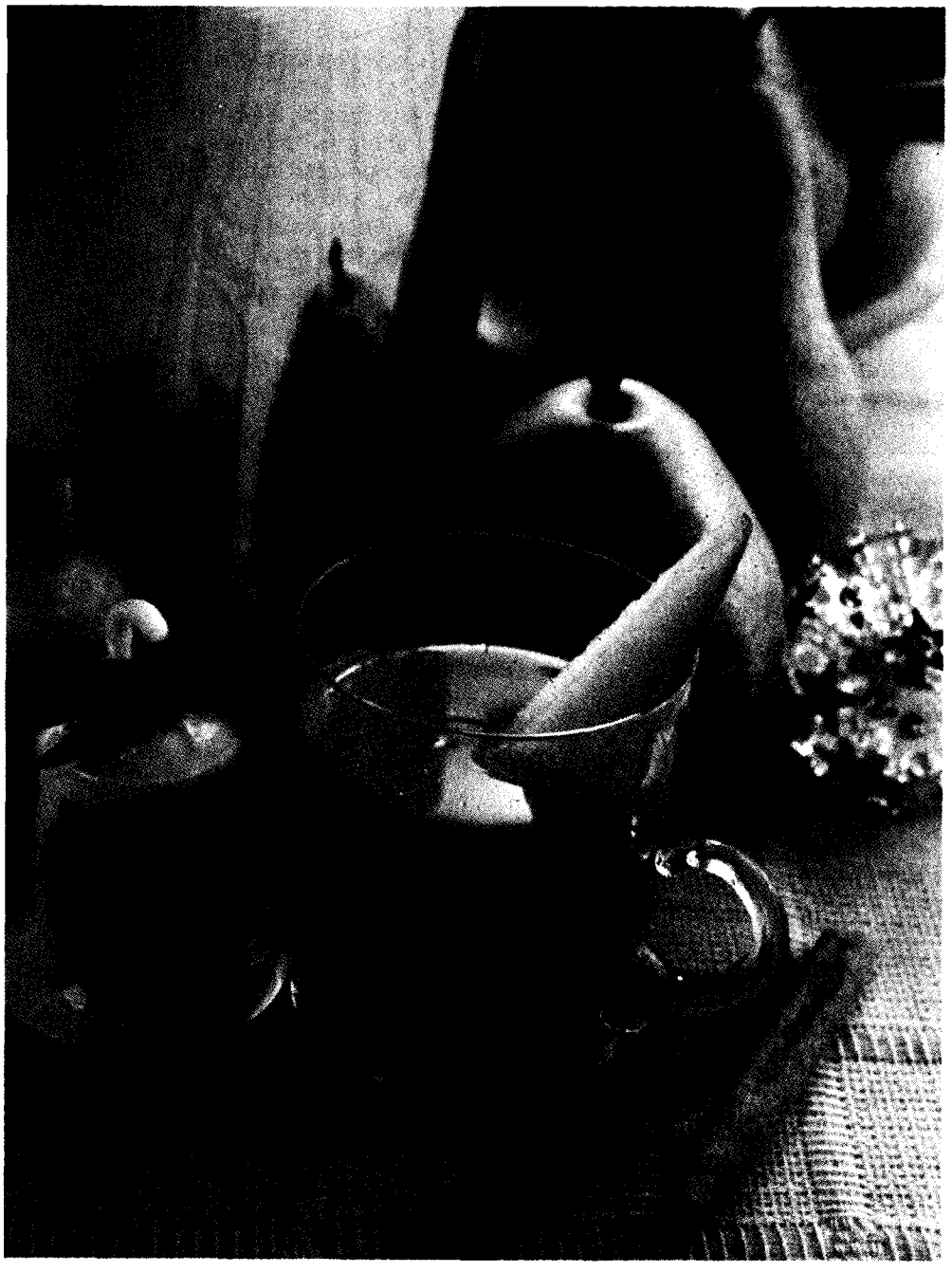
Bake mushrooms in preheated 400° F. oven 6-8 minutes or until lightly browned. Serve hot.

Warm and Rosy Pear Punch
(Makes about 22 servings)

4 cups cored and sliced pears
¼ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon
2 quarts rosé wine or cranberry juice
2 tablespoons lemon juice

In 4-quart saucepot, sprinkle pears with sugar and cinnamon; mix well. Heat over medium heat until pears are glazed. Add wine and heat thoroughly but *do not* allow mixture to boil; add lemon juice. If using cranberry juice, omit lemon juice.

Serving tip: Serve warm punch in punch glasses with 2 or 3 pear slices per serving.



Winter pears are in season. Make the most of the occasion by stirring up Warm and Rosy Pear Punch, sweetened with ground cinnamon and presented with fresh sliced pears.

Cheese and Pancetta Polenta
(Makes 2 dozen appetizers)

4 cups chicken broth
1 cup yellow corn meal
½ cup cold water
1 teaspoon salt, if desired
24 slices pancetta
3 ounces grated Emmenthaler cheese
3 ounces grated fontina cheese
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese

Microwave chicken broth at High (100%) until boiling, about 8-9 minutes. Combine corn meal, water, and salt in small bowl. Stir corn-meal mixture into boiling broth; stir until smooth and well-mixed. Microwave at High ½-1 minute or until thickened. Spoon into buttered 12″ x 16″ baking sheet. Refrigerate until set, about 1 hour.

Using round cookie cutter, make as many rounds as possible from polenta layer. Place on glass tray. Place one piece of pancetta on each round. Mix together cheeses and sprinkle over each round. Microwave at High until cheese is melted, about 1-2 minutes for 12 rounds.

Cheese Wafers
(Makes about 4 dozen)

4 ounces low-fat sharp cheddar cheese, grated
1 cup whole-wheat flour
¼ teaspoon red pepper
2 cups crisp rice cereal
½ cup margarine

Combine cheese, flour, pepper, and cereal in medium mixing bowl. Add margarine. Microwave at High (100%) until margarine starts to melt, about 1-1½ minutes. Stir until well-mixed. Form dime-sized balls. Place on ungreased cookie sheet. Using fork, flatten each ball. Bake in preheated 350° F. oven about 8-10 minutes or until golden brown.

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Hopes on the Slopes

continued from page 65

French, and Germans—subsidize their ski teams. But we're always in need of sponsors, and such financial support is a constant uphill battle."

Tucker adds, "In Europe, McKinney and Armstrong are sports idols because of their many accomplishments. And all over Europe, the U.S. team is given the kind of recognition that the New York Giants receive in the States. But despite all the medals we've won, ski racing is a forgotten sport in the U.S.—except in an Olympic year."

Nevertheless, most recreational skiers regard the Golden Girls as extremely lucky, because they get to race and train in such locales as Argentina, Austria, Norway, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, New Zealand, Switzerland, and Yugoslavia. Tucker, Armstrong, and McKinney have conflicting views, however, about the positive and negative effects of such travel.

"The Americans often are at a disadvantage in international ski racing, because 90 percent of the World Cup, World Championship, and Olympic events are held in Europe," Tucker explains. "So each year, we're required to make great adjustments to different languages, foods, lifestyles, and time zones. Even our coaches and trainers have had an incredible burnout rate because we're traveling all the time while the Europeans are staying at home. I used to get so depressed I'd never unpack my suitcase.

"Security became an added pressure in Europe last year because of the threat of terrorism. We removed the fancy emblems from our Subaru station wagons and Volkswagen vans and painted them all white. Now we fly only Swissair to Europe and throughout Europe because of the emphasis on security."

But Armstrong believes a ski racer's life is worth the price she pays. "I enjoy the lifestyle of a skier," Armstrong says. "While I can't pursue a few things I like, I don't feel it's a sacrifice. This is what I want to do and I'll stay with it as long as I enjoy it. I can do other things later in life. I know I'll continue skiing through 1989, because that's when the World Championships will be held on our home ground at Vail, Colorado.

"Life on the road makes you grow up fast because you learn to deal with people and how to handle situations. I got homesick the first year. But now I enjoy speaking French one day, German the next, and then Italian."

McKinney is more ambivalent about her lifestyle. There are times she loves what she's doing. There there are occasions when she talk

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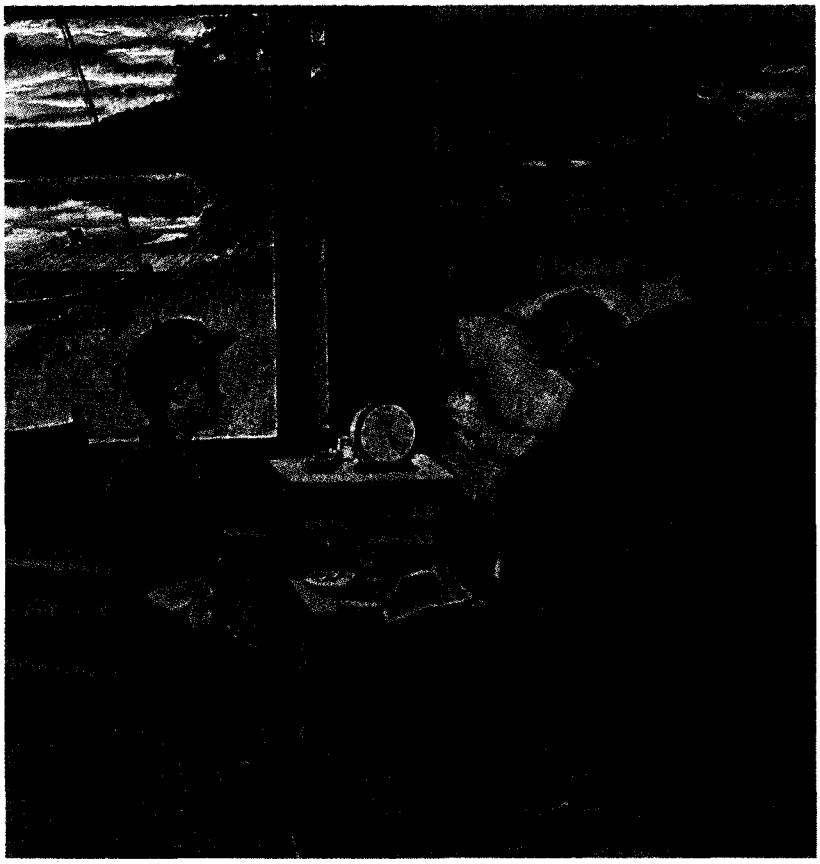

Can you name this picture?

. . . ***contest:*** $100 to the author of the winning caption for this picture. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick. Please send entry on a postcard. *No* self-addressed, stamped envelope is needed. We will also award $100 to the photographer whose submitted photo is published in next month's contest. 8″ x 10″ photos are preferred, along with a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return of photo if not used. Send all entries to: Photo Contest, *SatEvePost*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. All eligible caption entries must be postmarked by Dec. 20, 1987.

Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Bernita L. Smith, Downs, Kansas, for the winning entry in our September 1987 caption contest.

In Chicago, they needed a hero,
But my bat, like the fiddle of Nero,
Seemed to melt in my hands
Just like limp rubber bands
With the score at three hundred to zero.

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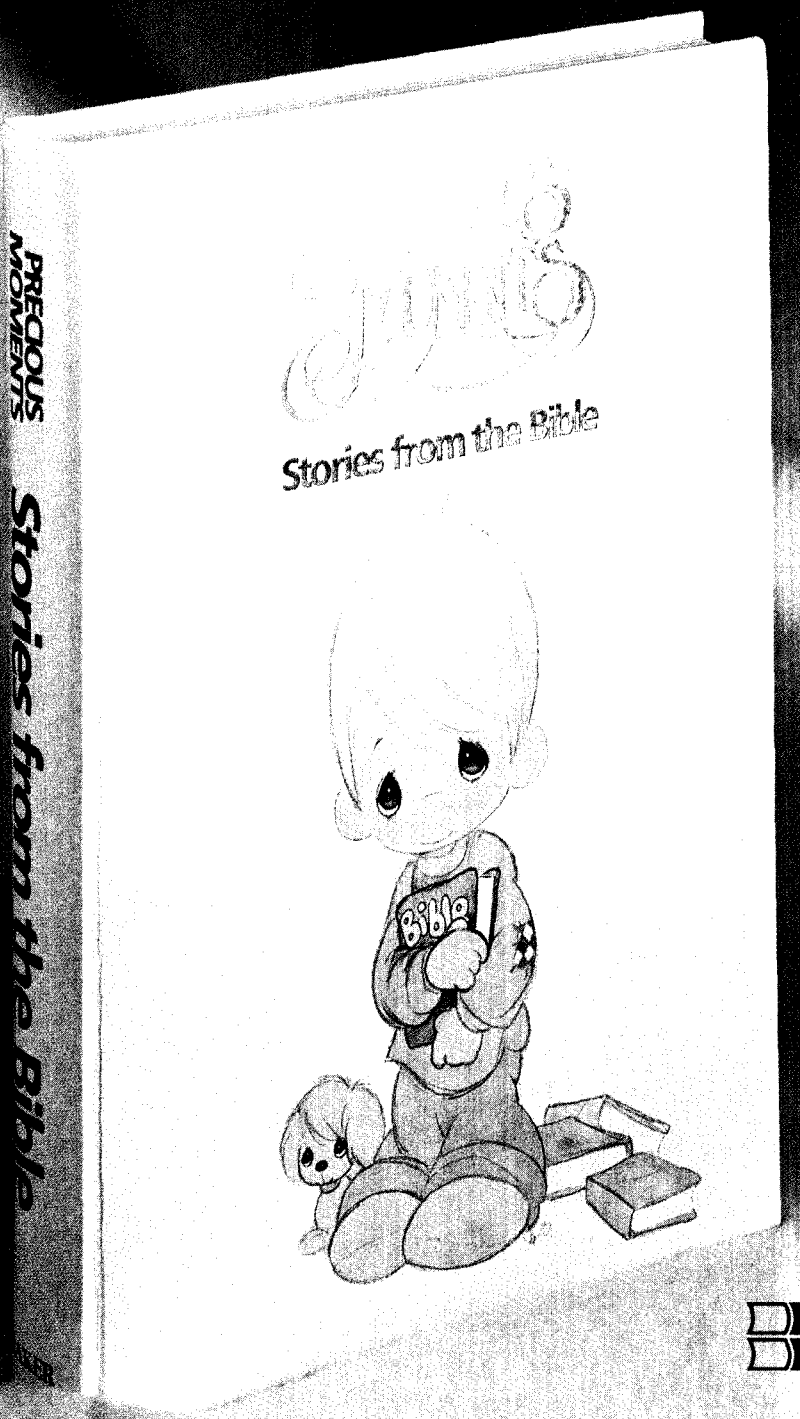

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about taking college courses in sunny San Diego—far from the wintry elements of the Alps. Bright and articulate, she had to halt her academic education after high school, like most world-class ski racers. It's obvious, however, she hasn't stopped learning.

"There's no question that travel is educational," McKinney points out. "I've been to some wonderful places that aren't normally seen by girls my age. I have enjoyed the chance to experience many different cultures, and I can speak German and a little French.

"But our lifestyle wouldn't be considered a normal way of living. For example, last year I made 14 round-trip flights over the Atlantic. And there are times that living closely with a dozen other girls is difficult to take."

Tucker says the Americans try to overcome the disadvantages of foreign languages, food, and lifestyle by being one big happy family. But it doesn't always work. "A girl is rooming with her best friend—but the next day she must race against her," Tucker explains. "They start getting on each other's nerves. As a result, the average roommate change is about once a month."

McKinney says she has also disliked the burden of having the team leadership rest squarely on her 5'4", 115-pound frame. But that's all in the past. Today this seasoned veteran is looking forward to the special aura of the Olympics. In fact, McKinney has three reasons she believes the U.S. women's team will excel at Calgary.

"First, we are in better physical shape than at any time in the last three years," she says.

"Second, our mental attitude is great. I feel everything between the teaching staff and racers is now on a friendly and positive basis.

"Finally, the Olympics are being held on *our* side of the Atlantic. It's important to note that whenever World Cup events are held in the U.S. and Canada we have a tendency to ski much better. So we expect that 'home-court advantage' will work in our favor in the Olympics." ✠

"Put it out that we would not be displeased to have a small extravaganza on our birthday."

Underground

continued from page 28

place it. But a newer furnace will have *some* energy-saving features, not to mention many years of useful life ahead of it.

Third, remember that heat pumps don't follow the surge-and-ebb pattern of combustion furnaces. The heated air from the ducts, therefore, won't feel as hot. To compensate, you may have to install larger ductwork or increase the number of registers. You'll certainly want to tighten up your home's insulation to improve the new system's efficiency. But by going that far, you may not need a new system.

Fourth, consider the shortage of trained heat-pump contractors. Even in the Southern states, where conventional air-source heat pumps are installed by the tens of thousands, it's difficult to find mechanics who can do the work. Nobody wants a $6,500 system compromised by shabby installation, yet ground-source heat pumps have 1,000 feet of buried plastic pipe that must stay sealed in order to work correctly. If your power company can't recommend a good contractor, maybe you should wait a few years.

The cost of ground-source heat pumps has fallen drastically in the past few years. Units priced at $10,000 a few years ago have dropped as low as $5,000 in some areas.

The advent of ground-source systems means that heat pumps will soon be as successful up North as they've been in the Sunbelt. ✠

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

(Answers from page 74)

(Theme: famous authors and works)

1. Vermont (Milton)
2. Virginia (Ben Hur)
3. South Dakota (Tolstoy)
4. North Carolina (Ivanhoe)
5. New York (Melville)
6. Michigan (Byron)
7. Virginia (Dante)
8. Louisiana (Evangeline
9. West Virginia (Marlowe)

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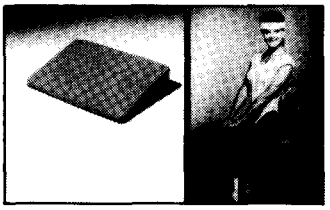

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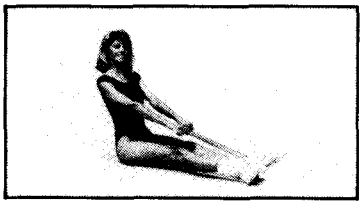

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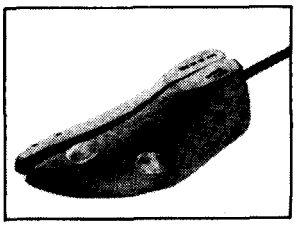

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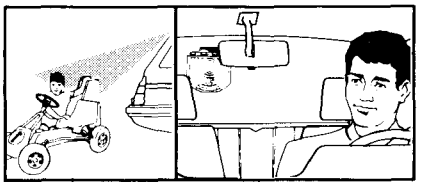

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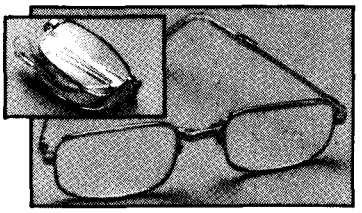

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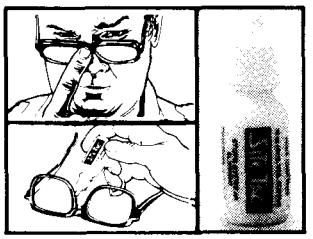

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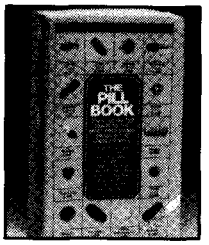

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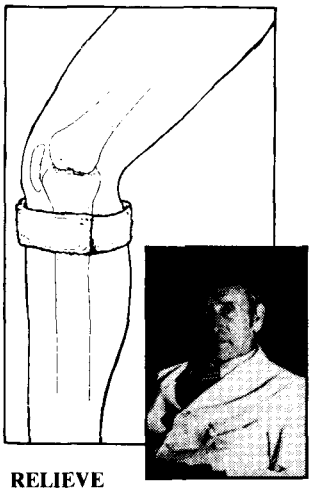

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DECK YOUR HALLS WITH HOUSEPLANTS

Don't banish precious plants to a back bedroom for the holidays—bring them out to mingle with poinsettia, holly, and mistletoe.

by Dr. Ellen Henke

Does Christmas foliage have to be exclusively prickly evergreens, transient poinsettias, and plastic holly and mistletoe? Must you hide your houseplants in a back bedroom when preparing your home for holiday guests? Why not enhance the homeyness and vitality of the season by integrating your houseplants into your Christmas decor? A little sprucing up can make houseplants that novel element to make this year's decorations special.

A good way to pattern Christmas arrangements with houseplants is to group small, detailed plants under broader-leafed, larger ones. It is usually best to combine only one variety of flowering plant with green foliage.

If you have tall houseplants, such as palms, bay laurels, or *Ficus benjamina*, just set seasonal flowering plants in the tall plants' pots and camouflage the smaller plants' pots with bark, sphagnum, or Spanish moss. Stick to colors that coincide with the rest of your decor. Cyclamen ranges from white to pink to red. Kalanchoes come in yellows, oranges, and many shades of red.

You can also reverse the arrangement and underplant poinsettias with such small houseplants as variegated miniature ivy, Swedish ivy, miniature peace lily, Dallas fern, or Boston fern. But avoid strongly variegated plants that might distract from the poinsettias.

Display a large Christmas cactus by itself, preferably on a pedestal so the branches can dangle. Small cactuses can be combined in a centerpiece with miniature ferns or miniature ivy. Amaryllis is another plant best displayed alone, perhaps in a decorative pot.

An entry-hall planter greets guests with poinsettia underset with ivy and philodendron.

But you say your houseplants are in no condition to sit alongside the store-bought seasonal ones? Following a few simple guidelines will have them looking their best as they deck your halls.

Debugging

Take a close look at your plants. Check the stems, undersurfaces of the leaves, bottoms of the pots, and all the places insects may hide. If you observe any problems, diagnose them (local nurseries or extension agents can help if your books fail you) and provide a good control before you set the plants in position for your holiday display.

If you are lucky enough to find all is well with your plants, you might want to do what I do and practice a little preventive medicine. Simply spray the foliage with one of the new insecticidal soaps (the modern version of grandma's remedy, 1 part mild liquid soap dissolved in 12 parts lukewarm water). Insecticidal soaps keep plants looking clean and smother any insects that might be looking for a happy winter home indoors. After cleaning, don't place sun-loving plants back in the sun until the foliage has dried completely. Plants with fuzzy leaves, such as African violets, and cactuses and other succulents are slightly more temperamental than other houseplants. For best results, simply spray them with lukewarm water or a recommended chemical control if they develop any specific problems.

Lightening Up

Indoor plants should be given the brightest light possible during the winter months. In fact, if you clean your windows as part of your holiday preparations, you will find that your plants will benefit too. Even shade-loving plants will need good light, though

Jane Ford Lopez

Clever arrangements enhance the beauty of many Christmas plants; others, such as Christmas cactus and amaryllis, should be displayed alone.

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not the direct sun, during these months of low natural light.

Humoring Humidity

The low wintertime humidity in our homes is as hard on our plants as it is on us. Increase the humidity by grouping your plants together in decorative arrangements or by placing them on trays of pebbles filled with water. (Be sure the pots do not sit in the water or you will have other problems.)

Potting and Repotting

If your plants are "pot bound," repot them in a new pot no more than two inches larger, or simply prune the top and the roots in equal proportion and repot into the same pot with fresh soil. Often a plant serves a specific decorative function indoors, so it is important not to allow it to outgrow the space.

To repot, turn the pot upside down and knock it against the edge of your workbench; be sure to support the plant. If you observe a tangled mass of roots, it is time to repot. Use a good soil mix, such as one-half vermiculite and one-half commercial potting soil. Add a little peat moss for such acid-loving plants as azaleas and a little sand for cactuses and succulents.

The author frees a flower's pinched roots in preparation for its role in beautifying a Christmas display.

Because cleanliness is extremely important in the nurturing of indoor plants, scrub an old clay pot well with soap and water and soak it overnight in a solution of one cup of bleach and ten cups of water. If stains and salts are still encrusted on the pot, give it a final scrubbing with household vinegar.

If you are using a new clay pot, simply soak it overnight to fill the pores with water. Plastic pots need only be washed with soapy water and rinsed well. You can grow excellent plants in either type of pot; just water less often if you use plastic ones. They don't breathe the way clay ones do, and so they hold water in longer. In fact, plastic pots are best for the person who doesn't have time to tend to plants regularly. On the other hand, the person who enjoys daily nurturing of indoor plants often has a tendency to overdo it, especially when watering. If that is your garden style, then clay pots will work best for you.

Place a coffee filter over the drain-

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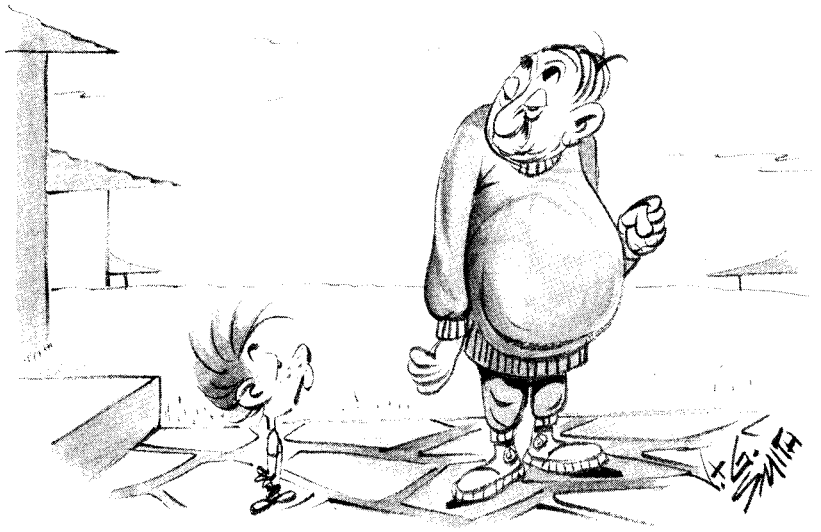
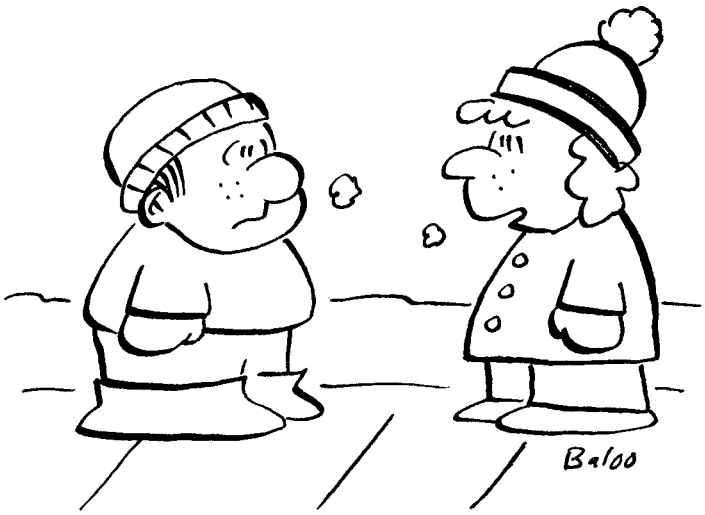
WISE BEYOND THEIR YEARS

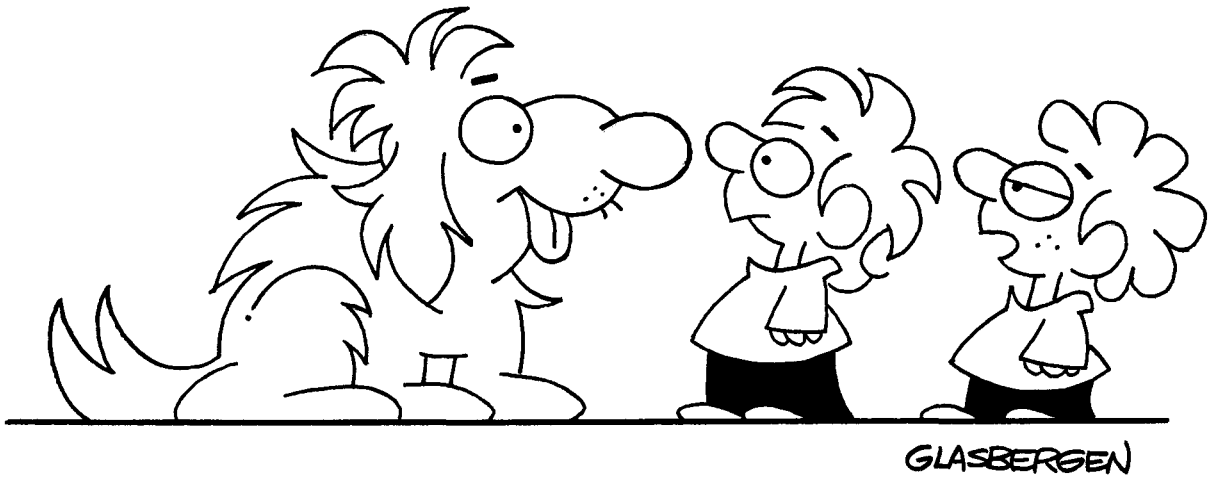


"Mind if I stroll leisurely alongside while you jog, dad?"



"You mean you didn't get your letter to Santa notarized?"

"A spelling *test? Surely they have* software *for that sort of thing!"*



"He can't sit up or heel, but he can turn on the television and open the refrigerator!"

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ıge hole to prevent the soil from vashing out. Large filters can be cut lown to fit the pot. For improved lrainage, fill the bottom of the pot vith foam packing material, a light-veight, clean substitute for gravel.

Add enough soil mix so that the top ›f the soil ball will be one inch below he rim, which will prevent water and oil from spilling over the edge. Just ıefore placing the plant in position, ıake three or four knife slashes on he soil ball to encourage new root rowth. When the plant is in position, liminate any air pockets. Use a poon to tamp the soil firmly around ıe soil ball; then, add enough soil to over it. Soak the soil thoroughly and llow water to run out the drainage ole. Newly repotted plants should be laced in bright light—but not irect sunlight—for about two weeks.

Watering, Watering, Everywhere

More indoor plants die from being verwatered than from any other ause. They receive much less light ıan they did outdoors during the ımmer; consequently, they will grow ss vigorously and thus will need less ater. Be aware of the light levels our plants are growing in, and ob-erve their growth rate. (If you are ew to indoor plant growing you ight like to invest a few dollars in a ater meter.) Water your plants until ıe water runs out the drainage hole ı the bottom of the pot. Be sure to npty the saucers your pots are dis-layed in. Never let the pot sit in ater, or the plant may rot.

One of the worst things you can do › your indoor plants is to water a lit-e every few days. The objective in ıdoor plant growing is to encourage ıe plants to grow deeply into the pot. he result will be a stronger plant ith more ability to survive and pro-de you with enjoyment. Get that ater to the bottom of the pot! The eeper you water, the deeper the ›ots will be. Thorough watering also aches harmful salts that might herwise accumulate.

Cactuses and succulents break all ıe watering rules: they should be lowed to go quite dry before water-g again. However, like all plants, ey too will need more water when tively growing.

Facing Your Feed

As with water, your plants will not ed as much fertilizer as when they were growing actively outdoors during the summer months. If you add a slow-release granular fertilizer to the soil when repotting, the plants won't need feeding again for three months. If you opt for a liquid fertilizer program, fertilize about three weeks after repotting and every week thereafter (dilute fertilizer to one-fourth strength).

You will notice three numbers on fertilizer packages. Choose formulations with a high first number for green plants (the nitrogen content, which promotes green growth) and a high second number for flower production (the phosphorous content, which promotes flowering). The third number is potassium; all indoor plants need some of it for general growth and development.

Cactuses and succulents are the exception again in fertilizing. They will thrive with just one application of plant food in the early spring.

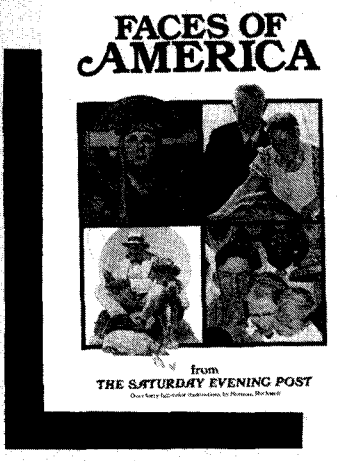
Don't Leaf Without It

The last step in revitalizing your houseplants is to remove any yellowed leaves and trim brown tips back. Don't be afraid to trim your plants—it's as easy as trimming your hair. You will be surprised at how much better your plants will look.

Smelling the Roses?

If you decide to increase your collection of indoor plants for your holiday display, you might want to consider adding some fragrant plants. Several types of jasmines are available in nurseries around the country. If you have a sunny window, their blooms and fragrance can delight you for many weeks during the wintertime. Of course, gardenias are always wonderful while in bloom, provided you can give them sunlight and good humidity. It's fun to add a new element to your indoor gardening experience, and the fragrance will certainly please you and your holiday guests.

If your holiday flowering plants include poinsettias, kalanchoes, Christmas cactuses, etc., you will find that your newly cleaned indoor foliage plants can be used to set off these old-time favorites. By the time the holidays roll around, you will be delighted with the results of just a little time spent now sprucing up your indoor greenery.



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One Good Tureen Deserves Another

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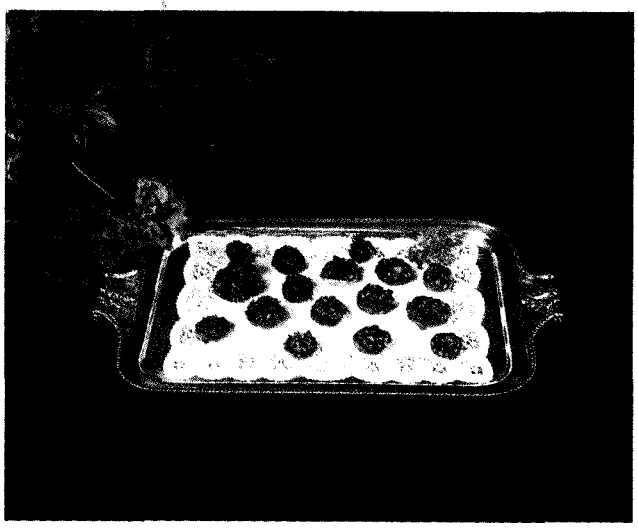
The Good Book reminds us it's better to give than to receive. But there are instances when giving and receiving are pretty near equal. And this is one of them.



For your gift to help The Saturday Evening Post Society continue its earnest efforts in researching and combating today's persistent diseases, the Society in return will introduce you to the healthful benefits of high-lysine, hulless barley.

The exciting new grain of naked barley—or barley without a hull—has been developed by Montana State University. So what? So it has a coarser outer layer that makes it higher in fiber than regular "pearled" barley, that's what. And because no pearling is necessary, the nutritional value—including not only fiber but protein and B vitamins as well—is not lost. The water-soluble fibers in barley are also found to lower cholesterol and lessen the amount of insulin required by diabetics. In addition, barley contains about twice as much lysine as wheat contains.

And if you don't know the benefits of lowering cholesterol, and adding fiber and lysine, then you have not been paying attention.

What will you do with your bag of hulless barley? You will look on the back of the sack for Dr. Rosemary Newman's delectable recipes. We're talking here of hulless barley soups, stuffed mushrooms, stir-fry vegetables, salads, muffins, poultry stuffings, and more. All good; all good for you.

While we would like to send a gift bag to all our members, regrettably we must limit it to those who send a contribution to support our heart-disease and cancer research. If you are among the contributors, be assured your gift will be spent entirely on trying to eradicate these insidious killers.

And thus we return good for good: your gift to us is to help others; our gift to you is for your good health.

Your gift to us is to help others; our gift to you is for your good health.

The Saturday Evening Post Society
P.O. Box 567, Indianapolis, IN 46206

Yes, I want to contribute to health research. Please send me my free bag of Hulless Barley.

My donation: $5____ $10____ $15____ Other_____

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MEDICAL MAILBOX
by Cory SerVaas M.D.

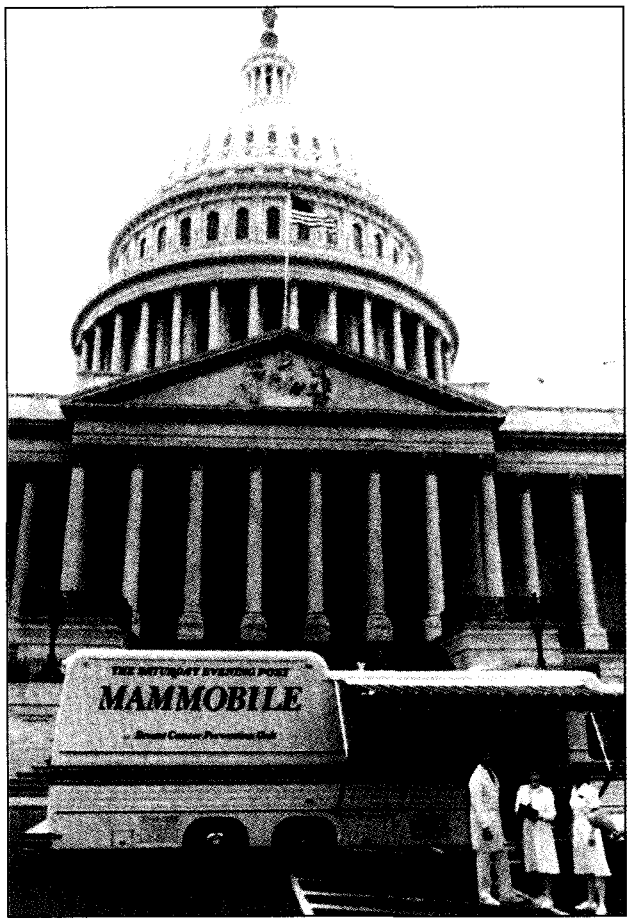
A wise man ought to realize that health is his most valuable possession. —*Hippocrates*

Give Mother a Mammogram for Christmas

When word came of Nancy Reagan's mastectomy, how relieved we were to learn that the cancer had not spread to her lymph nodes. A small lesion like hers, confined to a quarter-inch spot, means an excellent prognosis. Because Mrs. Reagan's father was a physician, as is her stepbrother, she undoubtedly has been having yearly mammograms as recommended by the guidelines of the National Cancer Institute (NCI) and the American Cancer Society (ACS).

Sadly, she is in the minority. Medical data suggest that only about 15 to 20 percent of American women age 50 and over have ever had a mammogram and that an even much smaller proportion is being examined with systematic regularity.

If your own mother is in the unprotected majority, the nicest Christmas gift from you this year might be your taking her by the hand and accompanying her to the nearest hospital or breast clinic for a reassuring, safe mammogram on dedicated mammography equipment.



The MAMMOBILE finds early breast cancers wherever we go. At the Capitol plaza, 33 were found. At a Washington, D.C., health fair last May, 12 of the 42 women given free tests were found to need follow-up for possible cancer.

It has been shown beyond a reasonable doubt that earlier detection of breast cancer with mammography can result in reduced mortality. Preliminary results from a screening study in Holland suggest that deaths in women 35 and over can be reduced by about 50 percent through regular mammographic screening of all eligible women.

When we first began sending the MAMMOBILE around the country to find out why women weren't being mammogramed, we learned a lot in a hurry. The women who hadn't been mammogramed were from all socioeconomic levels; we stationed our vehicle on inner-city church parking lots as well as on the Capitol plaza. We mammogramed such women as Rep. Patricia Schroeder of Colorado and Dede Robertson, the wife of the presidential candidate Pat Robertson. We interviewed Rep. Mary Rose Oakar of Ohio to learn about her proposed legislation that would make it possible for Medicare to pay for mammography for *all* women, not just those found to have breast cancer symptoms.

A recent issue of *Ca-A Cancer Journal for Clinicians*, published by the ACS lamented: "Too many physicians are withholding mammography in the absence of symptoms, at a time when the main purpose of mammography is to find an *asymptomatic* cancer [a cancer without any symptoms]." The article reports that a variety of studies in the past 15 years suggest that "physicians regard mammography as a relatively unimportant prevention strategy, even for women age 50 and older.

"In 1980, a record review at a general hospital in Cleveland showed that only 4 percent of eligible women age 50 to 60 received a mammogram during their usual care," the article reported. "In another study, from 1978 to 1980, only 2 percent of women age 50 to 70 at a general medicine clinic in Indianapolis received mammography during their usual care."

One study showed a sizable positive relationship between education and mammography experience: "Among women who attended college, 18 percent reported having had a mammogram, compared with 12 percent for those with a high-school education and 9 percent for the grade-school group." In the past it has been noted that Jewish women showed a higher prevalence of breast cancer. In the study reported by the NCI, Jewish women showed a much higher mammography usage rate than any other religious group (38 percent). Women in metropolitan areas reported higher mammography use (24 percent) than those in the suburbs (21 percent) or in nonmetropolitan areas (12 percent), according to the survey.

The *Ca-A Cancer Journal* also reports: "A recent survey by *The Saturday Evening Post* indicates that the absence of

continued on following page

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"Finally, protection Mom and I can both live with."

June Allyson

When my mother suffered a stroke, I learned firsthand how hard a caregiver's role is. Maybe the hardest thing of all is coping with the leakage accidents that so often occur. But with new Depend fitted briefs, we don't have to worry about accidents. At last, there's a brief with protection we can live with.

Only Depend fitted briefs have elastic at the waist and legs for a snug, comfortable fit. A better fit means better leakage protection. And that makes life a lot easier for both of us.

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physician recommendations is the greatest deterrent to the use of mammography. Among the respondents over age 50 who were not having annual mammograms, 64 percent gave as a reason that it was not suggested by their physicians."

The article pointed out that few attempts have been made to alter the attitudes and practices of physicians and patients regarding mammography. The report continued, "By any preventive criterion, the level of mammography usage in the U.S. leaves much room for improvement."

Society members may be gratified by the results of the MAMMOBILE program that they support. In the first two years of operation, there have been positive findings in 10.8 percent of the mammograms given. We expected this high percentage since we have largely been going to "virgin" territory, testing women who have never had mammograms before.

Percentages of positive results were far higher in some locations. For example, from 42 mammograms at a health fair in Washington, D.C., we found 12 positives, or 29 percent. In Congress, we did 211 mammograms and found 33 positives, or 16 percent. Yet in the Second Baptist Church in Houston, where we did 163 mammograms, we had only 12 positives, or 7 percent. Similar better results came from Lover's Lane United Methodist Church in Dallas, where in 89 mammograms we found only 7 positives, or 8 percent.

Our efforts are threefold: (1) to help reduce deaths from breast cancer in the women who need the free tests; (2) to motivate many more women to seek mammography on their own by exposing them to the MAMMOBILE and the educational videocassettes and printed material it distributes; (3) to provide epidemiological and behavioral information to researchers who can use our surveys.

Don't Forget Alzheimer's

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

The article on AIDS-associated dementia ("Is It Alzheimer's or AIDS?" October 1987) was timely and informative. The AIDS epidemic appears to be spreading. And our population is increasingly an aging one. Under these circumstances, opportunities for incorrectly diagnosing AIDS-related dementia as Alzheimer's disease may become increasingly abundant. Particularly in view of the prevalence of these disorders, I believe it is vitally important to publish articles, such as the one in the *Post*, seeking to draw public attention to AIDS-associated dementia and Alzheimer's and their attendant signs and symptoms. This may potentially help avoid situations where someone's apparent loss of memory and mental functioning is simply "shrugged off" as symptomatic of "old age."

Leo Uzych
Wallingford, Pennsylvania

"Just a sec—let me get my stethoscope."

Slow-Mag and Alcoholism

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

Some time ago I was given the September '87 issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*. In it I found a short letter to the editor entitled "Drunk with Joy." It referred to an article about Slow-Mag helping alcoholics to get rid of the habit. I have no idea which issue it was in but am very interested. I have inquired at our public library, but they were no help. Would there be any possibility of getting that article? I don't know the title of the article.

Cornie Vos
Pella, Iowa

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

In the September issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* in the section "Letters," under the heading "Drunk with Joy," Imogene F. Fjetland wrote about an article on Slow-Mag, which has helped her in her fight against alcoholism. Would it be at all possible to have a copy of that article, which hopefully will explain for me what Slow-Mag is? So far I have been unable to find anyone who can give me any information on this.

A few years ago an article in your magazine on herpes and cold sores introduced me to L-lysine, and I have never had the problem again.

John Gardiner
Toronto, Ontario

Mrs. Imogene Fjetland wanted her address withheld, but we are mailing your letters to her, and perhaps she will want to write to you about her success. The magnesium article she referred to appeared in the May/June '87 *Post*.

Tag Lines

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I've been following the articles relating to skin tags and colon cancer. My brother has had a colostomy.

I alternate between diarrhea and constipation, mostly the former. I am quite concerned. I am 66 and want to avoid my brother's problem if I can.

The upper portion of my body is covered with skin tags, so in view of my intestinal problems and the tags I am afraid. My doctor isn't concerned about the skin tags and says I have a nervous colon.

What can I do?

Name withheld

Do you have regular stool checks for occult blood? Do you have sigmoidoscopies or colonoscopies? This involves having a look at the inside of the colon with a fiberoptic scope. You can even see your insides with an extra viewing lens while the gastroenterologist works his way up your colon with the tiny flashlight. The long fiberoptic device

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vith a light is not much thicker than a lady's little finger. n view of your family history, I should think you would ›e reassured at having a clean bill of health after such a ›rocedure.

AIDS Info

)ear Dr. SerVaas:

I recently heard a segment of a TV show about your vork with the AIDS project.

I didn't get to hear the entire program, but you did invite nquiries into your work.

Please send me any information you have for distribu-ion—also info on testing.

Betty M. Diezman
Escondido, California

We are sending you information about our AIDS MOBILE. The Society is presently vorking with Teen Challenge pro-rams to test young people who were ormerly needle-sharing drug users nd have now been rehabilitated. ince learning about the Lord, they o longer indulge in drugs or illicit ex. Unfortunately, however, many f them are now AIDS positive from aving made a wrong turn earlier in fe. Because of the Teen Challenge rogram, they know that they will be ıpported by ministers and physi-ans if they are found to be AIDS ositive.

If you are aware of a Teen Chal-nge group in California, you might ave them write to us if they are in-rested in having the free tests.

If you are a new reader, you may ant to know about the SOFT AIDS rogram this society is sponsoring. It ıcourages women to give blood and ıpports bereaved women whose usbands, brothers, and sons have IDS or have died from AIDS.

CMT

ear Dr. SerVaas:

I have CMT (Charcot-Marie-Tooth isease), of which not much is nown.

They have found, however, fun-ımental defects of lipid (fat) etabolism in several inherited euromuscular diseases clinically milar to CMT.

Are there any vitamins or food or edication which could slow down or rest this degeneration of myelin?

My doctor doesn't have any faith treating diseases with diet or tamins.

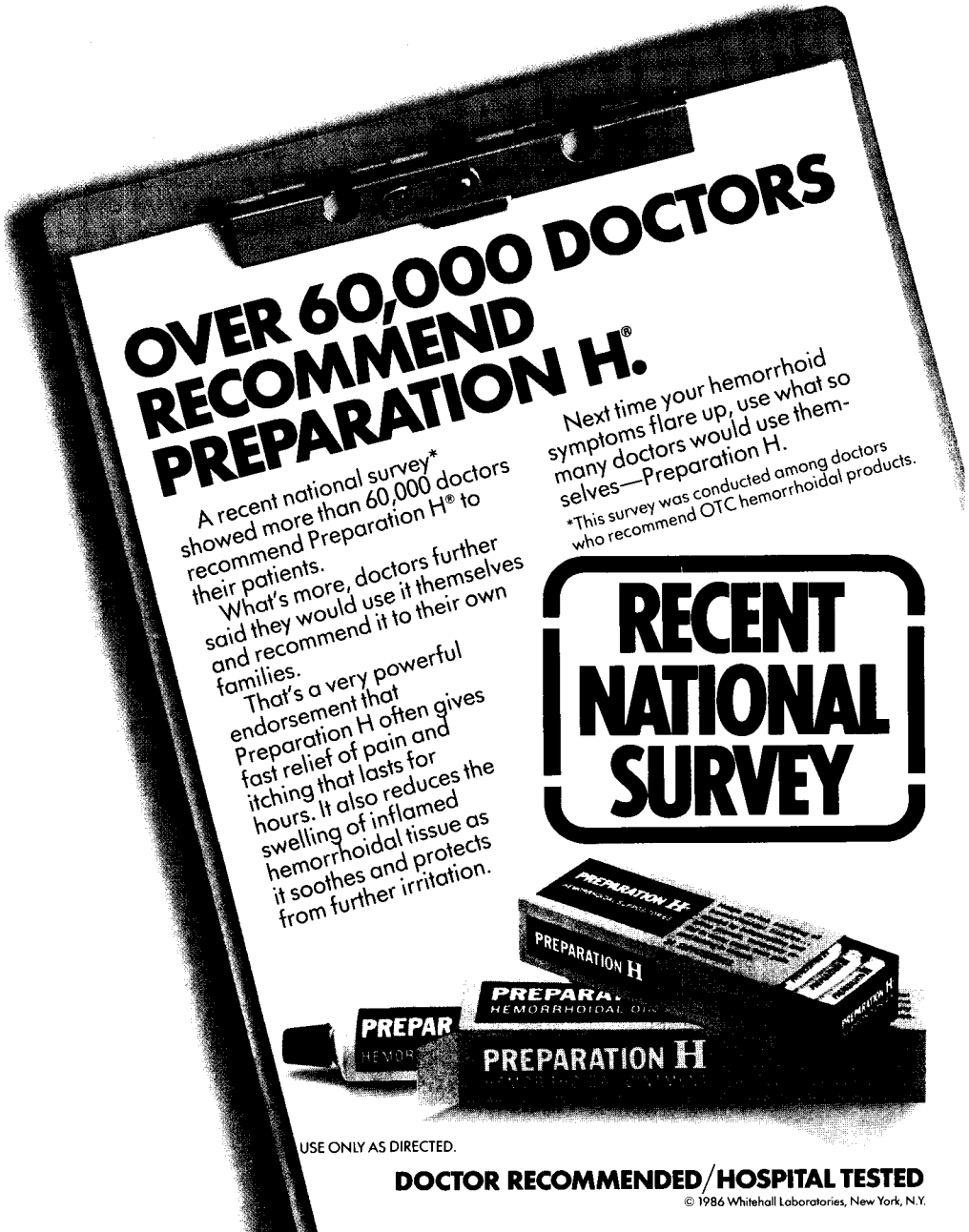
Mildred L. Clinch
Munnsville, New York

Thank you for your letter about CMT. We're printing it in the hopes that somewhere there is a medical researcher working on CMT who will write to tell us something encouraging.

We haven't found anything about a cure or prevention in the medical literature as yet, but please don't let that cause you to give up hope.

Think of the story of pernicious anemia, which caused people to die—hence the name "pernicious." Imagine the good news when it was discovered that a tiny amount of vitamin B_{12} could reverse almost all of the symptoms of this vexing killer.

I am sending information on pernicious anemia, because it too has a hereditary component, and it too causes a chronic degeneration of the peripheral nerves. I thought it might encourage you not to give up writing to doctors and researching the problem, both for yourself and for your offspring.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Nearly 47,000 soldiers were diagnosed with scurvy from vitamin-C deficiency during the Civil War.

Pellagra was a mysterious and untreatable scourge until 1937, when we learned it was caused by a deficiency of niacin, a member of the vitamin B complex.

As the pioneer surgeon Simon Baruch said, "There are no such things as incurable, there are only things for which man has not found a cure." Don't you like that? Just get in there and start searching. You too may find a breakthrough, and for your sake, I hope it is for CMT.

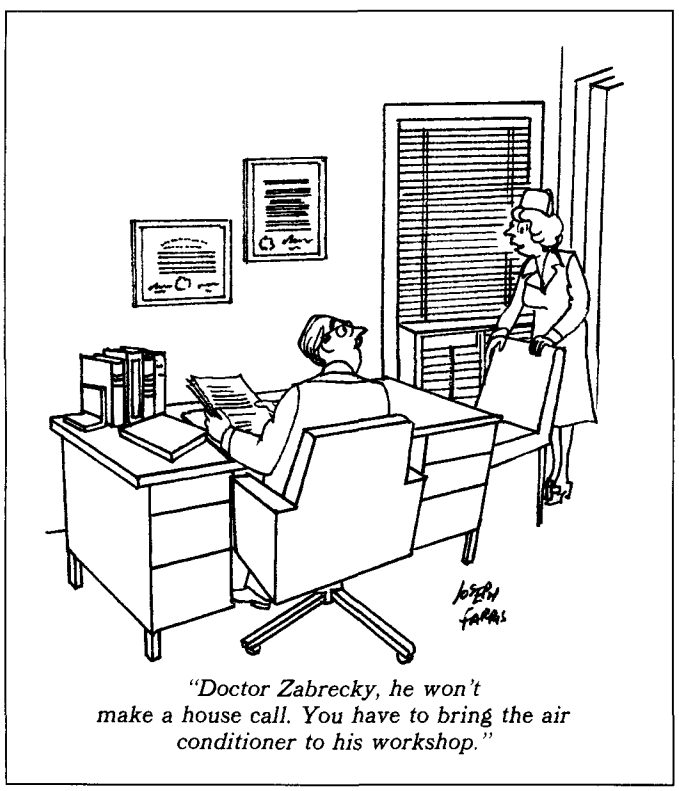
Damned Spot

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

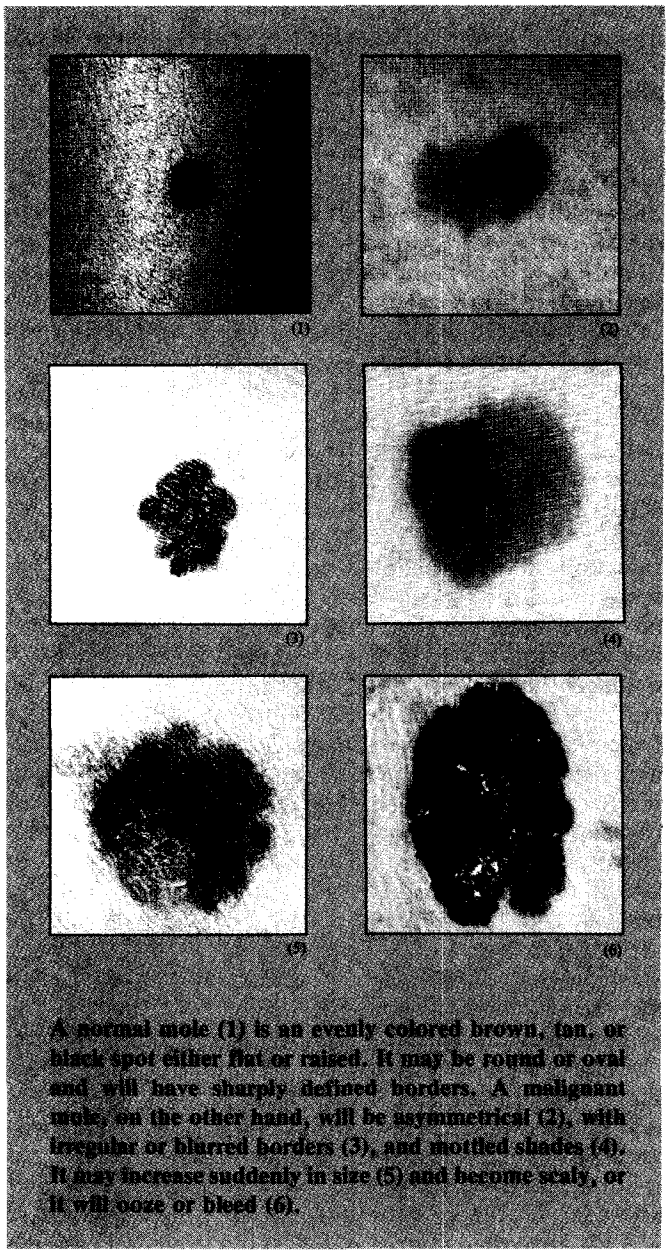
Thank God that Mr. Gerald Malky wrote a follow-up letter on his melanoma and the finding of a second mole and that his letter appeared in your column.

Last year, strictly because I had passed my 45th birthday, I went to my doctor for a routine checkup. At that time I mentioned that I suffered from a stiffness in my neck and that a mole on my thigh itched from time to time. He looked at the mole with a magnifying glass and said it looked all right to him and prescribed aspirin for my neck. I went home confident since I had a doctor look at the mole, and at this time I knew nothing about melanoma.

This year, in late July, my neck began to act up again, and I went back to my doctor. He sent me to the hospital for a series of tests. While I was waiting to be called in for X-ray, I picked up a copy of your magazine to thumb through. Lo and behold, the page fell open to the enclosed article. I was called in for my tests and did not have time to read the whole thing, but I saw enough to let me know that mole was coming off. So when I went back to the doctor for the results of my X-rays, I told the doctor about your article and requested that the mole be removed and checked. He again said he thought the mole was harmless, but if it made me feel better he would remove it. Three



"Doctor Zabrecky, he won't make a house call. You have to bring the air conditioner to his workshop."



A normal mole (1) is an evenly colored brown, tan, or black spot either flat or raised. It may be round or oval and will have sharply defined borders. A malignant mole, on the other hand, will be asymmetrical (2), with irregular or blurred borders (3), and mottled shades (4). It may increase suddenly in size (5) and become scaly, or it will ooze or bleed (6).

days later the results came back—positive melanoma. went to my local library to get a copy of your original arti cle, which appeared in the September '86 issue, and an reading everything I can lay my hands on about this silen killer. Fortunately, this malignancy was still in its earl stages and no others were found, but you can be sure w will be watching more closely now.

Today my husband and I are celebrating our 30th wed ding anniversary and are looking forward to the birth o another grandchild. The fact that you ran this follow-up s I could happen to see it may result in many more annive saries and years of enjoying my wonderful family an friends.

Also, while paging through old copies of your magazin to find the enclosed article again, I found I have been miss ing some good, informative written material and am orde ing a subscription to your magazine.

P.S. If you should decide to publish this letter, please d not print my name, as we have decided not to tell abou this and worry others needlessly. We live in a small town

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ınd word spreads fast and not always factually, so my hus-ɔand and I are keeping the discovery of melanoma to our-elves.

Name withheld

Gnashing Gnullified

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

Re: "Headaches" (Robert J. Schmidt, Mountain Home, Arkansas, April '87)

I just wrote Mr. Schmidt to tell him that an appliance rom my dentist to keep me from grinding my teeth hrough the night took away my headaches. He also sug-ested I relax my jaw through the day.

I'm completely relieved.

Dorothy Oettinger
Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey

Family Tradition

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I have hemorrhoids and have ıad them for a number of years. Ay parents had them too, so I ıave always thought it was ıereditary. Could you tell me the lifference between "internal" ıemorrhoids and "external" ıemorrhoids?

Since I added fiber to my diet, ıy hemorrhoids seem to be im-roving. Before adding fiber, I vas often constipated. I eat All-Bran and whole-wheat bread very day. Boring, but it helps.

Name withheld

As you probably know, hemorhoids are varicose veins that rain blood from the rectum and nus. When they appear in the pper rectum they are called "in-ernal" hemorrhoids, and when ituated at the junction of the rec-ım and anus, they are known as external" hemorrhoids.

Since you have had hemorhoids a long time, you probably now that many who have gone efore you have suffered from ıis age-old affliction. Hemorhoids are described in the Bible, nd the French are said to have ost their empire because lapoleon was unable to mount is steed at Waterloo.

Those who practice anal sex ave more anal problems than sual, including hemorrhoids. In ıral Africa and India, where ıost of the food—grains, vege-ıbles, and fruit—has a high fiber ontent, hemorrhoids are rarely ound.

If you are bored with All-Bran very day, you could go for bran muffins, cantaloupe, or fiber slurries made with unprocessed bran, skim milk, and fresh fruit in the blender. Varying the fruit can make your fiber intake more interesting. When traveling, just take along Metamucil or Fiberall if you won't be able to get your whole-wheat bread in restaurants.

It is believed that when both parents have hemorrhoids, the children are more likely to develop them.

Can Someone Help?

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I am desperately seeking help to find someone who has information regarding *ocular histoplasmosis*.

Ten years ago I developed "histo" in my left eye. At that time there was no laser, so I was sent home with a limited prescription of a form of cortisone. Eventually it

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"burned" itself out with no damage to my eye.

Then it reoccurred in the same eye. This time, though, laser was available. So the laser treatment was recommended. The doctor hit the maculae. I was blinded in the maculae and now have only peripheral vision in the left eye.

Eventually a cataract appeared in the right eye, and January of this year a lens implant was performed on that eye. Two days later the histo was active in that eye. I was put on a regimen of Deltasone. I have taken over 7,000 mg of Deltasone, and it has done nothing. I have used steroid drops and that has not helped. Nine months later I still have histo, which changes daily.

I have been to Barnes Hospital, to two ophthalmologists, and a low-vision clinic, and it seems that nothing but laser or cortisone is known for treatment.

According to the articles I have read, ocular histoplasmosis is a fungus, but that is about all that is known. I was told that there has not been much research because, as one of the doctors said—"There is no profit in it."

So, I am turning to you—can you refer me to anybody in this world who can help or know something about histo? Are there any clinics or people that specialize in retina or maculae disease?

After reading some of the letters and articles in *The Saturday Evening Post,* I know that you have helped a lot of people who have medical problems.

I hope you can help me.

Bob D. Danyluk
Terre Haute, Indiana

We're sending you the names of two ophthalmologists who work with ocular histoplasmosis. I hope that one of them may be able to help you and that perhaps among our readers, someone will be able to share information about the ubiquitous histo. It's indigenous to Indiana.

"He wants a second opinion. Personally, I don't think his pillow needs fluffing."

LifeCare Digest * and SatEvePost Videocassettes

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High Fiber Diet
Cancer Prevention
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Emphysema and Incontinence

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

My husband is on oxygen 24 hours a day for emphysema—the oxygen doesn't bother him nearly as much as his incontinence. He has portable oxygen and he likes to travel. But he can't go anywhere without going!

Mary A. Davis
Minneapolis, Minnesota

My sister-in-law had the same problem. My brother with emphysema wanted to keep on traveling, so they bought a Winnebago equipped with a posh little bathroom and never left home without it. They approached the adult diaper problem with a lot of humor too.

We arrive in this world ready to be swaddled in diapers, and diapered babies are adored. Today thousands of senior citizens are wearing diapers again, and they will depart this world as they came in—less adored maybe, but wearing diapers.

As is testified by millions of dollars spent for adult diapers and protection panties, the problem of incontinence is flooding the market.

I sent my brother a book called *Managing Incontinence,* by Cheryle Gartley, that gave him a few good belly laughs. (A word of caution: belly laughs often bring on the need for a "change.") The book has a chapter called "Try Humor for a Change." It begins as follows:

TITLES WE DIDN'T GIVE THIS BOOK

Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About Incontinence: Or What to Do with A Wet Cat
The Sphincter Factor
Free to Pee (with apologies to Marlo Thomas)
Don't Let the Rain Come Down
Out of the Water Closet
The Drain Game
Leaking Secrets
Puddles in the Parlor

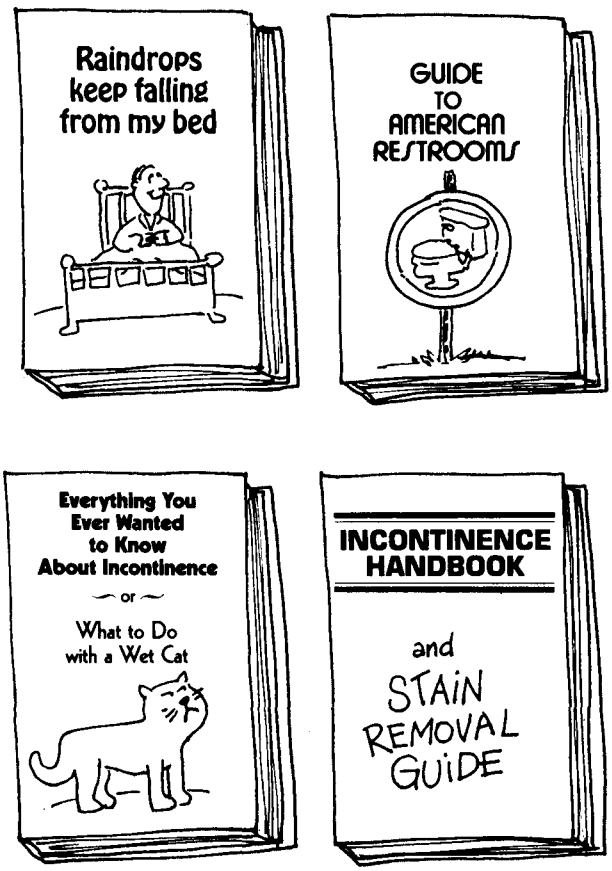
SOME ALSO-RANS

Coping with Incontinence from A to P
Making Waves
The Book of Floods

ENOUGH?

Ye Olde Tyme Piddler's Manual
The Growth of Minisewage Disposal Devices in the Twentieth Century

Editor's note: Readers may obtain a hardback copy of Managing Incontinence *by sending $12.95 to: The Saturday Evening Post Society, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, IN 46206. (Society members may take a 15 percent discount.)*


Raindrops keep falling from my bed
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Teen Challenge

continued from page 55

had to be mentally repatterned, and so the three- or four-month induction phase was followed by a nine-month training phase, to which several centers have recently added a one-month postgraduate phase.

In a long-term training center like the one at Rehrersburg, the standard curriculum consists of classroom work (mostly Bible study and application of the lessons to everyday situations) in the morning and vocational training in the afternoon—in the print shop, the auto-body shop, the dairy farm, and so on. But morning, noon, and night, students are encouraged to "live in the light" in openness and honesty with one another and with the staff. Indeed, for Teen Challenge, LIGHT is an acronym for "Living in Group Harmony Through Truth." They learn how to "speak the truth in love" to one another, and because the greatest obstacle in dealing with any addiction is self-deception, sometimes that love has to be tough love.

The program worked, and as the need for it grew, new Teen Challenge facilities opened. Today there are 107 centers, 74 of which are prepared to offer residential care. Of these, 25 are long-term training centers, including 10 for young women and 6 for adolescents 13 to 17 years of age. (Despite its name, Teen Challenge is traditionally for young men 18 to 35.)

Over the years, addiction problems became more complex. Young people began experimenting with amphetamines, hallucinogens, and all manner of chemical and biological stimulants—often simultaneously. But gradually alcoholism, the parental addiction of choice, emerged as the No. 1 drug-abuse problem among American teen-agers—and it still is, cocaine following close behind.

In the beginning, nearly all Teen Challenge enrollees came from inner-city ghettos; today they come from all backgrounds and walks of life, from the doctor's daughter to the ditch-digger's son. Parents may be upstanding pillars of their community and their church, but that's no guarantee their offspring won't get into trouble.

According to Teen Challenge's national spokesman, Snow Peabody, as the ministry enters its third generation, the attitudes of churches toward it are changing. "We always knew you were there," they seem to be saying, "but we never thought we would need you."

To churches who request help, Teen Challenge centers send teams to share firsthand experiences, answer questions, and raise the awareness level of the churches' young people (and their parents) to the terrifying reality of drugs. In addition, pastors are increasingly looking to Teen Challenge as a valuable resource to which they can refer young people in the grip of life-controlling problems and in need of 24-hour residential care. Clergy and youth leaders are delighted when these troubled young people return from Teen Challenge to become actively involved in the church and their community. Quite a few go on to college, and a number who once robbed businesses now start businesses of their own. (Anyone desiring further information about Teen Challenge or the location of the nearest facility should contact: National Teen Challenge, 1525 North Campbell Avenue, Springfield, MO 65803, or call 417-862-6969.)

Reviewing Teen Challenge's remarkable 30-year track record, one wonders what the dropout rate is. That question was recently put to David Wilkerson's brother Don, who for many years has been executive director of the New York center, the flagship of the Teen Challenge fleet. There, as at several other inner-city centers, an emergency crisis center treats young people whose cases are so desperate that they are sometimes delivered by ambulance. They stay at the crisis center for 30 days, and the dropout rate for this preinduction phase is about two-thirds, many being interested only in what Don calls "three hots and a cot." From there, they go for three to four months to an induction center, from which another 20 percent leave. The remainder go on to one of the long-term training centers, where 5 percent to 14 percent fail to complete the program.

"Chester recently received an award from the mayor for taking control of a potentially dangerous situation and making it extremely boring."

Because enrollment is strictly voluntary, students are free to leave at any time—and a few, unable to give up their rebellion, are invited to leave. Although this expression of tough love may seem extreme, it is often the key to bringing a student into reality. The program's files abound with examples of dismissed students who determine to reenter the program and complete it—and go on to lead productive lives. Most of them point to the shock of dismissal as being the thing that finally turned them around.

"Our biggest problem is not how many drop out," Don Wilkerson said with a smile, "but how many more are waiting to get in that there's room for! All of our centers across the country are full; on any given day some 2,500 students are occupying beds." He added, "Do you know, they camp outside our doors here? We tell them there's no room and they say, 'O.K., maybe there will be tomorrow.' And sure enough when we open the doors in the morning, there they are, sleeping on the hoods of cars parked in the street out in front."

The sun was setting over the Detroit skyline as Andy Burnett and Dr. SerVaas wearily began the proc

continued on page 10

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I CAN BREATHE AGAIN!

A first! . . . Smoking . . . severe emphysema . . . then two new lungs.

by Patsy Ruff

My illness began in earnest four years ago with an asthma attack, my first since I was 16. I had just moved to Montgomery, Alabama, and my new physician, Dr. Edgar Givhan, told me that in addition to asthma I was suffering from the early stages of emphysema. He advised me to cut down on my smoking, a habit I had taken up in my late teens. So I cut down, going from a pack to less than half a pack a day, but never to quitting altogether. Oh, I would quit for a while, but my asthma would then have improved to the point where I'd be convinced I could begin smoking again.

My asthma attacks, when they did come, were getting worse. By the time I saw Dr. Givhan again, my weight was down to only 75 pounds. He immediately sent me to a specialist, Dr. David P. Franco.

Dr. Franco arranged for a pulmonary function test to see how far my emphysema had progressed. After the test, my husband, Roy, and I sat in a small room waiting for the results. The longer we waited, I felt, the worse the results would be.

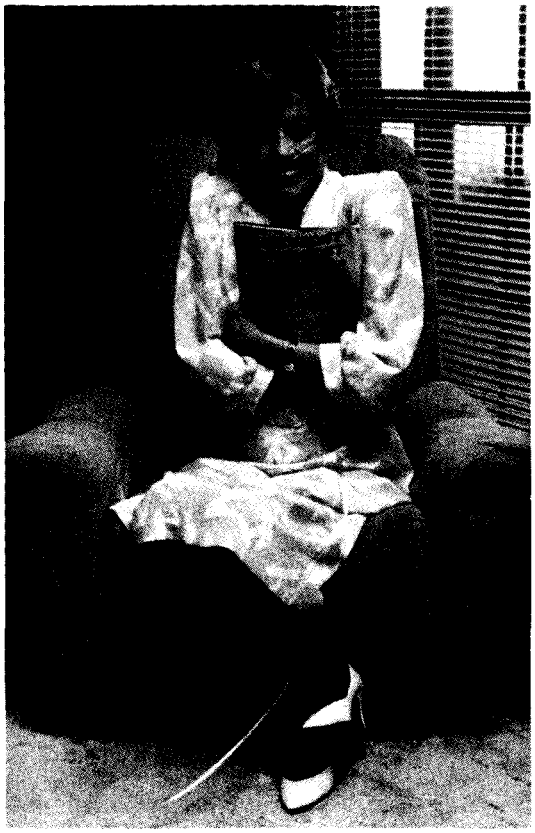
After what seemed like hours, Dr. Franco walked in; his face was grim. "Patsy," he said, "those cigarettes have got to go—now!"

"They're gone," I said. And I meant it.

Then came the bad news. "You have to go into the hospital," he said. "You don't have the beginning stages of emphysema—you're worse than that."

The following Monday I was in the hospital. On my door hung a preprinted sign: "NO SMOKING. OXYGEN IN USE." Dr. Franco had added one word to the sign. It now read: "*ABSOLUTELY* NO SMOKING."

Four days later I left the hospital feeling much better but still with no idea of the seriousness of my condition. I could drive, visit my mother in Birmingham, and do almost anything I wanted to do. I had joined an exercise-and-therapy class for patients with emphysema, and I thought my disease was under control.



Emphysemic Patsy Ruff, severely handicapped and using oxygen 24 hours a day, holds the 1985 issue of the *Post* that gave her hope for two new lungs. In it she learned of Dr. Joel Cooper, who does lung transplants at Toronto General Hospital.

A day or two after I left the hospital, a neighbor, Claire Atkinson, came to my house with a magazine. "You have got to read this article!" she exclaimed. She was holding a copy of the June '85 *Saturday Evening Post*, one of whose cover lines read "Hope for Emphysema Patients." It referred to an article by Dr. Cory SerVaas, the editor, in which she had interviewed a doctor in Toronto who had performed a single-lung transplant and in two years hoped to have developed a double-lung transplant. The single lung transplant would not work for emphysema patients.

I couldn't imagine how the article might apply to me—I was feeling fine! Still, I didn't give the magazine back to Claire. In fact I still have it.

I reread the article every now and then but didn't do anything about it until, six months later, had another severe attack during my exercise class. I got out the article and read it again. "Lord," prayed, "I wonder, if I wrote a letter, if this doctor would answer it. I've got to have some help. Even if it doesn't help me, maybe it will help someone else later.' So I wrote the letter and addressed it to Dr. Joel Cooper, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, the only address I had. "Lord," prayed as I sent it off, "just let him answer it."

Two and a half weeks later there was an envelope in my mailbox with a return address of "Toronto, Ontario, Canada.' With a quick prayer of thanks, I opened it. Dr. Cooper told me he was not yet performing double-lung transplants, but he hoped to be doing them in about two years. He suggested that I take the letter to Dr. Franco, who would send him my medical records.

That left me with a problem. I hadn't told Dr. Franco I had written the letter, you see, and I wasn't sure he would be happy about it. Finally my therapist, Brenda Basnight, offered to tell Dr. Franco what I had done. He agreed to read the letter and the article, and I returned for another stay in the hospital.

When I left the hospital, I felt better, but I couldn't seem to get my strength back. It was an effort just to get through the day. As the week passed, I began doing less and less until finally I would leave the house only to go to church—and if it was raining on Sunday morning, eve

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hurch would be out of the question. was taking larger and larger doses of nedication. And I lived by the clock, ıfraid I would forget a scheduled pill ır breathing treatment.

About this time, Dr. Franco sent ne to a hospital in Birmingham for a econd opinion. Upon walking into he specialist's office, I found my ζ-rays displayed on the wall. To say hat I was horrified is an understate-nent. Where I expected to see my ungs, the X-ray showed nothing at ll, not even a shadow.

"Patsy," the doctor said, "I wish I ould give you better news, but I an't."

"Well," I said, looking at him eye-all to eyeball, "if you had to guess, ow long would you say I have?"

"I would say six months to a ear," he answered.

The doctor agreed I would be a ood candidate for a lung transplant, nd Dr. Franco forwarded his recom-ıendation to Dr. Cooper in Toronto. hen the waiting began.

It ended on February 4 this year, when the hospital called to say the doctors would come to see me 20 days later. That time flew by as I looked forward to the meeting, although I must confess I was *not* looking forward to another round of tests. "Lord," I prayed, "just help me get through this. Let me have all the qualifications I need, if the transplant is what You want me to have."

I talked to one of the doctors for two hours. He told me all about the surgery: what was involved, how long it would take, and what recovery would be like. Then he asked me the most important question of all: "Why do you want to live?"

I said, "I've got lots of reasons. I have a family, I have two boys, and I'd like to be a grandmother. I'd like to play golf, play with the kids, teach piano, be active in the church, and do everything else I used to do."

Then he dropped the bombshell.

The surgery and hospital costs would be enormous. By this time, I had already exhausted all of my insurance benefits, so I would be responsible for the entire amount. The doctor asked me how I was planning to pay it.

"Well," I said, "it will have to be through donations."

The doctor said the money would, unfortunately, make a difference. It was an absolute requirement of the hospital. I told him I understood and that I would raise the money. My campaign began the next day.

Our church, Millbrook Baptist, gave me $1,000 and launched a fund to collect the money I would need.

Below, Patsy Ruff (second from left) joins others who have been spared a death by slow suffocation—a common bond. Their benefactor and surgeon, Dr. Joel Cooper, celebrates with them at a Toronto reunion. Tom Hall (left) and Monica Assenheimer (fourth from left) were featured in the 1985 *SatEvePost* article. They have been breathing comfortably with their new lungs since 1983.

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Newspapers and TV stations ran stories about me and my six-figure goal. People I had never seen or met, companies and organizations I had never visited sent money. People from all walks of life mailed contributions. The governor of Alabama, Guy Hunt, helped tell the whole state about my needs. The Alabama state troopers donated $750. On the same day, the inmates at the Julia Tutwiler Prison for Women voted to send $500 from their inmate welfare fund to help me. That touched me more than almost anything else: these women, who were behind bars and had no freedom, thought about someone like me on the outside—someone they had never met.

By this time, for me to go anywhere required more trappings than traveling with a baby. I had a wheelchair that had to be loaded, an oxygen tank, medications, and a machine for my breathing treatments. It was difficult for me to walk and to talk at the same time because of shortness of breath.

When I first told my family about the double-lung transplant, they pretty much agreed, "No, you can't do it—the operation is too experimental." But from the time I made up my mind to go through with it, I knew I had done the right thing. I never doubted for a moment that I would survive, that I would return home to be a mother to my children and watch my grandchildren grow up.

On about May 15 I had a call from Toronto asking me to come up on June 15 for a two-week evaluation. Here, I was put through some very rigorous tests, mainly to determine my ability to cooperate and my willingness to fight. By this time the Toronto hospital had already done four double-lung transplants using Dr. Joel Cooper's new procedure, the only one of its kind in the world. Three transplants had been successful; a fourth patient had died.

In talking with the others waiting for the operation, I learned that I was the only emphysema patient in the group. I was told that my wait might be a long one, partly because I am so small. The donor's lungs would have to be the right size, and the blood and tissue types would have to match mine.

On July 14 the doctors signed the papers, which put me on the list of 12 or 13 other patients waiting for donors. The operation, they told me, might be performed any time of day; it would most likely be at night. To my surprise, only nine days later, at about 5:30 a.m., I received a call at my hotel. It was Candy Rogers, the lung-transplant-team coordinator.

"Patsy, we have some lungs for you," she said. "I want you to call a cab and come to the emergency room in the hospital. We will meet you there." The donor, I later learned, was a 12-year-old boy from Hamilton, Ontario. That's all I've ever been told.

Local celebrities teamed up with the Montgomery radio station Y102 in a parade to help raise money for Patsy's new lungs. Inmates of the Tutwiler Prison for Women gave $500 from their inmate welfare fund; Alabama state troopers gave $750; and Patsy's church, Millbrook Baptist, gave $1,000.

At the hospital, they took me immediately into intensive care, and that's really about all I remember. They put me to sleep, and when I woke up later that evening, my doctor from Montgomery was on one side, my brother was on the other side, and my good friend Edy was at the foot of the bed. I remember looking at them and trying to tell them that I had a piece of gum stuck to the roof of my mouth. (I'd become a regular gum chewer since giving up smoking.) Actually, it was the ventilator that was helping me breathe. I just didn't realize that I had had the surgery—that it was all over. The operation had taken about 6½ hours.

Because the lungs I had received became wet as soon as they were put in (which often happens with lung transplants), the doctor had used pumps to get the fluid out. The ventilator was installed to help me breathe until my new lungs could take over. In the meantime, the doctors had autopsied my old lungs. I would have lived less than two more months, they told me. How accurate those Birmingham doctors had been.

The only day I was really frightened during the whole ordeal was on the day they took out the drainage tubes. But once they were out, the sensation was fantastic. After the nurses left the room, I put on my jogging suit and my tennis shoes and went for a walk in the hall. I had been out before, but always tethered to machines. Once back in the room, here came the doctors, telling me I had to get back in bed.

"Why?" I asked. "I feel great."

"We think you're going through a rejection," they said. After they'd put me on medication, I began to worry. What if I go through a rejection at home and I'm not even aware that it's happening? Later, one of the doctors came in and admitted, "We believe we jumped the gun."

Not more than three days later, however, I *did* go through a rejection. But I knew it the minute it began. I became short of breath just as I had before surgery. Instead of giving me an IV, they shot the medication directly into my vein with a syringe. I felt fine again in a matter of hours.

Today I am taking the immunosuppressant drug Imuran, and I'm on a very rigid exercise program. I work on a treadmill and a bicycle and do stretching exercises. I also climb steps, something I haven't been able to do for years.

Now that I am recovering, I think God has other activities in store for me. One of my ambitions is to work with the American Lung Association.

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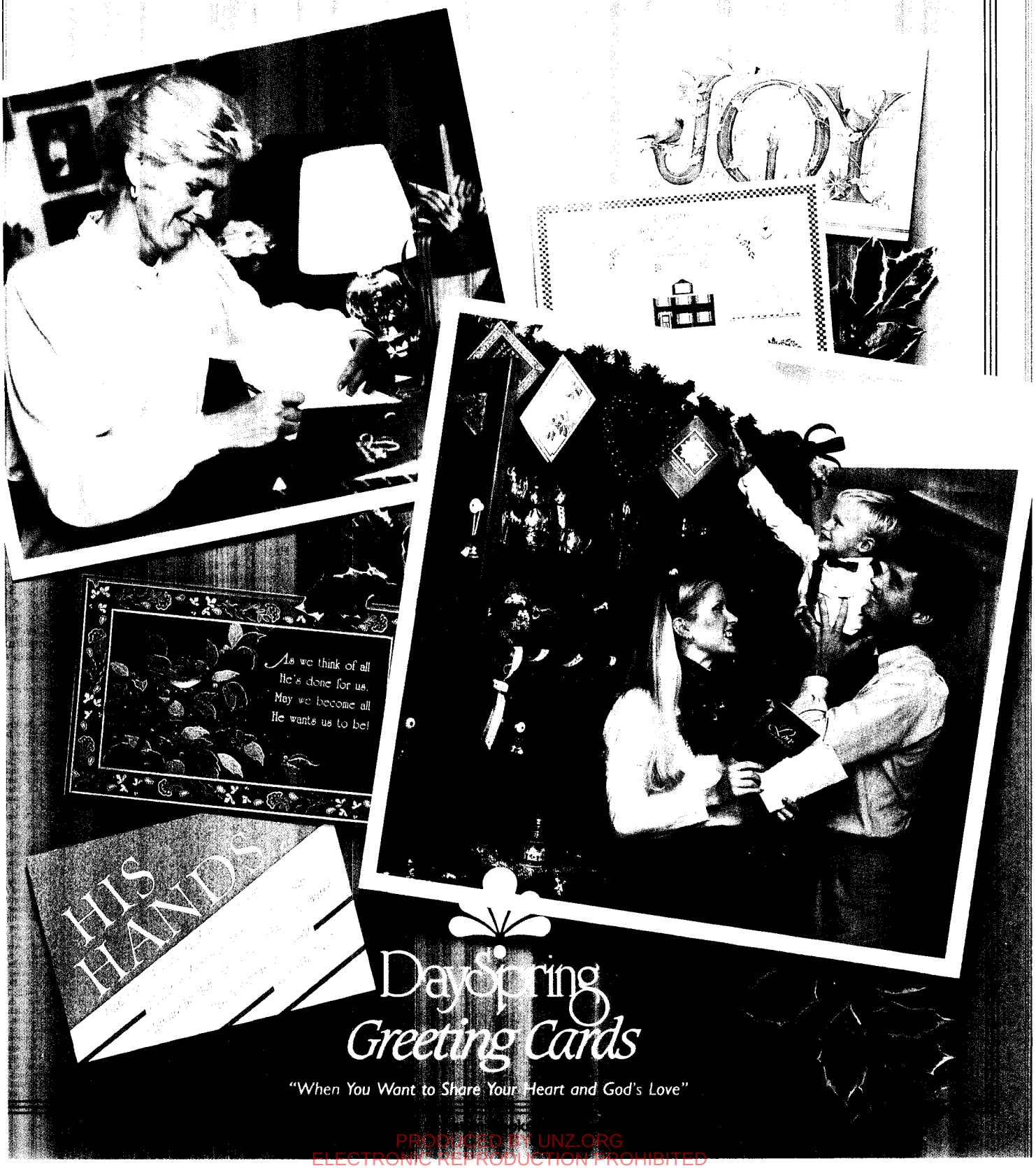

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and through churches to help keep teen-agers off the smoking habit. I want to tell them the importance of never picking up a cigarette. Although emphysema has other origins in rare cases, I know mine was caused by smoking. Severe emphysema is almost always due to smoking, the doctors assured me. Kicking the habit is not an easy thing for a well person; it's even hard to do when you know you're sick. But if children never start smoking, they will never have to bother about quitting.

People have asked me how I felt breathing on my own again. Actually, it didn't strike me until the day I stepped outside the hospital and took that crisp Canadian air into my new lungs. There's a scripture in Genesis that tells how God put the breath of life into Adam. I felt that God had also given *me* the breath of life. It was a wonderful, wonderful feeling.

Teen Challenge

continued from page 98

cess of closing up the AIDS MOBILE. "You know," Andy said, putting away the confidential file marke TEEN CHALLENGE, "I think tha we should offer to go to any Tee Challenge center who will have u The attitude of these kids towarc AIDS is an example to the entire na tion."

Walter, closing the refrigerato door on the serum samples, laughe Knowing Dr. SerVaas, he knew she' already thought of it."

SOFT AIDS is a support group for those hurting a result of the AIDS epidemic. SOFT AIDS stands f "Sisters of Forgiveness—Together Against AIDS." you know widows, mothers, wives, or girl friends persons with AIDS, suggest they write to: M Deborah Loeb, President, SOFT AIDS, P.O. B 567, Indianapolis, IN 46206.

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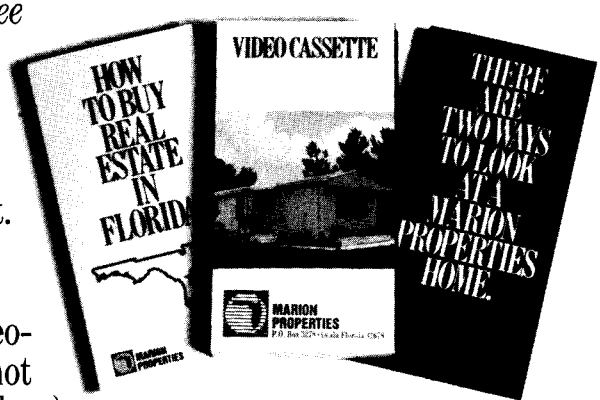
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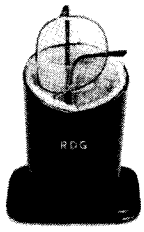

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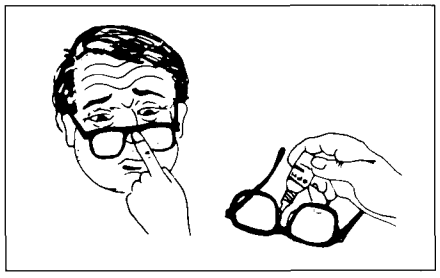

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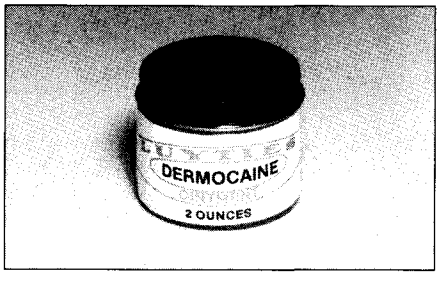

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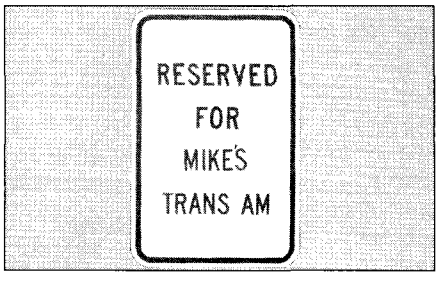

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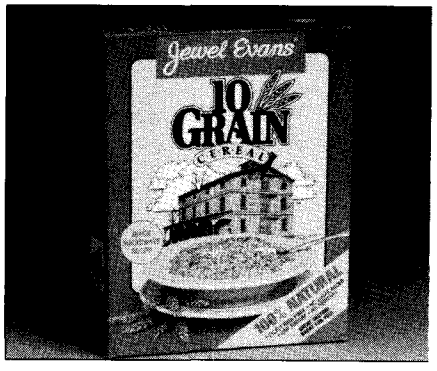

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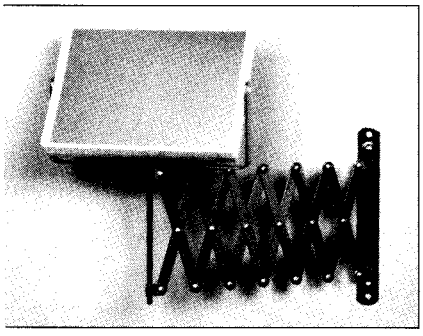

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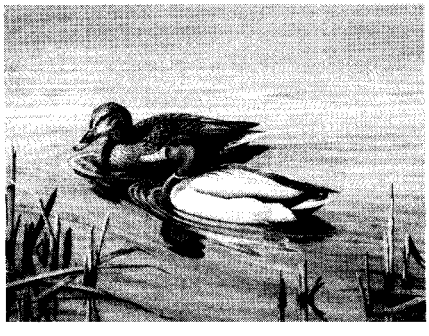

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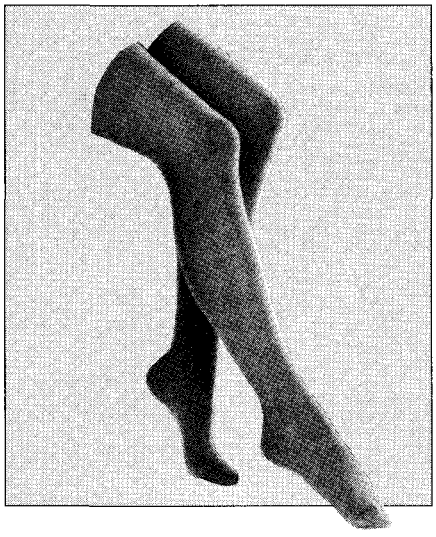

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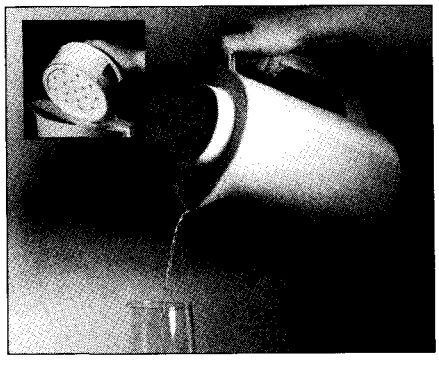

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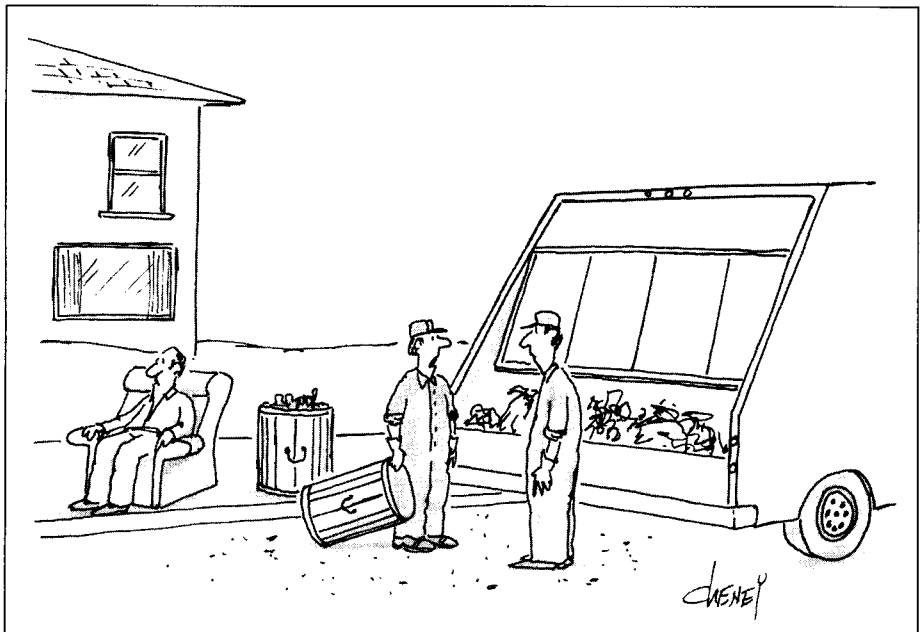

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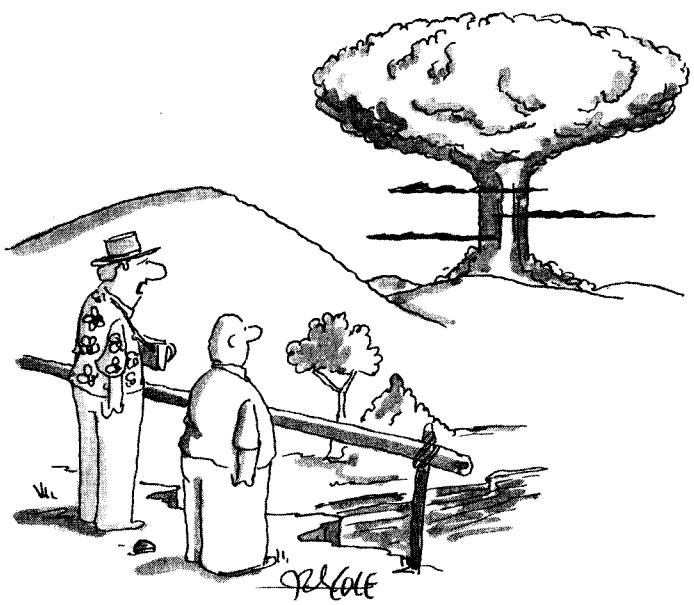

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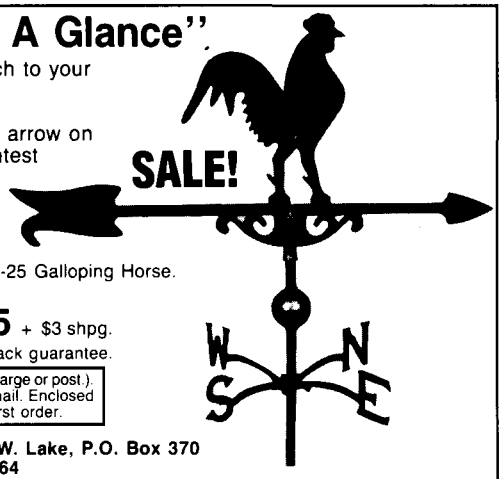

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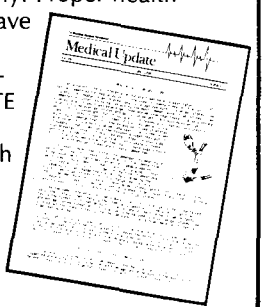

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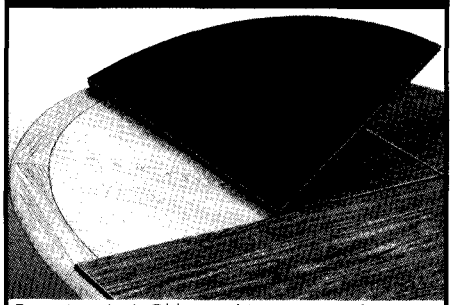

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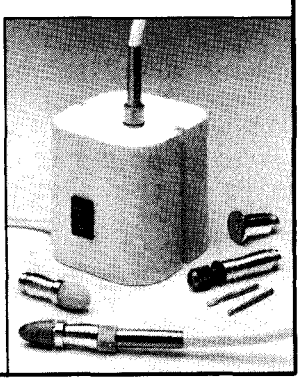

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Money Talk

continued from page 16

partnerships available that invest in programs designed to fit the demands of our aging population.

Q. We have just sold our home and have received $300,000 in cash. We are now concerned about how to safely invest this money so that we will have income for living expenses. What would you recommend?

A. You did not state your age or your income needs. If either of you is 55 or over and you have not previously used the benefit, your first $125,000 of gain on your home is not taxable. Let's assume you owe no taxes and have $300,000 to invest. Let's also assume that you are both age 65 and need income to supplement your Social Security. I recommend the following to you:

Place $25,000 in a money-market mutual fund for a cash reserve. This is invested in cash or cash equivalents on which you'll be earning about the rate of a large certificate of deposit. Then, I recommend that you select two excellent mutual-fund management teams and invest $100,000 in each of their quality income-growth funds. And if you do not mind having $50,000 of your funds illiquid for four to seven years, I would recommend that you place $25,000 in an all-cash registered real-estate limited partnership that invests in major shopping centers in growth areas of the United States and $25,000 in a registered cable-TV limited partnership. Finally, I recommend that you invest in a registered leasing limited partnership that can provide a good tax-sheltered cash flow and that would become liquid within two to three years.

Let's assume you need $40,000 a year in income. By taking your interest from your money-market fund in cash, taking your quarterly cash flow from your limited partnerships in cash, and establishing a 10 percent monthly withdrawal on your two mutual-fund accounts, your cash flow should be as shown in the chart above right.

If over several years your 10 percent withdrawal from your mutual funds were eroding your principal more quickly than you desired, you could decrease your withdrawal. (Over the past ten years this would not have occurred.) If, on the other hand, your capital were growing, you might want to increase your withdrawal. Even if you were using some of your mutual-fund assets, your real-estate and cable-TV partnerships would be increasing in value to compensate for it.

If you have a money question you would like to have answered, write Money Talk, c/o *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

Investments	Amount	Cash Flow
Money Market Fund	25,000	1,500
Quality Mutual Fund #1 (using a 10 percent withdrawal)	100,000	10,000
Quality Mutual Fund #2 (using a 10 percent withdrawal)	100,000	10,000
Real Estate Limited Partnership	25,000	2,000
Cable-TV Limited Partnership	25,000	0
Leasing Program	25,000	2,750
Social Security (if no earned income)		14,220
	$300,000	$40,470

"Either I have the wrong chart here or you had twins last night."

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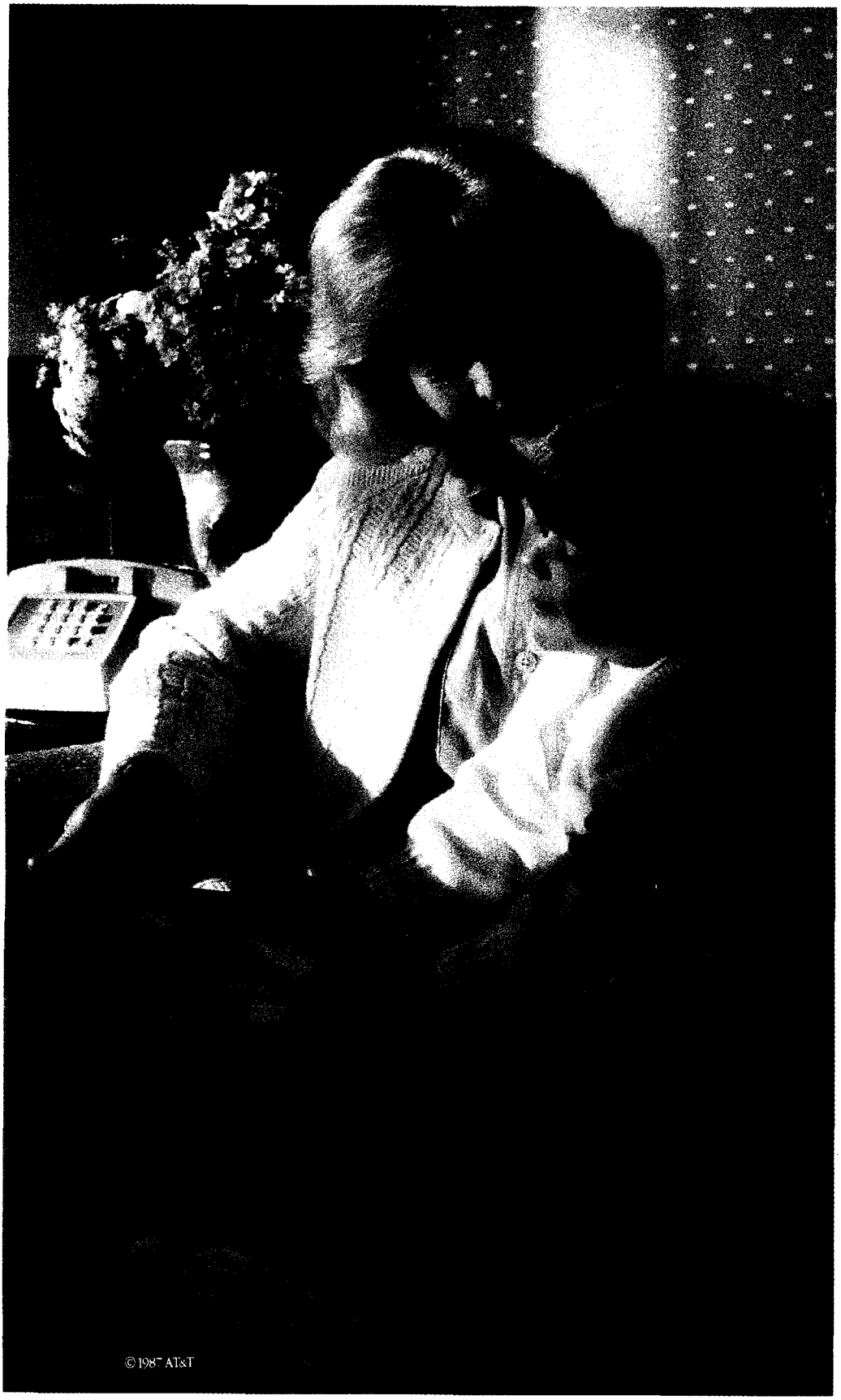

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